SEPTEMBER

REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

A STORY OF LOVE'S DELIGHT

by FANNY HEASLIP LEA

A GREAT ARMY STORY

PETER B. KYNE

BIG SHOTS AND

3 BILLION DOLLARS

"I'm paid extra if my point gets eleven OK's—
I pay a forfeit if it fails to earn them all"

Every Duofold earns a Bonus or a Penalty

So our graduate pen makers grind all points as good as their best

We pay a bonus to our graduate pen grinders for every Duofold point. But first it must pass 11 hard-boiled inspections: For jewel-like smoothness, for lifelong strength, for firm uniform set, for comfortable tension, and for pressureless writing the instant the point touches paper. If it fails any test we reject it, and the pen grinder pays a forfeit.

No amount of money can buy the Duofold's equal. And machine-ground points, of course, cannot compare. Go and try this Bonus point. And see Parker Duofold's new convertible feature. Attaching the taper makes it a desk pen. Attaching the cap with clip transforms it to a pocket pen. Double-duty—like 2 Pens for the price of 1—at no extra charge.

Parker Duofold Pens are guaranteed for life—their Permanite barrels non-breakable, as proved when dropped from cloud-high airplanes. Yet Permanite has all the beauty of costly jade, lacquer, jet, pearl, and lapis lazuli. And Duofold Pens hold 17.4% more ink than average, size for size.

New streamlined balanced shapes now ready at all dealers—and all with Bonus pen points that write with Pressureless Touch. By all means see them, and the streamlined Pencils to match. Don't buy any pen without first trying the Parker Duofold Bonus point.

33% *More Parkers Used in College Than Any Other Pen*

In a nation-wide poll conducted among their readers by 13 leading vocational magazines, and audited by Arthur Andersen & Co., certified public accountants, Parker was voted the favorite pen in 9 out of 12 vocations, representing 94.72% of the total people in all vocations polled.

Among these was the American student body, and the vote taken represented a cross-section of 4,766,673 students. *College Humor's* census showed one-third more Parkers in use than the nearest rival. *Scholastic,* circulating among high school students, found 72% more Parkers than the next nearest.

This fall, if you want to get a flying start for learning, start with a Parker—apparently the official pen of America's undergraduates.

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$5 $7 $10

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is this Convertible Duofold
In Your Pocket—On Your Desk
The Same Pen with the Same Point
—always your favorite

The head of the family *discovers* "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

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Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

Clara Bow— Betty Bronson— Janet Gaynor— You —

In a flood of revealing light YOUR *skin can be flawlessly lovely to close observant eyes.*

Every woman must face her own particular *Close-up Test*

SMOOTH SKIN *instantly attracts, say* 45 *Hollywood directors . . .*

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the favorite beauty care

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MARY BRIAN
beloved Paramount star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap! I always use it!"

98% of the lovely complexions on the screen and radiant skin of girls everywhere are cared for with . . . **Lux Toilet Soap—10¢**

"I'm only a bride, but *I've learned this*—

It's *folly* to pay more than 25¢ for tooth paste"

"When you're married to a young fellow who is starting out in the world with a small salary, you certainly puncture a lot of theories while attempting to make both ends meet.

"Theories about what should be spent for clothes. For groceries. Even for tooth paste.

"Before marriage I used to think that unless a dress cost $100 it wasn't fit to be worn. Now I know better. I don't wear that kind any more. I used to think that one had to pay absurd prices for food, for meat, to get quality. But a few shopping tours with the I-want-my-money's-worth attitude convinced me that I was wrong about that, too.

"Finally I began to look at tooth paste with the critical eye of the Budgeteer. I asked myself 'Is there any sense in paying 40¢ or more for a dentifrice?' After a little experimenting, I learned that for 25¢ I could buy the finest quality tooth paste. At the outset I was a little skeptical but time proved that my teeth were whiter, my gums firmer, and my mouth healthier as a result of using Listerine Tooth Paste.

"Jim reported the same result. And it's a comfort to realize it saves us about $3 a year."

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Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that $3 as you please. Slippers is merely a suggestion.

25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Catching Up!

By BURTON P. FOWLER

President, Progressive Education Association

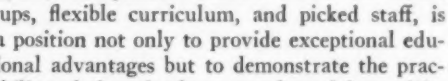
IN the procession of civilization, does education follow or lead? Does it reflect or forecast? In the old days, the school system, as an organized expression of education, did neither. It merely trained human beings to plunge into the welter of social living and educate themselves. It provided the tools of learning. The favored few who went to school enjoyed only a slight advantage over those who learned by living. In those days, any time before the nineteenth century, men learned by farming, fighting, hunting, building, weaving, fishing, ruling, and by any one of a thousand other forms of direct participation in the struggle between themselves and a hostile physical world. Then came the industrial revolution, which has taken reality out of education. It is no longer a natural process. The machine age instituted new and artificial modes of living. Whether our background be urban or rural, we no longer learn much by direct experience. Living, and consequently learning, has become largely a secondhand process.

Two significant social facts are the result of the tremendous changes that have been wrought by science to produce this industrial civilization: one is that the machine is being rapidly substituted for the mind in the control of the physical world; the other, that man is going to play more and work less as a result of the rapid multiplication of automatic devices.

Education therefore is appearing in a new role. It is no longer sufficient that the school trains and environment educates. Daily living has become too lifeless for that. In the new process of adjustment to change, the school must be both leader and prophet. It must somehow lead in providing rich experiences, either direct or vicarious, to develop that ruggedness of character, balance of personality, and zeal for adventure that once was fostered in the ordinary course of living. The school must forecast the social order by anticipating change and preparing its pupils for change. It must envision the ideal state! It must be, as H. G. Wells said of *Oundle*, "a miniature democracy of the world that is to be." Democracy is never a finality; it is an everlasting beginning, an unceasing rebirth.

This is a large order for American schools, with their 25,000,000 charges to provide for, although they are manfully accepting the challenge. Crowding, mounting costs, standardization, and the artificiality of city streets make the problem a difficult one. Here the Private School —as some one has put it, the private school with a public purpose—comes into the picture. The compact, independent school with its small groups, flexible curriculum, and picked staff, is in a position not only to provide exceptional educational advantages but to demonstrate the practicability of the school as an enlarged home life, as a place where the individual reaches full self-realization, gets the satisfaction of hard study and the joy of vigorous play. Here, as a well-developed individual, he also senses the importance of the group. In his classes, teams, dramatics, and student government activities he acquires the difficult technique of cooperation. In such a controlled environment his own purposes and interests are capitalized as a driving force toward mastery. In such schools at their best, originality and creative thinking are released through skillful teaching, student activities, and the fine arts.

Upon the private school, for many years to come, may rest the responsibility of demonstrating to parents and to the public the value of the rich resources of natural surroundings. Only under the stimulus of such reality will there result in youth the highest development of body, mind, and spirit. Education must catch up with machinery. It must provide an antidote—an antidote that is compounded from child nature and inspiring instruction.



Published monthly at McCall St., Dayton, Ohio. Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription Offices—919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Dayton, Ohio. REDBOOK MAGAZINE—September, 1930. Vo. LV. No. 5. Copyright, 1930, by The McCall Company in the United States and Great Britain. Application for entry as second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, is pending. Subscription Price, $2.50 Per Year. Canadian postage none; foreign $1.00. For change of address, give us four weeks' notice and send old address as well as new.

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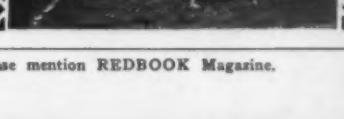

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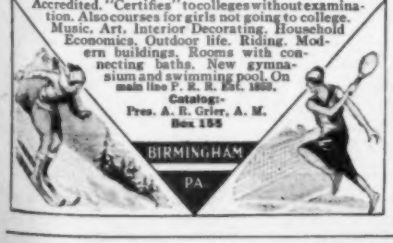

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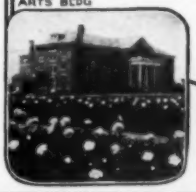

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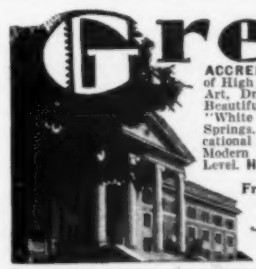

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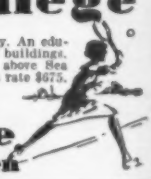

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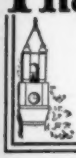

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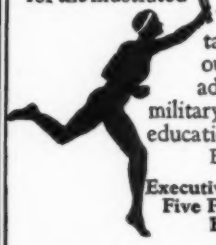

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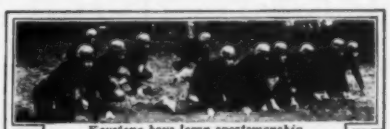

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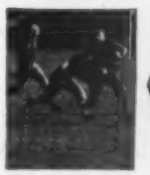

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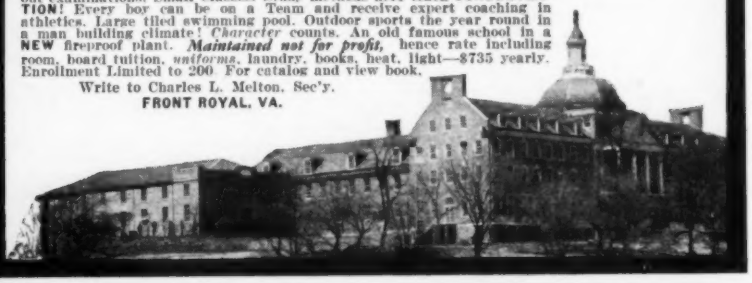

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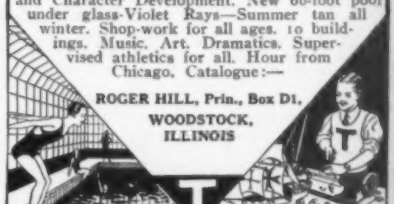

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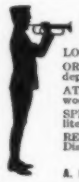

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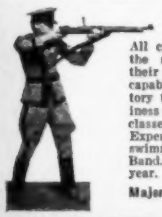

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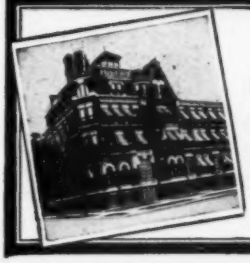

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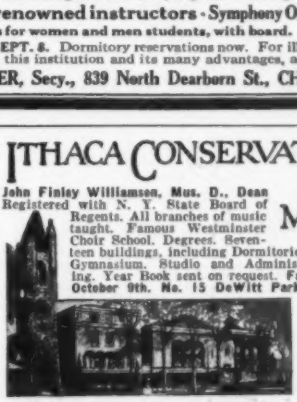

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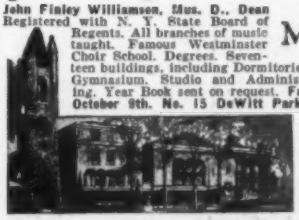

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PROFESSIONAL-VOCATIONAL Schools are listed by subject. Art, Dancing, Expression, Dramatic Art, Music, pages 18-19; Secretarial, page 21; Business and Commerce, page 21; Nursing, page 20; Physical Education, page 17; Education and Kindergarten Training, page 18; Domestic Science, page 17; Beauty Culture, page 20; Speech Correction, pages 18, 20; Engineering, Dentistry, Photography, Laboratory Training, etc., page 20.

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THE McCALL COMPANY, PUBLISHER, Redbook Magazine

WILLIAM B. WARNER, *President and Treasurer* JOHN C. STERLING, *Vice-President* FRANCIS HUTTER, *Secretary*

Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription Offices—919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Dayton, Ohio.

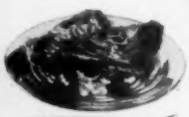
Do These Three Things
to have strong, healthy teeth

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1
Follow the diet below

From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2
Use Pepsodent twice a day

3
See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Do these things

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

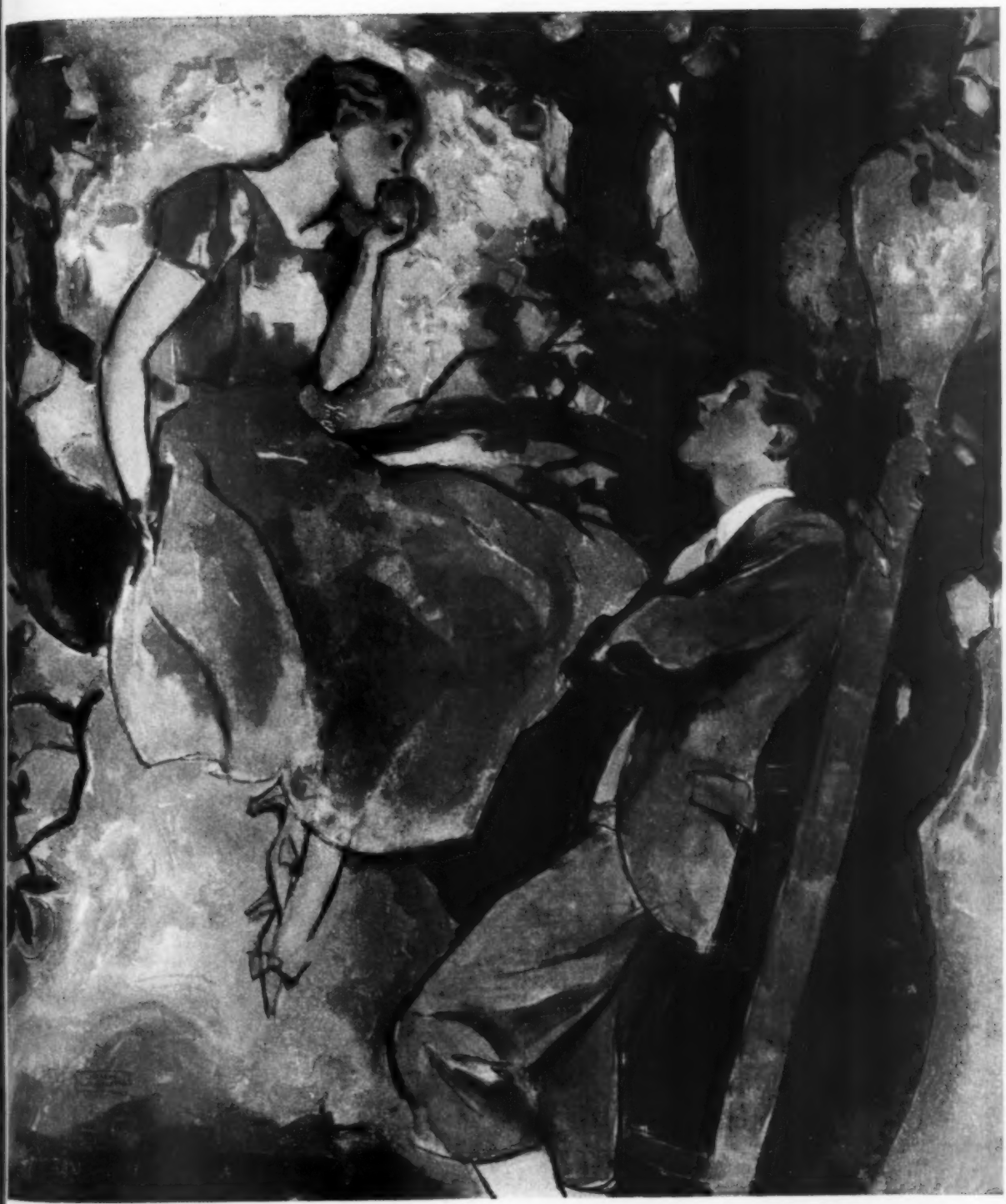
Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way modern authorities know to lovely, healthy teeth.

Pepsodent

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—6:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—5:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—4:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program



The Tempo of Our Times—

The Tree *of* Knowledge

painted by

John La Gatta

Into the Subway at Evening

In profile: A girl preparing for a "heavy date." *In foreground:* An old man, beaten by the day; a young wife hurrying from the office to be home before her husband; a youth with no one awaiting him, nowhere to go. *In center:* A young man of family facing responsibility.

Painted by

William Meade Prince

Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.

"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh, natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

20 Rue Royale
Paris

VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap . . . "you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"WE particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 23,720 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 23,720 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

5235 C

Moments by Bruce Barton

A YOUNG man who is ambitious complained that he is in a rut.

"For the last two years nothing has happened. I work just as hard, but I can't see that I'm headed anywhere."

It cheered him to be told that every man goes through the same experience.

Even great careers do not present a straight line of steady progress, but rather a jagged fever-chart of rises and dips.

"Take for example the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," as a writer in the *Century Magazine* said recently. "Even his biographer cannot tell what he was doing for ten years after leaving college. What occupied Tennyson between 1832 and 1840? Or Woodrow Wilson between 1885 and 1900?

"Actually, no man knows that he is destined for immortality or high office; he only knows that he is living from year to year, storing up accumulated energies and experience, waiting and hoping that his chance will come."

In the old book of Joel is this promise: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

What are the years that the locust hath eaten? The years when men work hard, yet reap no harvest. These years, says Joel, are not lost; they have subsequent value.

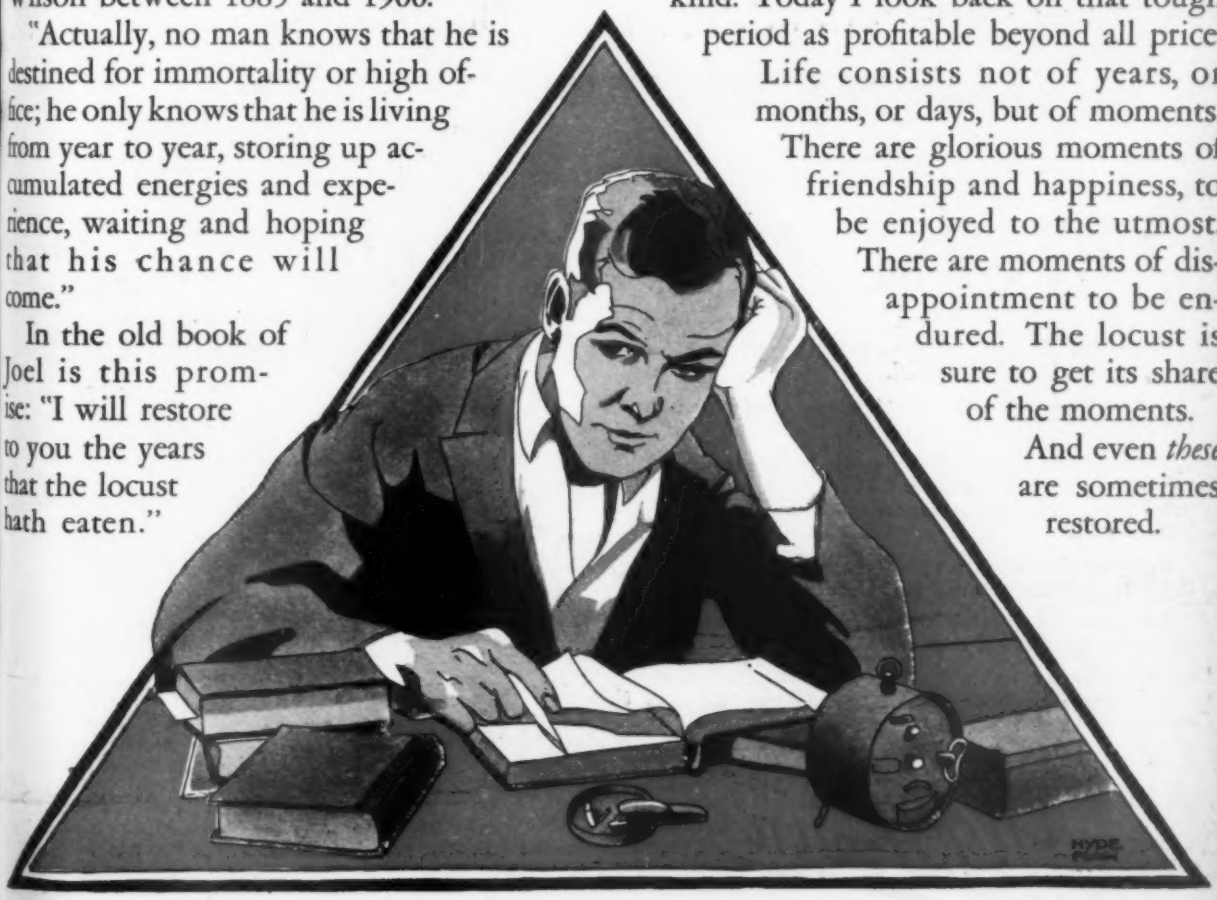
All of us have seen that promise fulfilled. I recall a long stretch of months when every single thing went wrong. Poor health, many outside obligations, no chance to do any writing.

A wise friend met me when my mood was rebellious. "You ought to know better than to fret," he said. "No experience is wasted. Everything that happens to you now puts something into you that will be useful later on."

It seemed then that he was just being kind. Today I look back on that tough period as profitable beyond all price.

Life consists not of years, or months, or days, but of moments. There are glorious moments of friendship and happiness, to be enjoyed to the utmost. There are moments of disappointment to be endured. The locust is sure to get its share of the moments.

And even *these* are sometimes restored.



Sea-going chocolates

A favorite package of Whitman's for all forms of sports is the SALMAGUNDI.

Put up in metal boxes holding one pound or two pounds.

Out of doors they combine quick energy and quiet enjoyment in your search for "where the blue begins." Chosen as companion by experienced travelers by land, water or air.

In summer-time when you crave chocolates look for the Salmagundi's cheerful tin, decorated by Mucha.

Salmagundi and other Whitman specialties are sold by selected stores all over the country, and at every resort.

Any telegraph office will take your order and cash for any Whitman package; purchase the package at any distant point and deliver by uniformed messenger.

Whitman's Chocolates

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Fireflies —

by Fanny Heaslip Lea

A Story of *Love* and *Youth* and the *Moon*

DUSK, on the river—fireflies rising from the grass. Fireflies weaving a web between grass and trees, sewn with myriads of small wavering green-gilt flames. Fireflies loving and fighting and dying in the dusk by the river.

A young moon in the dusk too. Pale as a peeled almond. Wafer-thin. Curved like a scimitar. Mimosa trees in bloom. The scent of mimosa is faint and deliciously human. Young-girl scent. Pan might have blended it. Fireflies tangled in long green tresses of mimosa trees. Dusk, bringing stars.

Under the trees, before a white-pillared house, two women, talking. In sibilant undertones talking, talking, talking, eyes glinting, mouths pursed. The smaller woman pantomiming horror—nearly:

"My God, Mrs. Macaulay—you could have knocked me over with a straw!"

Mrs. Macaulay, taller, with eyes of a hen pecking corn from the dust, primmed pale lips, leaned nearer:

"If you hadn't seen it with your own eyes, Mrs. Johnston— How was the moon that night?"

"In the last quarter going down. . . . I tell you it was almost four o'clock. Plenty of light for what I saw: France Forster and Louis Ames coming out of his cottage—together. Right on the step, he bent back her head and kissed her."

"France Forster!" cried Mrs. Macaulay, a kind of horrified enjoyment freshly upspringing at vision of that kiss on a doorstep, under a waning moon.

"That's the way I feel about it, young lady," said Mrs. Johnston. "And I can't see that it's any of your business—either."

"And Louis Ames," said Mrs. Johnston grimly. All her features tightened, changing her subtly and abruptly to fox-woman, sniffing a scent—crouching to pounce.

"You don't like her, do you?" said Mrs. Macaulay. Slightly wary of will-to-power in another woman—even a fellow hen-eye.

Mrs. Johnston said: "She's a snob!" Strange words under mimosa trees, with fireflies rising and a young moon.

Mrs. Macaulay said with apprehensive savoring of steam from an invisible pot: "If this ever gets to Doctor Forster's ears—"

"Don't tell me you've repeated what I told you!" said Mrs. Johnston, surprised and reproachful. She smoothed her dark precise eyebrows; she touched a hand to the glistening waves of her hair, waves that followed each other in regular formation.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Macaulay. "Not a soul, of course." She stopped, frowned. . . . "Now wait—"

"It wouldn't make a particle of difference—except that Dr. Forster's such a friend of my husband's."

"France has always been pretty fond of John, too," said Mrs. Macaulay, going off at a hennish tangent.

"I know very little of Joan's affairs," said Mrs. Johnston stiffly. "It's no use my trying to take a mother's place to that girl, and Harry Johnston is beginning to see it for himself." She added, preening plump shoulders and smoothing the line of her throat with slightly overmanicured fingers: "For one thing—we're too near an age."

Mrs. Macaulay said Joan was seventeen, wasn't she?

Mrs. Johnston said thank heaven a woman wasn't expected any longer to pass out of the picture at thirty-five!

Mrs. Macaulay left the woman of thirty-odd undiscussed. "I'd no idea it was so late," she said. "The days are getting short." July—famous for the shortness of its days. She said: "Buck'll be crazy if I don't run along home and give him his dinner. He's taking Joan to the dance at Greenways tonight—did you all know it?"

Mrs. Johnston said: "Harry's so crazy about her—he never dreams of questioning anything she does."

Mrs. Macaulay snapped: "He took the trouble to tell Buck he'd better keep away from her."

"Didn't you say they were going to the dance?"

"Ha!" said Mrs. Macaulay, raucous with pride. "Harry Johnston never saw the day he nor any other man on the river could tell Buck where to head in. He's his father's son!"

"Well—it's a comfort to any man to know that," said Mrs. Johnston dryly. From time to time she was accustomed to indulge herself in such aphorisms, careless of her audience.

Dusk thickening. Somewhere across the river a whippoorwill calling to its mate, or another's.

Mrs. Macaulay said again that she must be going—and this time went. Mrs. Johnston went into the house and turned on a radio which stood in a corner of the sitting-room beside a tall crimson-shaded lamp. In the dining-room, which opened into the sitting-room, a negro maid was setting the table with comfortable slight clinkings of glass and china and silver. There were flowers in the center of the table in an old silver bowl. Larkspur and daisies and sweet peas.

The radio began to talk in a hoarse over-powered voice. When Mrs. Johnston had adjusted the dial, it began to play. Mrs. Johnston sat listening and waiting.

"Radio's real good, tonight," said the colored maid presently, setting down salt and pepper, and the vinegar and oil in glass cruets.

Mrs. Johnston said: "Ella, you don't know what good jazz is! That saxophone ought to have his neck stretched."

"I aint heard enough er them to know," said Ella regretfully.

Mrs. Johnston did not say how many saxophones she had heard. She sat looking out of the window.

Suddenly lights of a car thrust across the lawn, under the mimosas.

"That you, Ames?" he said. "Wish you'd come into my office for a little talk in the morning."

Ella said: "There Mr. Johnston, Mis' Johnston. Miss Joan upstairs gettin' dressed. Cook say dinner ready any time now."

Miss Joan came down in a jade green frock, long jade earrings dangling. Bright red hair, smooth as silk, knotted at the nape of a milk-white neck. Red mouth, bright soft eyes. General effect of brightness, with a core of delicate knowledgeability.

"Darling!" she murmured to her father in a small clear voice, and kissed him on his thinning thatch. She took roast lamb and mint sauce, refused potatoes, took peas. Her small white hands capably dressed her salad.

Harry Johnston grumbled adoringly: "You don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive. Where'd you get those jingles in your ears?"

"France loaned them to me," said Joan. "Aren't they sweet?" She dipped and turned her head; the earrings gave off a gentle clashing.

"Isn't she too young to be wearing doo-dads like those?" inquired Harry Johnston of his wife.

Mrs. Johnston crooked her little finger when she lifted her glass—when she cut a bit of lamb, when she lifted her fork. "If you ask me—" she said with elegant detachment.

Joan said: "Darling, haven't you heard"—to her father only—"there are two kinds of women? Those who can wear earrings and those who can't. I could have worn them in the cradle."

Mrs. Johnston said: "I suppose Mrs. Forster could, too."

"Why not?" said Joan imperturbably.

"Now, girls!" said Harry Johnston. Big, florid, deep-voiced, with a graying mustache, tinged with nicotine in the fringes about his mouth.

Joan went on eating her dinner. Mrs. Johnston tossed her head and set her lips.

"Going to a shindig tonight?" inquired Harry Johnston hastily of his daughter—with a sidewise glance from under grizzling brows, at his wife.

Joan said: "There's a dance at Greenways."

"Who's your beau?" asked her father indulgently.

Joan said: "I'm going with Buck." Cool as the young moon in the darkling sky above the river.

Her father's face turned crimson. His slightly bloodshot eyes bulged in his head. He began in a furious growl: "I thought I told that young man—"

Joan said, picking at her salad, her shining calm unruffled: "I know you did, but I've had this date with him for two weeks since before you told him anything at all. And I can't break my dates even for you. Can I, Daddy?"

Harry Johnston, still apoplectic, still thunderous, was yet sheepishly mollified. *Daddy*—her baby name for him! She used to call him that before she was knee-high to a grasshopper, red curls topping her solemn baby smile. . . . She looked up and smiled at him now like an echo of his memories.

"Can't you trust France to take care of your child—at Greenways?"

"Don't know whether I can or not!" subsiding slowly, a scowl still menacing the absent Buck. "But I want to tell you right now, if I have any trouble with you, young lady—"

"Why, darling, what trouble could you possibly—"

"All right—all right—but you better listen to me! I'll send you back to school so fast. . . . Or wait—I'll do worse than send you back to that winter resort in New York: I'll send you to the convent where your mother went before you. That's what'll happen to you!"

"Think what would happen to the nuns," Joan pointed out gravely.

"Why," said Harry Johnston, choking back a responsive grin which his mustache barely covered, "why, with half the finest youngsters in the county camping on your doorstep, you have to pick out a wild, no-account—"

"Because he reminds me of you," said Joan plaintively. She added, as one considering the matter from an impartial distance: "Maybe I have what they call a father fixation."

From before the house came the short yapping of a horn.

"Let Ella!" said Harry Johnston jealously, as Joan half rose in her chair. Ella went to the front door and returned, announcing amiably: "Mr. Buck Macaulay waitin' outside."

Joan skimmed then from her place to her father's, kissed him delicately on an eyebrow, sweetly on the mouth. "Don't get up!" she urged. "Stay right where you are. You don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive!" She made him laugh, left him laughing, shamefaced.

She ran down the hall, slammed the screen-door behind her. A roadster was waiting under the nearest mimosa tree. Beside the roadster a tall figure slouched and smoked—staring at the moon.

Joan slid into the car before he could help her there. He slid in beside her. She held him off:

"Turn into the lane first." He started the car, threw in his gears, swung round in a masterfully casual circle and was presently back in the lane out of which he had come to the house on the river.

"All right?" he inquired, drawing up in a pool of shadow and switching off his lights.

For answer, Joan threw herself back on his shoulder and turned up her face to his. She said: "I love you—" in a shaky breathless whisper.

"I love you," he whispered back, holding her as if he meant never to let her leave him, staring down at her through the dark one exquisite leashed moment before he kissed her. . . .

She sighed when he kissed her—sighed, and clung to him, fingers in his black hair, fingers on his farther shoulder, gripping him close.

"Listen here, Louis," drawled Buck, going on with what he had been saying when the

"Missed you!" she sighed.

"God—I missed you!"

"Never knew—there was so much—time—in the world."

"Thought tonight'd never come!"

"Well—here it is!" She laughed, relaxing in his arms.

"And we have to waste it in a crowd! How about the cottage—just you and me?"

"Too big a chance—darling!"

"Everybody'll be up at the big house—dancing," he insisted.

"The big house and the cottage being only about a hundred feet apart! Besides, Doctor Forster won't be dancing—and a lot of other people."

"He's gone to Richmond. I saw Louis in the post office this evening. He told me France was having him and the Brainerds in for dinner—before the dance."

Joan murmured "H'm'm!" in a cryptic way.

"Listen, Joan—"

"I'm listening."

Buck did not at once go on. He kissed the palm of Joan's hand.

"You mean about France—and Louis?" said Joan. "What've you been hearing?"

"What makes you think I've been hearing anything?"

"If you haven't, you're the only human being on the River—"

"You think it's as bad as that?"

Joan said: "People always have talked about France—she's so absolutely wonderful—she doesn't really care whether anybody approves of what she does or not. But now, I think it's worse than it's ever been before—because Louis is such an unusual person himself—and he's pretty well-known after all. And she doesn't take the least trouble to hide the way she feels about him—if you see what I mean."

"Sure—I'm not blind," said Buck.

"Not with those eyes!" said Joan, recklessly adoring. She pulled down his head and kissed his eyes shut. She said in the same small fluttering voice in which she had told him she loved him:

"I like to feel your heart bumping against me."

Buck said, hugging the green-gowned body close: "But listen, Joan—"

"Go on—if you must talk."

"You little red-headed—"

"I mean, go on!"

Buck said slowly: "Well, it seems somebody saw France and Louis—coming out of his cottage about four o'clock in the morning—night of the Brainerds' party. . . . Wait—that's not all. They saw 'em stop—just outside the door—saw her put back her head and saw him kiss her."

Joan pulled herself free, mouth half-open in horrified surprise. "Oh, no, Buck! We can't let people think that—"

"What're we going to do?" Buck reached for his cigarettes.

"Where did you hear?" asked Joan, stiffening—slipping back into coolness and brightness directly those were needed. Fingers on Buck's sleeve now—not in his hair.

"Well—what difference does that make?"

"It makes all the difference there is. Was it—your mother?"

"It was—and she got it from your stepmother," said Buck, striking a match. Joan didn't smoke. The flare of the match showed him black-eyed, burned to an even bronze, with a full-lipped reckless mouth. When he grinned, a flash of white teeth. "Don't women beat hell?" he said at last. "What's Mrs. Johnston got against France—to be spreading a tale like that?" *(Please turn to page 146)*

whippoorwill cried, "did you know Joan's stepmother saw us coming out of the cottage?"

Peter · B · Kyne

[Who served in the Philippines and in France]—*Tells of*

. . . The Goat of Private Hibbs

Hibbs commenced milking Sarah. "It's rich in butter-fat," he suggested.

Private Homer Hibbs was not a very good soldier, albeit he did possess a sufficient number of good points to enable his company commanders to tolerate him, even while declaring him a disgrace to the uniform. His most potent saving grace was a sense of humor; he was the sort of fellow who can put an edge on an otherwise dull existence, and talk or lie himself out of a scrape which, in the case of any other man, would be pressed to the limit. Hibbs could always be depended upon to spend his pay-day in riotous living and be A. W. O. L. not less than one day a month. Then he would do forty-eight hours in the guardhouse—after which the summary-court officer would try him, fine him from two to five dollars (generally two because Hibbs always confessed error and manifested great contrition) and return him to duty. Thus Hibbs came to be known as a twenty-seven-day soldier.

There were times when, the routine of barrack life pressing too heavily upon him, he would become occasionally a twenty-day soldier by the simple process of developing sciatic rheumatism, going on sick report and inducing a good-natured and not particularly capable medical officer to mark him sick in quarters. Thereupon Hibbs would lie on his cot in quarters and read cheap novels, or engage in games of chance with his military betters who might also be marked ill in quarters. It was observed, however, that with the approach of any social diversion, such as a regimental boxing-bout, baseball- or football-game, Hibbs always miraculously recovered; so one day, while he was down with his alleged sciatica, the captain came into the squadroom and shouted: "Fire! Fire! Fire! Everybody outside!"

With the speed of an antelope Hibbs emerged from the squadroom, for the excitement of a fire always interested and pleased him. "Run, Hibbs, and turn in an alarm for the post fire-engine," the skipper ordered; and right swiftly and painlessly did Hibbs run for the fire alarm. When he reached it, the corporal of the guard was there, and not only prevented him from turning in the alarm, but double-timed him to the guardhouse. Within forty-eight hours Hibbs had been sentenced to sixty days confinement at hard labor for malingering, and could never thereafter know the pleasures of sciatic rheumatism.

Shortly after the United States declared war on Germany, Hibbs took stock of his military career by the simple process of asking the first sergeant to show him his (Hibbs') military record. It showed twenty-six summary courts-martial and two general courts.

"I guess I'd better mind my step," Hibbs said to the top sergeant, after surveying the record.

"That is the first sensible thought you have had in twenty years, Private Hibbs," said the troop commander, entering at that moment. "I am pleased to know that your dreadful military record impresses you."

"I been cited three times for gallantry in action, an' I got two certificates o' merit," Hibbs defended.

"And you've been getting by on that ever since. Nevertheless, Hibbs, there's such a thing as wearing out one's welcome, and you're perilously close to wearing out yours." The skipper reached for Hibbs' service record: "You were born on January 3, 1878, and at the age of sixteen, with the consent of your parents, you enlisted and have served continuously ever since. Six years of that service was foreign and counts double time toward your retirement." The captain did some figuring. "Approximately twenty-three years of continuous service, plus a credit of six years for active service! Hibbs, in November, 1918, you will be entitled to retirement after thirty years of service, and on the day of your retirement you will only be forty years, ten months and two days old, sound in wind and limb, and with thirty or forty years of life before you. You will retire with five fogies or fifty per cent increase over the base pay of your rank at retirement.

"But suppose," pursued the officer, "you should retire as a first sergeant. Under the new pay bill recently enacted, the base pay of a first sergeant is fifty-two dollars a month. Fifty per cent increase is seventy-eight dollars a month, and three-quarters retirement pay is fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents per month. As a veteran of the Spanish-American War, the Filipino Insurrection, the Boxer campaign and innumerable little campaigns in the southern islands, wounded four times and a frequent sufferer from sciatic rheumatism,—the direct result of the privations you have suffered,—you will have no difficulty in securing a pension of thirty dollars a month, which would insure you an income of eighty-eight dollars and fifty cents a month. While still in the prime of life, with three citations for bravery and an honorable discharge as a top sergeant, you could undoubtedly secure a job as special policeman in a bank and earn a hundred and twenty-five dollars additional. Moreover you will still be young enough to marry and father some children, to love you and care for you in your old age. Now, Hibbs, isn't that a prize worth working for?"

"Only fools and horses work, sir," declared Hibbs. "A family couldn't get along with me. I've had discipline ground into my bones. It's me for the Old Soldiers' Home when the going gets slippery."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," the skipper warned. "According to the vital statistics contained in your service record you should be tried by summary court at least four

Bruce Bairnsfather

[Creator of "Alf" "Old Bill" "The Better Ole"]—*Pictures*

Private Hibbs . . .

times within the next year. Thirty summary courts means a general court, and three general courts means a bob-tail from the service. If you get that kind of ticket, you'll never retire on three-quarters pay, and without an honorable discharge you can never draw a pension or enter the Old Soldiers' Home. Hibbs, for a number of reasons you have been getting by me without the summary courts you have earned. With my eyes on your future I have elected to give you troop punishment rather than try you; but I warn you that from now on, the summary-court officer will have you on the carpet at every opportunity I see to put you there. From now on, you soldier up to the handle or it'll be just too bad for you."

"Oh, the Captain wouldn't do that," Hibbs pleaded. He knew that, for all his peccadilloes he had, as the oldest soldier in the troop, earned certain privileges.

"The country is at war, and peace-time leniency is a thing of the past. 'Make good or get out,' is the motto of this troop from now on."

"Will the Captain lend me two dollars till pay-day?" Hibbs pleaded.

"No. I have quit financing this troop. The first thing I know half the troop will be killed in action between pay-days, and I'll be left holding the sack."

"The Captain takes too serious a view of the situation. They aint going to use cavalry in this war. The only fightin' this troop will do will be with jiggers, grasshoppers, snakes an' sand-fleas along the Rio Grande. Lordy, how I hate Texas! All my life I been wonderin' what Davy Crockett saw in Texas to make him die for it. I'd rather go over the Hill than soldier there!"

"I wish you would, and rid me of a nuisance, Hibbs. Rest assured if you should desert nobody will get exhausted looking for you. Hibbs, how can you be so lacking in ambition? You've never held a non-commissioned grade, yet you are the beau ideal of a soldier. Five feet ten, weight a hundred and sixty-five, hard as nails, courageous, fine soldierly bearing, expert pistol-shot, expert rifle-shot, expert swordsman, thoroughly alive to the etiquette of the service, know your trade from soup to nuts, a way about you with animals, a good farrier, a good horseshoer and a love for the service. You're the last cavalryman I know with a mustache like a pair of carabao horns, and you have two certificates of merit. Damn you, Hibbs, you have brains too—everything save ambition."

"That's why I've lasted," said Hibbs impudently.

"Dismissed!" roared the skipper.

"I thank the Captain for his kindly advice," murmured Hibbs. Then he saluted—the easy, graceful, devil-may-care salute of the old soldier, made a correct about-face and stalked majestically out of the orderly-room.

The skipper sighed and numbered the soul of Private Hibbs with those of the lost and the damned.

Presently a great sorrow descended upon the regiment. An order from the War Department "galvanized" it from cavalry to field artillery, and chaos reigned. Private Hibbs turned in the rifle with which he had, on three occasions, made the high score for the cavalry in the National Rifle Association Championships; he smeared his saber with a light layer of cosmoline and turned that in also. He removed the collar ornaments with the crossed sabers he had worn nearly a quarter of a century and substituted collar-ornaments with crossed cannon; he traded his yellow hat-cord for a red one. He had to become expert at gun-drill and be interchangeable in all five positions on the gun-crew, and he had to surrender his grand troop horse to a gun corporal and sit a horse in a gun-team. From a free,

Sarah resented strangers. She took the brigadier right under the coat-tails and catapulted him into a pool of mud.

bold, dashing, independent cavalryman to a boob driver of a gun-team! Horrible! The fact that it was the lead team on No. 1 gun gave him no solace. However, there was the job of guidon-bearer in the field artillery, and Hibbs begged the captain for it, only to be told that in France guidons were to be dispensed with, and that it would be much more profitable to the service to have a good man like him trained as a lead driver. In despair Hibbs went A. W. O. L. for a week and got very drunk, and when he returned the skipper took the lead team away from him and staked him to a fourgon wagon and four mules—which was terrible, because Hibbs did not like mules. Moreover, he never used profane language; and as every old soldier knows, no self-respecting army mule will listen to anything else!

The galvanizing process proceeded rapidly. One by one the officers went away to the Field Artillery School of Fire at Fort Sill and returned ostensible field artillery men. Then the obsolete three-inch pieces on which the regiment had trained were sent to limbo and the regiment embarked for France, leaving all of its horses behind. In France the officers had to learn an entirely new brand of field artillery practice, and the enlisted men had to be trained all over again in the service of French seventy-fives. Life was terrible. Finally they went up to the target range for three weeks, and at the end of that time the regiment was adjudged fit to go to the front.

On that march to the front Hibbs became aware that, after all, the gods of war were being kind to him. He had a wagon seat to ride on, while the cannoneers walked. But the animals were terrible. They were green, soft, half-broken and of all shapes, sizes and breeds. They commenced to waste on the fourth day of the march, and Hibbs, in common decency, dismounted, walked between his lead team and led it.

The skipper passed him and pulled up. "How are you making it, Hibbs?"

"If idle conversation was music," Hibbs retorted bitterly, "I know officers in this man's army that are brass bands."

The captain had anticipated something of this nature and refused to take Hibbs seriously. "I notice a she-goat on top of the load of forage on your wagon, Hibbs. Whose goat is she, and what is she doing there?"

"She's my goat, and she's riding there, sir."

"She's adding a hundred pounds to the load. I object to pampering a goat, and you will remove her from the top of that load, tie her to the rear of the wagon and make her walk."

"She's lame, sir. Besides, sir, you don't know goats like I do. A goat aint never happy unless it's on the tip-top of the highest point available."

"I don't give two hurrahs in hell whether she's happy or not. Make her walk."

"All right, sir; but if I do, she'll get tired and nervous and won't let down her milk."

"Oh, is she a milch-goat?"

"Yes sir. She's got two kids. They're asleep in the box of the wagon under the seat."

Hibbs halted his teams to breathe them a bit before tackling a long up-slope.

"I suppose you've brought this she-goat along as a mascot," the skipper suggested, "but in my opinion a buck goat makes the best mascot."

"A buck goat don't give no milk," Hibbs reminded him patiently. "Sarah's lousy with milk. She's pretty near a full-bred Toggenburg."

"Where did you get her?"

"I give a Frog fifty francs for her, an' five francs each for the kids, sir."

"What do you expect to do with all this livestock?"

"Well sir, when the kids are about six weeks old, my section'll kill 'em an' barbecue 'em an' eat 'em. After that Sarah'll give us milk for our coffee."

"You don't like mules, do you, Private Hibbs?"

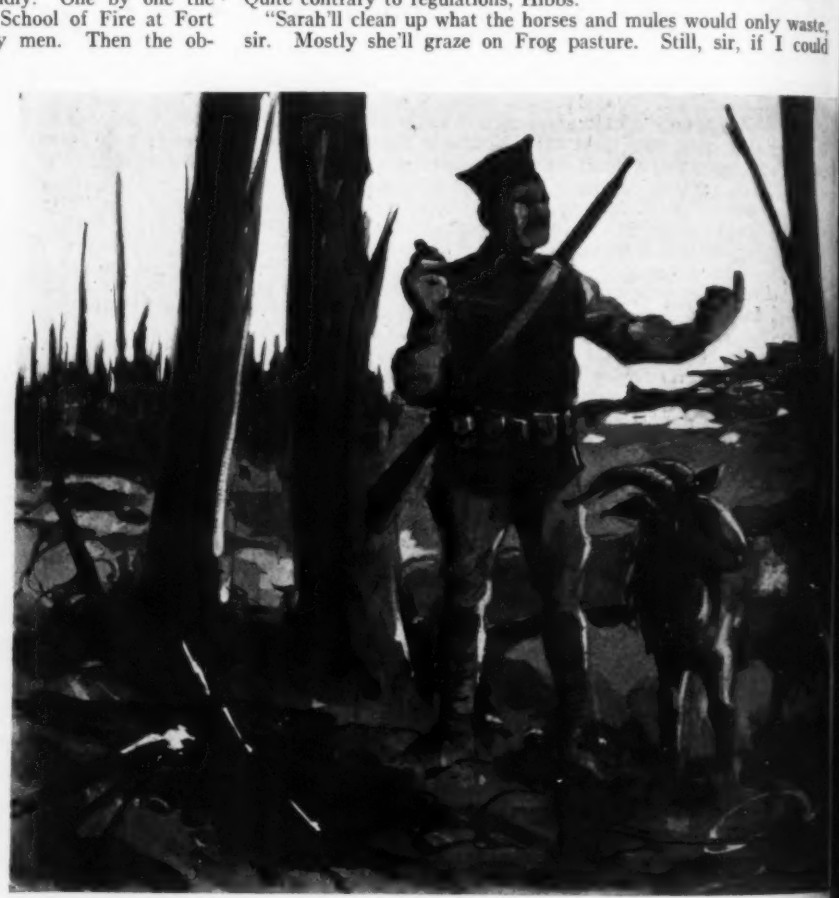
"I hate mules, sir."

"I think I'd enjoy goat's milk in such an arduous campaign, Hibbs. In fact, I think the officers' mess would enjoy it also. Canned milk is too sweet and sickening. It spoils the taste of coffee."

"Uh-huh," murmured Hibbs.

"I suppose you realize, Hibbs, that it is in my power to banish Sarah and her kids. I think I ought to do so. It is illegal to have any animal not in the service subsisting on army forage. Quite contrary to regulations, Hibbs."

"Sarah'll clean up what the horses and mules would only waste, sir. Mostly she'll graze on Frog pasture. Still, sir, if I could have horses instead of mules, and a job around the echelon instead of up at the firin' battery, me an' the Captain might be able to come to some understandin' on a division of Sarah's milk."



"Am I your prisoner, or are you mine?"

The captain was, undoubtedly, a brute. "How about throwing in one of the kids when it's ripe for eating?"

"I got five francs capital tied up in each kid, an' after all the enterprise I've showed buyin' 'em, and the extra duty I'll be put to lookin' after them, I'd ought to have a profit, sir. In time o' war a fine fat six-weeks-old kid at the front had ought to be worth five dollars in American money. I'll kill, skin an' dress the kid for that, an' deliver him in hell."

"Sold! The supply sergeant will need a good experienced man to help him with the forage, so you'll stick around the forage tent. You'll probably get your share of shell-fire there. Anyhow, Hibbs, with less than six months to go before your retirement, you're entitled to special consideration. It would be too sad to have you killed now—bad as you are."

Hibbs dug down into the box of his fourgon wagon, found a large empty can that had once held bacon, mounted to the top of

his load and commenced milking Sarah. From time to time he pushed her in the udder to simulate the activities of a nursing kid. Presently he descended and proffered the captain the contents of the can.

"It's rich in butter-fat," he suggested.

It transpired that the skipper was a gentleman, after all, even if he was an officer. He drank half the milk and handed the remainder back to Hibbs. "Thanks, Hibbs. There'll be vacancies among the non-commissioned personnel before long. Any time you change your mind and get ambitious, let me know."

He smiled at Hibbs and rode off. Hibbs stared after him. "He thinks he's got my goat," he murmured to the off mule, "but I've got his. If it wasn't for Sarah, the first thing I'd know he'd have me up at the firing battery, claimin' he had to have an old soldier among so many recruits they'd sent him to fill casualty gaps. Yes sir, mules, he'd have me up to my hocks in mud and blood an'

Hibbs waved his hand-grenade carelessly.

sweat and manual labor, sleepin' in the rain an' no chance to sleep. I had all the mud an' rain I wanted to sleep in before the skipper was out of rompers. I aint no hero, mules! I'm just a regular soldier. I like some kind of a shack or canvas over me when I'm in campaign, an' there aint nothing better'n hay for a soldier to sleep on. An' I like my meals hot an' regular an' a chance to go down to a creek an' do a little laundry on Saturdays. I like being close to a base for tobacco an' *vin rouge* and conyac an' the mail, an' now that the Government's give me permission to trade my two certificates of merit for one Distinguished Service Cross ribbon an' a cluster o' oak leaves to show I've won it twice, it aint likely I'll be looked down upon for a gold-brick. Yes sir, mules, that sure was no mean investment in Sarah an' the kids, even if I did steal her."

A staff car pulled up alongside the fourgon wagon, and a brigadier general stuck his head out. "What do you mean by blocking traffic, soldier?" he rasped.

"Beg the General's pardon, but if the General's car can get by, I figger I aint blockin' traffic enough to hurt. I got to give these danged mules a breathin' spell before tacklin' this long hill, sir. A merciful man, sir, is merciful to his beast."

The general knew he had been outgeneraled, and by a mere private at that; he was about to say something nasty when he noted the array of ribbons on Hibbs' blouse, observed that for all the dirty job on which he was engaged, Hibbs was neat and had shaved that morning. And the impudent fellow had won the D.S.C. twice.

"What's that nanny-goat doin' on top of your load, soldier?"

"Ridin' free an' sight-seein', sir."

"To whom does she belong?"

"To my battery commander, sir. She furnishes fresh milk to the battery officers' mess."

"Take the name, rank, regiment and battery of this goat-owning artillery officer, Major," the general ordered his adjutant. "It is my opinion that this goat has been stolen. No goat is safe from this rabble we call an army, and the affair of this particular goat must be looked into."

So Hibbs gave the adjutant a meticulous lot of entirely fictitious information, and the general proceeded as happy (as Hibbs assured his wheel mules) as if he had good sense. "Aint it funny," Hibbs queried of the mules, "how a man who's spent his life in the regular army forgets, when he's a general, everything he learned as a company officer? If this bird was capable o' commandin' a brigade the way it should be commanded, he'd never ask a buck to peach on his battery commander. He ought to know it aint done—by privates. Trusting old dugout, aint he! He thinks I'm truthful an' disloyal to the old man." And Hibbs sang:

Oh, the firty little adjutant's the worst one of them all.
He has you on the parade ground to answer every call.
And if you are not steady at guard mount or at drill,
Oh, it's, "Sergeant, do your duty, shove that private in the mill."

They came to a shell-riddled town that night, and Hibbs had his first experience of shell-fire since the day he had galloped with his troop through the cornfield at Yang-Tsung, during the Boxer show. He didn't like it any better now than he had then, and he would have run from it then if he hadn't been too busy sticking Chinamen to think about it too much. He found a little stone church which the supply sergeant appropriated as a forage depot, and they unloaded the wagons.

Hibbs extracted a quart of milk from Sarah and carried it over to the officers' mess; then he found a place in the ruined sacristy for the goat and her progeny, opened a bale of hay and turned in, very well content with life in general.

During the period of static warfare that followed in the quiet sector where the regiment was getting experience, Hibbs lived the life of Reilly. He dutifully slew one of Sarah's kids and delivered the body to the skipper; the other kid he and half a dozen other old soldiers devoured. Sarah missed her kids for a few days and went off on her milk, but Hibbs petted her and scratched her and got her mind off her woes to such an extent that on the third day she ceased bleating plaintively and commenced to eat again. Hibbs fed her hay and oats, and when not too busy around the forage dump, took her out into the country to graze upon the new spring grass that here and there sought to cover the scars of warfare; presently he took her with him on a journey in a motor-truck down to the railhead, where, after diligent search, he found a billy-goat of breeding inferior to Sarah's. However, war is war, and a seasoned soldier always looks into the future and provides against disaster; Hibbs knew that in the nature of things Sarah would go dry, and until she could reproduce her species, would remain dry. And a dry goat was no asset to Private Hibbs.

Hibbs' pride of possession of the goat Sarah was slightly clouded, however. Seemingly, in taking *(Please turn to page 136)*

"Was that chap annoying you?" asked Hale. But Emily did not care to complain of one of Bette's guests to another. "Oh, no," she answered. "We just didn't seem to get on."

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

Overdue

By Sophie Kerr

The Story Thus Far:

"MY dear," said Mrs. Crayn to Emily, "these are my gifts for you and Malcolm."

In the small box was a brooch of whole pearls, of good size and shape, well matched, fine color. The slip of paper was a thousand-dollar check. "That is to go toward the furnishing of your new home," said Mrs. Crayn. "And you—yourself, not Malcolm—are to have the sole spending of it. I want that understood." She put a sharp emphasis on the last words.

"But why?" asked Emily. "I—" She stopped. That wasn't a nice question. "You're a lot too generous and kind, and the pin is the loveliest thing I ever owned."

Downstairs in the old Southern house the guests were gathered for the wedding of Emily Rallifer and Malcolm Crayn. Malcolm's mother had come down from Massachusetts for the occasion. And his friend Tory Birch had come from New York to be best man. Malcolm had been talking with Tory and Emily that forenoon when a long-distance call had come for him from New York.

"It was Hale," Malcolm had reported. "The market's flivved, and he's yelling for more margin on that Jexley Oil I bought."

"Say—" began Tory, and then let his glance stray to Emily meaningly. Malcolm's eyes followed. With an effort he pulled himself together. "No use bothering you about it, angel," he said. "Let's get some lunch; I'm starving. Don't look so serious; it's nothing to worry about." But behind her back he made a quick significant gesture toward his pocket for the benefit of Tory, and his lips soundlessly said:

"Cleaned!"

The wedding ceremony was over; Emily and Malcolm were driving to the train, and all along the street people had come out to wave and shout, "Good luck," "Good-by, Emily!"

"Oh, Malcolm," Emily exclaimed, "hasn't it been a grand and glorious wedding!"

"Best I ever was groom at. And I rather fancied the bride had something to do with it, too."

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The story of a man who got everything on margin *—including his wife*

"Darling girl, we've hardly got a nickel left of that furnishing money. We spent it on our honeymoon." *(The story continues in detail:)*

"BUT I thought," stammered Emily, "we were to save that for—"

"Of course we were to save it for furnishings," agreed Malcolm easily. "But you see, darling girl, something happened. You remember the day before we were married when I had that telephone call from New York at your house? It was my broker, this chap Hale you met today. I'd bought some oil stock and pyramided it—"

"Pyramided?"

"Pyramiding—you buy a stock, and it goes up, and you buy more of it at certain points in the rise, charging it against your profit—see? You don't put up any more margin. Of course it's risky, but you stand to make a real killing against the little profit you'd have if you hadn't pyramided. But that's neither here nor there. I'd had an inside tip on this oil stock, and I meant to take a quick ride and get out—I thought I'd be all cleaned up before I started down to Maryland and have my pockets full of cash. But the thing hung fire somehow, and naturally I couldn't wait to see what happened, seeing as how we were getting married. And the bottom dropped out of that stock, and I was out of town and couldn't save myself. I was up against it. I had enough money to get us back to New York, and that was all, so I touched Tory for his roll, which was precious little, Lord knows—we couldn't have had any sort of a trip on *that!* Why, when we got into the automobile to leave your house, I didn't know but we'd have to come right on up here and spend our honeymoon taking sails on the Staten Island ferry. And then you handed out Mother's check, and we'd have been perfect fools not to spend it the way we did. It would have been ridiculous to save it for chairs and tables and such stuff."

Emily had said nothing. She had listened with the closest attention, wrinkling her brows in the effort to understand everything.

Her silence bothered Malcolm. "You see, Emily, there wasn't anything else to do. Wouldn't you a lot rather think of that money being invested in the perfectly gorgeous time we had instead of furniture? We can always buy furniture, but we'll only have one honeymoon. Mother wouldn't mind it if she knew—or at least she wouldn't mind very much. It was a rotten jam for me, you can see that. I couldn't tell anyone but Tory—"

"You could have told me. I wish you'd told me."

"Emily, darling, you couldn't expect any man to tell the girl he's just married that he is flat broke and their wedding-trip is all off. And I didn't want a word of it to get out to your people; they'd have naturally had a fit."

"But you'd have had to tell me if your mother hadn't given us that check, Mac. I wish you had. Why didn't you?"

"But you see I couldn't. Besides, I had a hunch something

"Something? *Everything,* you mean. Though you did very well, considering your age and disabilities. Malcolm, darling, I don't believe I told you what your mother gave us—now, that's stupid of me, of course she told you herself."

"She never said a word. Mother never tells me anything much. What was it?"

"This gorgeous pearl pin, and look—this check for a thousand dollars for furniture."

Malcolm seized the check and looked at it with amazed eyes. "Well, for crying out loud!" he said at last. "Talk about manna in the wilderness!"

"It is, isn't it?" said Emily. "I thought that we'd have to buy everything by installments. Dad would have loved to give us our furniture, but you know how poor we are at home, Mac; we simply skin along from one mortgage-interest payment to the next."

Malcolm was still staring at the check.

"It's made out to you," he said at last. "You'd better endorse it over to me, and I'll bank it until—until we need it."

"I wish you would. It makes me nervous having that much money around. I never even saw a check as big as that before."

He put the check in his inner pocket, smiled and caught her hands. "I'm the luckiest fellow in the world, Emily—I always seem to get a break, somehow."

And it was only some weeks later, when Emily urged that they should leave the hotel, take an apartment and furnish it, that Malcolm confessed:

would turn up. And sure enough, something did. A whole thousand dollars, one grand, with no strings on it. Manna in the wilderness, that grand, I'll say!"

The train had reached Grand Central; they must get out. The sweating heat of the day still filled the station, but outside it was cooler. "Let's walk round to the hotel," said Emily. "I like the city at night when the streets are empty."

They went slowly, but did not talk. The clash of opinion had forced a sudden awkward distance between them which neither knew how to diminish. They responded with emphatic cordiality to the greeting of the porter at the door of the hotel and the smile of the elevator man, as a relief to this constraint. But when they had reached their room, it persisted. They talked of many things, but not of what was uppermost in their minds. At last Emily spoke out.

"I don't want to be prying and inquisitive, Mac; but please let's go into our financial position a little. I'd like to know where we stand. You get six thousand a year salary, don't you?"

"Nearly that."

"What d'you mean, nearly that? You don't mind my asking?"

"Of course I don't mind." But his tone was a little uncomfortable. "I get one hundred and ten dollars a week, to be exact, which is five thousand, seven hundred and twenty a year. The last ten dollars was a raise when we got married."

Emily was startled. "But Mac—the bill here amounts to seventy-five and eighty dollars a week. And we've been spending a lot in other ways. It doesn't leave anything over."

Malcolm smiled. "Of course it doesn't. We can't live on my salary, you innocent lamb. It's up to me to make the extra on the outside, don't you see? Why, Emily, if that oil deal had turned out as I had every reason to think it would, I'd have made more than our trip cost and Mother's check put together and some over. And I'll pull off something pretty soon, anyway. Please don't worry about what we're spending, for I'll take care of it."

"But we could live on your salary, Mac, easily enough. We could go to a cheaper hotel, or we could take an apartment, only—" She paused; she did not want to remind him that they had no furniture, and no money to buy it. "Mac, I'll be miserable if we aren't living within our means. I had enough of worrying about money at home. Let's plan some way to live on what you make; then anything you get on the outside will simply be velvet. We can save it and buy a home with it."

Malcolm came over and put his arms about her. "Emily, you don't understand. There's nothing to living in the petty cramped way we'd have to live if my salary is to pay for it. I couldn't bear it for you, and I'd hate it for myself. I've had corking luck right along until I got caught in that Jexley Oil, and I could have salvaged some of that if I hadn't been out of town. Just have a little confidence in me. Don't you believe that I can take care of you?"

Emily melted at this appeal. "Oh, I do, I do, Mac; you know I trust you!"

"That's all I need. Now you stall off Bette for a week or so, and wait. Everything's going to be perfectly all right. Don't you think about it again."

She was responsive to this tenderness, but her doubts were not answered. "I hate to let that apartment go, Mac. Couldn't we buy a little furniture and pay for it part at a time?"

"Dollar down and dollar a week for the rest of our lives? No, thank you. You've got the wrong slant on life. We don't want to live in a cheap petty way."

"D'you feel that Andy and Bette are going to live in a cheap petty way?"

"Nothing else but. Six suburban rooms, one maid, a dinky car—pretty poor, I call it; and Andy makes twice as much as I do."

"But—" began Emily. Malcolm seized her shoulders and gave her a fond impatient shake. "Stop picking on me," he commanded. "It's after midnight, and I've got to get some sleep. Old Vandeman will be giving me another raking over if I'm late again—he's always extra early on Monday, just to annoy. Good night, you sweet lovely thing. Here, kiss me. It's perfectly ridiculous how much I like kissing you. Yes, perfectly ridiculous."

"I don't exactly hate it myself," said Emily.

He snapped off the light, and was asleep the moment his head touched the pillow. But Emily lay wide awake in the darkness. She felt as though she had been walking confidently on solid ground and had suddenly stepped off into nothingness; and now she saw that this nothingness, this abyss, was her ignorance of her husband's nature. She had fallen deep in love with him quickly, romantically; and she had accepted him without calculation, taking him as much for granted as if he were Johnny Keller or any of the other young men of her home town whom she had known all her life, and who had the same standards, the same outlook, the same fundamental opinions and beliefs as herself. It had been the easier, with Malcolm, because her own small likes and dislikes agreed so well with his—riding, dancing, the same music and books, down to the same things to eat and the same colors; in all such comparative trivialities they had found themselves almost uncannily agreed. And this very agreement in unimportant matters had given Emily a false security in regard to larger ones; she had imagined, when she thought of it at all, that Malcolm's ideas and her own were the same on everything. And now they were as far apart as the poles.

Unanswerable questions flung themselves at her: Why hadn't he said at once they must use the check for their honeymoon? Why had he taken it from her on the pretense of keeping it safe until they would be ready to spend it? Even if he hadn't wanted to tell her at first,—and she could see why that would embarrass him,—why hadn't he done so later, and not wait until it was liter-

ally forced out of him by circumstances? No matter how she turned and twisted the possible reasons, his action seemed at worst underhand, at best not quite frank. He had not minded asking her to trust him, after she had found out—but he had not trusted her enough to tell her until he had to do it. She wondered if she could ever again quite believe him, or if she must always hear a faint echo of doubt in what he offered her as truth. At this thought she was terrified. To doubt in one thing would be to doubt in all, and that meant death in the way she loved him. But she thrust this instantly away. "I'm letting my imagination run wild," she told herself. "I ought to have more sense." And in this mood of self-reproach she went to sleep at last.

By morning the trouble in her mind had receded and diminished; and he was feeling utterly light-minded and frivolous; she couldn't have said anything serious to him even if there had been time.

"It'll be not so good for me if I don't get down before old Vandeman," he was saying as he scrambled about. "We'll have one of our prize one-act plays again: 'Good morning, Mr. Crayn,' says he. 'I'm sorry to observe that the subway isn't running again this morning.' That's his idea of humor. And I reply, with that charming manner for which I am noted, hoping to divert the old crab: 'Oh, it's running all right, Mr. Vandeman, but not quite fast enough.' That's *my* idea of humor, and sometimes I get away with it, and sometimes he simply beetles his brows at me and snorts vindictively—amazing what a lot of expression he can put into a snort! And all day he watches everything I do and finds it all wrong, so that I begin to see myself getting one of the fatal pink envelopes—"

"What's that?" asked Emily, hurrying links and buttons into his fresh shirt.

"For God's sake, hurry up," said Malcolm, "or I'll miss my ride."

"They're the jolly little missives that read, 'On and after such and such a date your services will be no longer required,' angel. They're always sent in bright pink envelopes so that the whole shop can know who's fired. That's managerial tact. Thanks a lot—now if you'll pour me one cup of coffee and let it cool while I put on my tie— I simply don't know how I ever got along without you, Emily; it's almost as good as having a valet—hi, don't hit me when I can't dodge; that's not fair."

"Valet indeed! Wait until you come home tonight, and I'll talk to you about these insults."

But he had snatched his hat and was gone, with a quick kiss and a, "Good-by, darling girl," even as she threatened him. Her gayety left with him. She sat down and drank some coffee, and contemplated the day before her—and the days. Nothing seemed clear; nothing seemed certain.

The maid came in and began to clean the room. She was a dour drab creature without a spark of the responsive amiability to which Emily was used from servants. But she was a capable

"He watches everything I do."

worker; and today, tired of inaction and eager to get away from her thoughts, Emily watched her with envy. "Let me run the vacuum cleaner for you," she said. "I want to see what they're like, and besides I need some work."

The maid hardly glanced at her. "No, thank you, madam," she said. "If it should get out of order in your hands I'd be blamed, and it might cost me my job." She added, an instant later, as if to herself; "And I got to have my job."

It was the first human remark Emily had ever induced her to make. "Is it a good job—do you like it?" she asked with interest.

"It's not so good, and it's not so bad neither. But I got to have it. I got three children and my mother to take care of." The maid clipped off the words without expression.

"Is your husband dead?"" pursued Emily.

The question broke through the other woman's repression. "I threw him out, the yella dog! I was *through*. S'long's you're tied to a man, you gotta do what he says and go where he's a mind to. You're nothin', yourself. You gotta put up with anything he does. Well—" She shrugged and turned away. "I don't know why women's fools enough to get married anyway."

Emily was startled and touched. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to—to hurt your feelings."

The maid carried the vacuum cleaner to the door and paused for a final word.

"You didn't hurt my feelings; I'm a long past that. I've had plenty time since I got rid of George to think about things, and I just want to tell you if I had it to do over again, I'd ruther be anybody than a wife. There's no law tyin' you together then, and what's your own's your own, your bed an' your body —yeah, an' your money too, when you've worked for it." She reverted to her usual manner. "Excuse me speaking so open, madam, but you kinda took me unawares."

The vivid coarse speech left Emily strangely shaken. That last phrase, "What's your own's your own," had touched the source of her own inward tumult. That check from Mrs. Crayn had been her own for a certain clear purpose, and Mrs. Crayn had insisted that she keep it in her own hands and spend it herself. Yes, she had insisted in a way Emily had found odd at the time, but had set down finally to Mrs. Crayn's Northern notions. Now it seemed possible that these were not so much sectional peculiarities, but doubts of her son. Yet Emily did not believe that Mrs. Crayn knew about Malcolm's losing money on the stock-market and being left penniless right there on his wedding-day. Mac hadn't spoken of telling his mother; and that silence, coupled with Mrs. Crayn's caution about the check, implied that mother and son didn't agree, or at least were not open and easy with one another about money. If Malcolm's own mother didn't trust him— And here, Emily flung up her hands. "If I only knew," she said aloud, "if Mac had only told me at the time, if Mrs. Crayn had only been a little more—plain. I don't want to go stumbling round with all these queer suspicions. Mac's my husband, and I love him. And if I can't trust him as much as I love him, I'll turn into something horrible like that poor soul who just left here."

The telephone, ringing, broke her unpleasant reverie. It was Bette. "You *are* going to take the apartment?" she asked eagerly. "I couldn't wait to know."

Emily rallied her powers of evasion. "Oh, Bette, I don't think so, and I'm terribly disappointed. Mac thinks it's better to wait until fall and try to get something in the city—he loathes the idea of commuting."

"He's never tried it; he doesn't know whether he likes it or not."

"Bette, tell me, have you decided on a date yet?" She slid Bette neatly off the subject of the apartment. When their talk was over, there was peace between them; Bette was placated, but Emily was still further disturbed. She had shielded Mac, but now that she had definitely renounced the apartment, the idle dullness of the hotel became more and more intolerable.

She looked about her. Absolutely nothing to do. Her clothes were too new to need mending, and she was tired of the false business of fancywork. She had no art or craft to work at; she couldn't read all the time. And she was lonely. At home some one was always running in with an invitation, a bit of news, a neighborly gift. Here she knew almost no one, and though all around her New York tempted her to see and explore, the heat and glare drove her back when she ventured out and the massed alien types of the crowds dismayed her.

She thought it all over, slowly. She had never considered marriage except in the terms of her own family and environment. When a girl married, she had a home of her own to arrange, to order, and to manage. That was her part in marriage. And now Emily's thoughts went blank, for how they were to have a home when they had no money and — if they

" 'Good morning,' says he. 'I'm sorry to observe the subway isn't running this morning.' That's his idea of humor."

. . .

continued to live beyond their means—no prospects of any money, was beyond the reach of Emily's mind. That vanished check! If she had only known!

But at noon Malcolm called her up. "I've just come from the prison cell for lunch, darling girl," he said. "How are you, and what are you doing? It's a fearful day; you stay out of the sun. We'll go somewhere cool for dinner."

His voice, so care-free, so affectionate, reassured her. There he was downtown in this sodden heat working for her, while she had been at ease in this shaded room thinking of him, if not with actual unkindness, at least with discontent. It made her ashamed.

"Now that's settled," said Bette. "We want to pull a party for you and Malcolm."

SHE did not know that he was telephoning from a booth in the downtown office of Toustan and Ways. He had rushed over there directly Vandeman had gone out for lunch. And now that his telephoning was done he looked about for Barton Hale.

He was not in the noisy customers' room but in a small private office, to which Malcolm Crayn knew the way well enough. He went in jauntily.

"Hope you're not feeling as gloomy as you were yesterday," he said to Hale, "for I want to talk to you, and I want you to do something for me. It's like this: You know I had a very decent credit here until I got caught in Jexley and wiped out. I've got to begin all over again, and on a shoestring. Now here's my pay-check for the week, and here's my bank balance. It totals the magnificent sum of three hundred dollars. I want you to buy me a hundred shares Fring Motors—"

"On three points? Nothing doing."

"And as it goes up, pyramid it until I've got four hundred—"

"I won't touch it. You know the rule of the firm about margin."

"Wait a minute. You sold me out of every nickel I had while I was away getting married. You might give me a chance to get back."

"I tried to get you on the phone all that day. The market was wild. You needn't blame me for it. You took a long chance and lost. And as for this three-point-margin idea of yours—"

"I don't blame you. But you can buy me this Fring if you want to. You talk about the rule of the firm, but you know damn' well that there isn't a rule Toustan and Ways ever made that isn't broken every day of the world. Have a heart! Look at what I'm up against, just married and broke."

Barton Hale thought of Emily as he had seen her the day before. He was not a susceptible man, but she had drawn his interest sharply; even now he could remember exactly the turn of her head, the lift of her eyes to his, the startling directness and depth of her gaze. That girl—any man might be willing to take a long chance for her. And there had been something peculiarly heartless in the way they'd closed out Crayn's account, though Barton Hale had been far too long in the business to bother about customers' troubles. But hang it, he liked Crayn; he was, in the quick touch-and-go New York way, his friend. Something more occurred to him: doubtless Crayn would tell his wife that he, Hale, had done him a favor, and that was a curiously pleasing thing in the broker's mind. He would like to put Emily under obligation to him, even indirectly. Half-persuaded, he got up, and the two men went out to the customers' room and looked at the board. FrM had opened at fifty-two, gone down a point, recovered, and had now reached fifty-three. Even as they looked, a board boy slapped on a one-quarter tag.

"For God's sake, hurry up," said Malcolm, "or I'll miss my ride."

"I'll do this for you, this once," said Hale. "But never again. And if you're trimmed, don't come back here and blame me."

"I won't be trimmed. Look!"

Another tag. FrM, fifty-two and a half.

Chapter Four

"SO Mac decided that he didn't mind commuting after all," said Bette, "and gave up his delusions of grandeur about a large apartment in town?"

"You put away your hatchet—you're always nicking little snips off Mac," said Emily. "He was perfectly sweet about it. He doesn't like commuting a bit better than he did, but he saw how much I wanted to be out here near to you and Cousin Louisa; and so—here we are."

The two young women were lunching in Bette's dining-room, a dining-room which amazed and amused Emily every time she entered it. The walls and woodwork were metallic flat gold, the window and door casings outlined in vermilion. The table and chairs were strange angular obtrusive shapes, bright vermilion also. The vermilion side-board was a powerful monolith which looked to Emily's eyes exactly like an icebox gone Bolshevik. Yet there was a certain effectiveness in the ensemble; and Bette, in black-and-gold pajamas, suited it exactly, while Emily's pink-and-white gingham was absurdly out of key. But she had come up from her own apartment, where she had just moved in, and at Bette's command had not changed her dress. *(Please turn to page 142)*

Big *Shots* and *The* Mind and Manners

By Edward Dean Sullivan

SOME of the worthiest, most agreeable and most intelligent persons this writer has ever known have had in common a trait which has become a national characteristic in this country: It is the ability to recognize trouble with the whites of the eyes, and steadfastly resist looking at it squarely.

Various phases of ten years of discord on the subject of Prohibition has created an epidemic of the practice, but at this troubled juncture of American history there is developing a belated, vital and growing apprehension of the criminal sub-government so obvious in the nation. Briefly at last America is aggressively gangster-conscious.

And you may be sure that the figurative gangster of today, a giant created by the ardor of the drys and financed by the thirst of the wets, experiences none of the apprehension which afflicts both groups. He has landed—with both feet on both factions—and has the situation well in hand. The political status attained by the gangster has become an appalling menace.

Authorities on crime and law-enforcement are agreed that about five per cent of the population of the United States today either is active in or associated with the vicious government within a government now burdening and exploiting the United States. Dr. James M. Doran, Prohibition Administrator, has admitted that the booze racket alone—of the more than two hundred rackets now in operation on a country-wide basis—paid the bootleggers in excess of three billion dollars last year.

The purpose of this article will be to arraign some facts to show how conservative both of the foregoing estimates really are. And in the process it will be of interest to set forth the types and points of view of gangsters; to indicate what the individual gangster thinks about people in general—and how he gets that way; also what people in general think of the gangster—and how they get that way.

In qualifying for the introduction, it is sensible to state that the writer, twenty-five years a newspaperman, has "covered" both New York and Chicago Police Headquarters; has known one hundred gangsters either very well or slightly; had his life saved by Dion O'Banion during the race riot in Chicago; has known Al Capone for eight years; and rode frequently, many years ago, with the since executed Lieutenant Charles Becker and his raiding strong-arm squad. The last ride, in fact, was four nights before Becker sent Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis to erase Herman Rosenthal, a squealing gambler.

Rosenthal was slain as directed in front of the Metropole Hotel on the night of July 15, 1912. Becker and the four gunmen died in the electric chair for the crime.

In the measurement of time, that was eighteen years ago; but in the measurement of gang methods and results, it is almost out of memory. That exploit—clumsy, amateurish and fatal in results for all concerned—was actually considered the most spectacular indication of gang organization brought to national attention up to that time.

Little did the people of that day foresee what the structure of gangdom was to become and what it was to accomplish in this country. Five men executed for the death of one gambler! Those days, very apparently, are gone forever.

In the more recent St. Valentine's Day massacre at Chicago, seven men were torn to fragments by machine-gun "choppers" in eight minutes. No convictions! There have been more than four thousand homicides in Chicago within the last ten years—with eighty-four executions. Or a far better instance of comparison with the early bungled efforts of gang organization: Arnold Rothstein, also a gambler, but ninety-nine per cent more viciously important than the slain Rosenthal of 1912, was shot on November 4,

3 Billions

of a RACKETEER

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

1928—just off Broadway, as was Rosenthal. His death sent no one to the chair. Instead it was antecedent the fatal physical collapse of the then police commissioner, the dismissal of the chief inspector and the discharge or reprimand of a score of hitherto notably capable police officers.

Papers, effects, clues and records of Rothstein interests vanished like magic, but in the few documents it was shown that Magistrate Albert Vitale was credited in those papers with a loan of nearly twenty thousand dollars from the dead gambler, dope czar and master banker of the underworld. This loan was later repaid.

When Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin was mowed down by a salvo of machine-gun bullets on the night of April 17, 1926, Chicago grieved for one of its most fearless prosecutors. Two men were killed with him, and they were subsequently found to be James Doherty and John Duffy, gangsters. Four months before, McSwiggin had failed in an impressive effort to convict Doherty for murder.

Scarface Al Capone, czar of Cicero saloons and gambling-halls, was sought by the police for this crime. He immediately was not to be found; but four months later his business affairs demanded his return, and coming out of hiding, he decided to give himself up to the Federal authorities on a Prohibition-violation charge rather than to the police on the McSwiggin murder charge. The Chicago *Tribune* published an exclusive interview with Capone in his hiding-place, saying, "Capone talked freely of his friendship for the slain prosecutor," and quoting Al as follows:

"Just ten days before he was killed, I talked with McSwiggin. There were friends of mine with me. If we had wanted to kill him, we could have done it then, and nobody would have known. We never wanted to."

Five special Grand Juries were sworn to probe this situation. They got exactly nowhere.

The relation of McSwiggin to Doherty, prior to the slaying—that of prosecutor and defendant—was emphasized throughout the investigations, as was the fact that Duffy, the other man slain, had been precinct captain for State's Attorney Crowe's organization in the election preceding the triple murder. But silence sealed the lips of all the gangsters and witnesses. The report of the first Grand Jury said:

"A conspiracy of silence is evident among the gangsters, and intimidation of all witnesses is clearly evident too. Anyone who aids the public officials by giving needed facts is likely to suffer for it. It is clear to this jury, from what we have seen and heard in this courtroom within the last five weeks, that the prosecutors have a most difficult task before them."

Four subsequent Grand Juries verified this estimate. The last word of the last Grand Jury's effort came from Judge Charles A. McDonald. He said:

"I know who killed McSwiggin, but I do not know it legally, and I am unable to present it conclusively. Neither Sergeant McSwiggin" (father of the slain prosecutor) "nor anyone else has at any time given me the name of a witness who would appear before the Grand Jury to identify any person as the murderer. It has been necessary to keep the name of every witness secret. The moment they are wanted, they vanish."

Contacts of that sort have become more and more familiar under the conditions created by Prohibition—the heyday of the gangster. The gangster was always a factor in practical politics in large cities. Today he is a power in such politics.

Not only is the gangster quicker to kill than ever before in criminal history, but through money and organization and contacts literally unheard of before Prohibition, his chances of apprehension

"In my game, the only guys you can depend on are those that you got murders on."

or conviction have dwindled to comparative nothingness. He doesn't have to go to the corrupt politician for a job; the politician in gang-ruled areas comes to the gang, or he's defeated.

It is but natural that where corruption long existed, the gangsters settled down to operations when the opportunities of Prohibition came along. They knew whom to see, where to locate in such districts. And as the money piled in, their interest in having the right kind of person in the right places for their interests became even more vital than that of the politician with his comparatively petty ward graft. Facing the old power of threat and the new power of money, the wise corrupt politician jumped right on the bootleg band-wagon and began conferring, instead of giving orders.

If it is assumed that there is anything trivial about gang power, bear in mind that Al Capone's gang made seventy million dollars for its annual take as early as 1926. Those figures are from the records of Edwin A. Olson, United States District Attorney.

Anyone who is informed about election procedure in this country—not the theory, but the fact—knows that even under the most honest auspices money is a tremendous factor. A combination of money and thuggery at election-time is almost unbeatable in most cities. In the ordinary routine of city elections everywhere, it's "the rich as has the opinions and the poor as takes advice."

In the fine residential districts, which seldom equal the poorer districts either in area or population, the voter makes up his mind and votes that way, especially if it's no day for golf, yet not unpleasant enough to make the trip to the polling-place difficult. In the poorer districts, there is a big vote always; and in countless cases, to put it mildly, the voter's mind is made up for him. He needs about everything, and the organization which can give him anything expects him to take its signals. If he is quite independent, his final alternative is a crack on the jaw or a small piece of currency.

It takes many a ward to make a city, and the politician who ignores or deplores enough corrupt wards is likely to become an ex-politician. Some associations in politics are hard to take, that's true; but political power, once enjoyed, is hard to lose—that's truer.

On March 20, 1928, one "Diamond Joe" Esposito, ward committeeman of the "Bloody Nineteenth" Ward in Chicago, rolled over with fifty-eight slugs from a machine-gun in his body. He was a stanch supporter of nearly everything the law forbids, dabbling in booze, labor rackets and joints. But shortly before his death, at a great dinner given in his honor, he presented a bust of himself to Senator Charles S. Deneen, who was present, with many other prominent politicians. The event was widely publicized, and twelve active judges were among the guests.

A couple of years ago this writer went out of St. Louis on a story involving the notorious Egan gang of that city. Dint Colback, head of the gang, had headquarters at the time at the old Maxwelton Inn. Chippy Robinson, of that notoriously vicious outfit, was seated at a table with three St. Louis men of stellar political prominence. Despite the gangster's known record and many indictments, he was the life of the party. And a gay and understanding party it seemed to be.

When Dion O'Banion was buried, with a one-hundred-thousand-dollar funeral involving twenty-six truckloads of flowers, it developed that he had received a two-thousand-dollar diamond-and-ruby watch two weeks before his death when he was guest at a dinner in one of the leading Chicago hotels. The list of guests and contributors was found, and among them were a chief of detectives of the Chicago police force and twenty prominent politicians.

Nothing in the ascendency of the gangster even compares in menace with his bought and earned political power. Briefly it gives him a combination which involves the power of money, politics, thuggery and death. In greater or less degree that power is being exercised throughout this country, and in most cities it has been for years. The operations it protects have increased a hundredfold in the last fruitful decade, including every type of known criminality with the addition of the comparatively new and vastly remunerative "rackets."

Having been charged with seeking the hoodlum vote in campaigning for his present tenure of office as Mayor of Chicago, William Hale Thompson took to addressing his political audiences as "Fellow-hoodlums." His opponent, William A. Dever, frequently referred to as "the best Mayor Chicago ever had," made capital of this fact and was so vigorously campaigning himself that the gangster moguls became convinced that he might have a chance. They went to him coldly with an offer of one hundred thousand dollars in cash. It was just a "feeler" and Mr. Dever spurned it indignantly, making the offer public. Despite the unusually energetic effort of the righteous element in Chicago to down Thompsonism, he was returned a winner by eighty-three thousand votes over Dever.

Less spectacular instances of this sort are legion throughout the country, and have been for years. The demands, returns and caliber of the people involved in the *(Please turn to page 125)*

Point with Pride!

A story *for* salesmen—*and* their "prospects"

by Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"AN idea not without merit," I tells young Speed. "Real estate's something you can sink your teeth into, at any rate. There may be a long carry before the cash-in, but you can count on front feet being where you left 'em the night before. That's more than I can say about the other gazipes you've bogged your bank-roll into."

"Oh, I don't know," comes back Phil. "The other gazipes didn't attenuate my assets any."

"True," I admits, "but you can't figure on a stew of horseshoes, rabbits' feet and four-leaf clovers as a regular diet. You've been a loon for luck. Given the breaks you've been having, a canary would be an odds-on favorite to defeat the wildcat in the other corner."

"Well," says Speed, "you can call it luck, if your religion reads that way, but the physiology books used to have a different name for the stuff between the ears."

"It depends," I observes, "on the owner of the ears. . . . Where is this land you own?"

"In Westchester, I think," he returns.

"In Westchester, you think!" I exclaims. "D'you mean that you don't know even where your property is? Haven't you seen it?"

"Not yet," replies Phil. "I just bought the stuff yesterday."

"Who from?" I puts in, sarcastic. "The widow of the unknown soldier—or don't you know that, either?"

"I got it at an auction," vouchsafes the youngster.

"How interesting!" beams Miss Baker, the office orchid, who up to this time had done no beaming. "Did you bid and everything?"

"Yeh," I grunts, "and the chances are he'll be set about six hundred. Go on. Dish up the dirt."

"It was sort of an accident," says Speed. "I happened to be downtown looking for a broker—Mo Masters, I think his name is—"

"If you think it's Mo Masters," I interjects, "it's probably Arbuthnot or Zumwalt, and I'll bet he isn't a broker. . . . Proceed."

"Suddenly," goes on Phil, "I finds myself in what I've since learned is a real-estate exchange. I'm hardly inside when I hears a bozo shout, 'One hundred and ninety-nine!' so I says, 'Two hundred!' "

"Why?" I asks. "Did your mother bring you up at one of her knees to raise all calls, regardless?"

"I was just being nonchalant," explains Speed. "I wanted the patrons of the game to think I belonged, not that I'd stumbled in. I figured there'd be a lot more bidding, but the first thing I knows—"

"It's knocked down," I finishes, "to the tall Mohammedan with the long green beard."

"No," says Phil, "I got it. Nobody topped me. My offer of two hundred was—"

"It must have been an awfully small piece of property," ventures Miss Baker.

"Not so small," smiles Speed. "A hundred acres, I believe. It developed, when we gathered about the dotted line, that it wasn't a hundred and ninety-nine the lad had bid, but a hundred and ninety-nine thousand."

"What!" I gasps. "And you let 'em unload on you!"

"Of course," says he simply. "I'm no welsher. Besides, I've no kick coming. Anything worth a hundred and ninety-nine grand to a regular can't be such a bouncing bad buy at a thousand more."

"Why not?" I demands. "A caterpillar tractor might be an elegant buy for a couple of Lithuanians engaged in clearing a cranberry bog, but what'd it be worth to a Waycross, Ga., club-woman?"

"Not a great deal," confesses Phil, "but through an odd chain of circumstances, it just happens that I'm not a Waycross, Ga., club-woman."

"You are when it comes to real-estate," I assures him. "How much have you put down on the nose of the pink palooka?"

"Twenty thousand," he answers.

"It might be cheaper," says I, "to charge that off to profitless loss, but we may be able even to get that back. I know some of the boys down at the adjective exchange—"

"But I don't want it back," interrupts Speed snappishly. "I'm going to stick till the unearned increment comes home."

"What," I inquires, "do you plan to do with the ground, assuming that you find it?"

"What," comes back Phil, "do you usually do with ground?"

"Well," says I, "there's a great difference of opinion among Philadelphia tile-setters. You might plant it to anything from broccoli to Swiss chalets if you care for truck farming. On the other hand,

"In an hour!" I yelps. "Five miles!" "They're that kind of miles," explains McDermott.

you could rent it out for merry-go-rounds, roque tournaments and meetings to protest against paving assessments. You might even raise ermines for the opening-night theater trade. Naturally, everything depends on location. How much extra did they want down at the exchange to tell you where the property is?"

"It's within commuting distance of New York," discloses Speed.

"Rather indefinite," I remarks, "but that does exclude Sitka, Alaska, and parts of Labrador. Didn't you get a map, or anything?"

"I got this," replies Phil, digging a roll of blue-print out of an overcoat pocket, "but it doesn't check with me. Why all the blue?"

"Probably," I suggests, "because it was drawn at high tide when the property was under water. I think," I adds, glancing over the layout, "I've located your land."

"Yeh?" says he, eagerly. "Where is it?"

"It begins," I tells him, reading from the print, "at a point fifty-eight degrees, forty-three minutes, no seconds from the Township marker, thence in a northeasterly direction one thousand and eight hundred feet, more or less, to a point forty-five degrees, no minutes, twenty-three seconds to the property now or formerly occupied by Hosea P. Duffus, thence in an easterly direction to a point twenty-six degrees—"

"What," cuts in Speed, "are all these degrees?"

"In New York," I explains, "property is acquired by degrees. Shall I go on, or do you know where you're at now?"

"Not exactly," says he, "but I can find out by calling up Hosea P. Duffus, can't I?"

"That's an idea," I admits, "but it won't be necessary. You've bought in Long Island. New Heifer's Hollow," I adds, pointing to the name in a corner of the blue-print. "I know the country around there pretty well."

"How is it?" asks Phil.

"Not bad," I comes back. "I've never heard the ducks complain. Once they drain the swamps and build a road—"

"Aren't these white lines roads?"

"Nope," says I. "They're projected roads. Have you ever gone touring on a projected road? You should, some day. It's like clipping coupons off a proposed bond issue."

"I think it's gorgeous," chimes in Miss Baker, "to have a big place on Long Island. Some of the smartest people live there—"

"But not," I intrudes, "at Heifer's Hollow. Phil'll find nothing there but ducks and their governesses."

"I don't care who's there now," declares Speed. "It's within commuting distance of New York, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," I admits. "A baby could get up at daybreak, put on his hip-boots, wade to the station and get to the city for lunch, but he'd have to depart hurriedly from the table if he wanted to get home for dinner. In time, of course, that would lead to indigestion and a soured outlook."

"Like yours, eh?" remarked Phil. "I'm certainly glad to hear you talk as you do. When you view with alarm, I'm sure to finish pointing with pride. Every time you put a lily in my hands, it turns into a cornucopia. I don't know what I'd do without your wet blankets."

"How do you figure to get your dough out of a duck wallow?" I growls.

"I haven't given the matter any thought," returns Phil, "but when I do, there'll be no difficulty. What's the matter with raising ducks? There's money in the quacks, isn't there?"

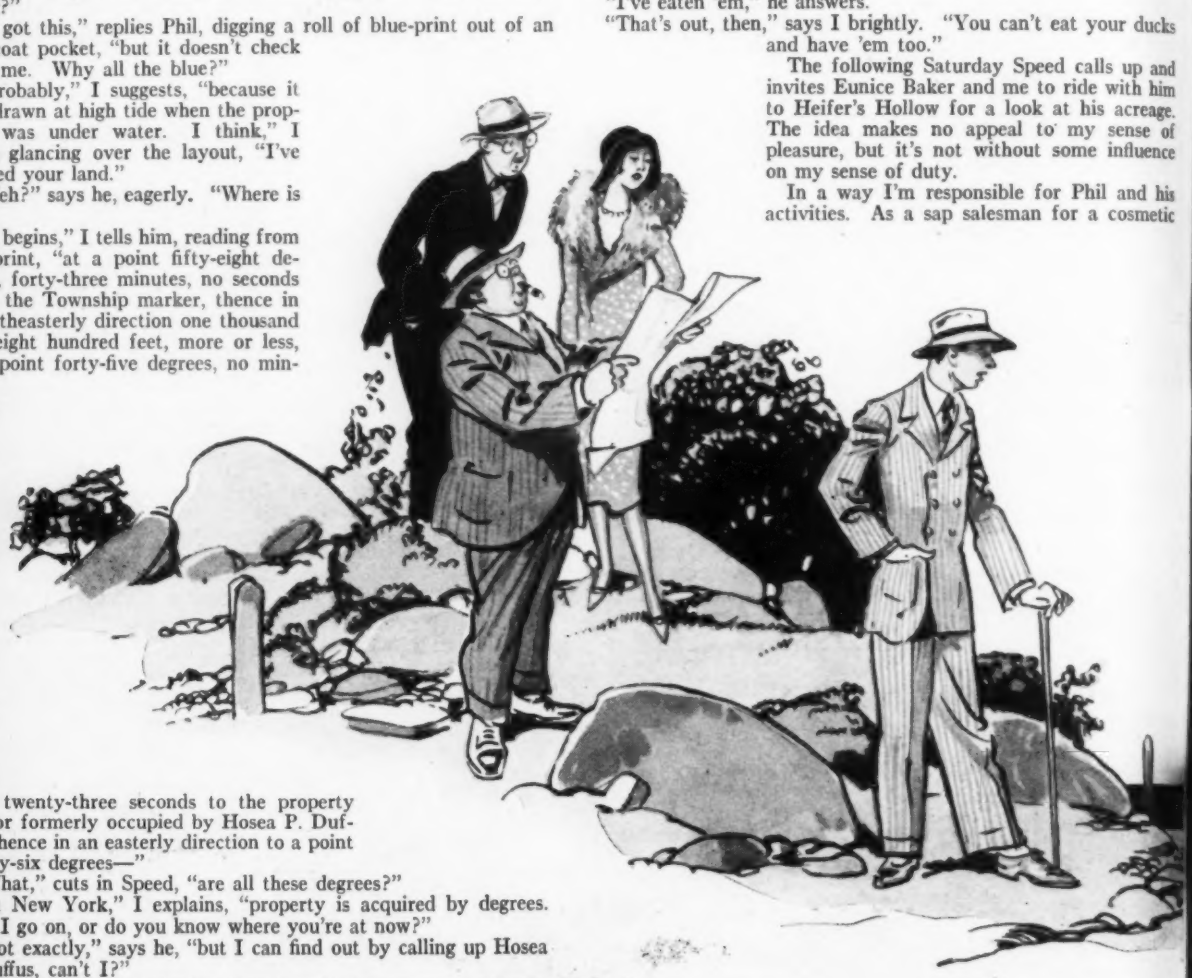
"Know anything about 'em?" I asks.

"I've eaten 'em," he answers.

"That's out, then," says I brightly. "You can't eat your ducks and have 'em too."

The following Saturday Speed calls up and invites Eunice Baker and me to ride with him to Heifer's Hollow for a look at his acreage. The idea makes no appeal to my sense of pleasure, but it's not without some influence on my sense of duty.

In a way I'm responsible for Phil and his activities. As a sap salesman for a cosmetic



firm, I'd watched his step, and even when he quit with two hundred and fifty grand in the kick from a quick turn in essential oils, I still felt myself sort of cursed with his care. So far, I hadn't done so well by the job. The boy'd gotten into a couple of deals that looked like pains in the pocket to me, but in each instance he'd been saved by breaks at 11:59.

While of late I'd kind of given up hope of ever being a help, real estate is something I do know a little about; so I figures it's up to me to traipse along. There's an outside chance of salvaging the situation. As for Miss Baker, she sees something in the youngster that even his mother probably muffed.

Speed comes for us around noon in an imported bus, the kind of car you'd imagine the Gaekwar of Baroda would use if he were calling for Peggy Joyce on Easter morning. It's a shiny, silvery torpedo on wheels with enough accessories for an exhibit.

"Nice oil-can," I remarks, "for a duck-farmer. . . . What's it made of—platinum?"

"No," returns Phil, "copper. I got the price of it by coppering one of your bets."

"Just keep coppering 'em," I snorts, "and it won't be long before you're hitch-hiking back to the home-town in borrowed shoes. . . . Hear anything about your land?"

"No," says he, "but the old bean's been functioning with reference thereto. How do you think an air settlement would go?"

"Try again," I invites. "I left my wings in my other suit. A what?"

"An air settlement," repeats Speed. "We'd have a landing-field on the property surrounded by homes, with a regular plane-service taking guys to business, their wives shopping and their kids to school. Roads wouldn't be needed, and the residents'd have all the privacy they could use. Can't you just picture it—Lindbergh, Long Island?"

"What a perfectly lovely idea!" exclaims Miss Baker.

"It's lovely," I agrees; "but suppose one of the ladies of Lindbergh ordered three bunches of radishes, a couple of decks of cards and a yard of ribbon from the village. How does she get it delivered?"

"Gosh, what a mind for trifles!" grumbles Phil. "I talk of revolutionizing suburban life in America, and you think of radishes and ribbon. Haven't you any vision?"

"I'm filthy with it," I assures him, "but I can't see any commuting with planes until some bimbo works out a scheme for getting 'em off the ground from a standing start and landing 'em on roofs without a run. After all, you can't drop at Forty-second and Fifth Avenue without creating what I might call a contretemps. The nearest landing-fields to the city—"

"How about hydroplanes?" cuts in Speed. "I have an idea Heifer's Hollow's on the Sound—"

"Talking about ideas," I interjects, "have you made arrangements for anyone to show us over the land, where it begins and where it ends and so forth?"

"You gentlemen interested in this property?" grunts the pain in the neck.

"Mildly," says the youngster. "I own it."

"Yep," says he. "A real-estater from Riverhead's coming over to lead us around, a lad named Burnside."

"Are you sure," I asks, "it isn't a feller named Fishlein from Staten Island who's leaving his hide and tallow business to show us through the Holland Tunnel?"

Phil's sure of his identification this time, and we strikes out for the North Shore. In a couple of hours we're at Heifer's Hollow, a clutter of huts in a puddle. The realtor from Riverhead's there, waiting. He introduces himself as Hector McDermott. Burnside, it appears, is his telephone exchange.

"How far," I asks him, "are we from where we're going?"

"About five miles," he returns. "We ought to make it in an hour."

"In an hour!" I yelps. "Five miles!"

"They're that kind of miles," explains McDermott.

"I see," says I, and I do. What a road! It'd make a chamois break down and cry for the easy-going crags and crevices of his native Alp. I spends most of the ride picking my hair out of the top of the car. I'm practically on a furlough from my seat, throughout.

"Are we on a detour," I inquires of the agent, "or is this the broad highway itself?"

"Itself," replies McDermott. "There's no other way of getting to the Delaney tract. I doubt if this road has even been traveled by auto before."

"Yeh," I growls, "and with me in the back it never will be again. Doesn't anybody live along here?"

"Nobody," he tells me. "Old man Duffus has a place to the north, but he's got a road of his own. Well, here we are," announces the real-estater, indicating a deep gully covered with scrub oak. "We'll have to walk."

Which we does. Phil's blind buy turns out to be a rough-and-tumble tract of stones and sink-holes, ending toward the Sound in a slimy cove. The Government gives away better land to untaxed Indians. Even Speed appears a trifle nonplused by its appearance.

"Swell spot for an aviation field!" I observes. "There isn't enough level ground for a grasshopper to make a landing. If this piece of the footstool's worth two thousand an acre, sites under the subway are cheap at five."

"Maybe," says Phil. "But there must be something here that isn't visible to the amateur eye. You seem to forget that the smart money was offering a hundred and ninety-nine thousand for—"

"Hardly smart money," smiles McDermott. "Mad money, rather. The bid you speak of was made by Hosea P. Duffus."

"My neighbor!" exclaimed Phil.

"Yeh," comes back the agent, "and it was made to cut the nose off another neighbor of yours—Eliphalet Jackson. Haven't you been wised up yet to the doings at the auction?"

"Tell us," I urges with malicious eagerness.

"Jackson," retails McDermott, "owns close to a thousand acres adjoining the Delaney place on the west. Hosea has about the same load to the north and east, and they hate each other's eyebrows. When the estate put up this property for sale, both got hot—not that either of 'em wanted it, but one thought the other might. They were raising their bids off the roof when the young man here steps in—"

"How much," I cuts in, "do you figure this land to be worth in an un-mad market? Five hundred an acre?"

"At that price," says the real estater, "the seller should be willing to throw in a couple of ocean-going yachts, a ton of stove coal and his English walking-suit. I've some stuff like this a mile below the Hollow I'll let you have for three hundred on a slow note, and it wouldn't be such a friendly act, at that. What," he asks, turning to Speed, "are your designs on this property?"

"Oh, I don't know," shrugs the youngster, back to his nonchalance. "There are a number of ways to make it pay pretty. I might turn it into a golf course, or—"

"A golf course'd be great," I enthuses. "And this is just the spot for it. Your bunkers wouldn't cost you a dime—there must be three thousand of 'em at least, to the acre. Then there are sand-pits and casual water without end, not to mention—"

"How about fairways?" chimes in Miss Baker.

"Not at all necessary," I assures her. "There are thousands of golfers on this here, now, island who never use 'em. I personally played the game for years before I discovered you could walk on the grass without a penalty. Let's call it Bunker Hill Hit and Hunt Club," I goes on. "We could tee off from the first mortgage, use our irons on the interest-charges, pitch out on the tax

assessments and sink our putts in the corridor of the county courthouse during the sheriff's sale."

At this juncture Eunice has a bright idea.

"Why not have another auction," she suggests, "and let Duffus and Jackson bid against each other again? They might—"

"The chances are," I interrupts, "that Phil'd forget where he was and buy in the property himself—this time for two-fifty."

"I'm afraid," says McDermott, "the old birds couldn't be steamed up again. I hear Hosea and Eliphalet nearly had kittens when it looked like they might get stuck with the land at a prominent price. They're probably still having night-sweats."

"That's out," declares Speed, "even if I could play one of 'em against the other, I wouldn't. It's too much like sand-bagging to suit me. Anyhow, where do you fellows get the notion I'm dissatisfied with my buy?"

"If you're not," retorts the real-estater, "you ought to be, in spades. I think so little of the property I wouldn't even handle it for you. If I were to offer this around here for two thousand an acre—"

"The price," says Phil, "is three."

"Make it six," snorted McDermott. "There are no restrictions on the property. Going to improve it?"

"It has been already," returns Speed. "My ownership's an improvement. How much water-front have I?"

"About a half-mile as the cork-screw bends," says the plot promoter, "but you'd have to dredge that cove for years before you'd get it deep enough for a gnat to wade in. Want my advice?"

"No," comes back Phil, "but there's no cotton in my ears."

"Get out from under," recommends McDermott. "As a proposition for profit, the Delaney tract is in the same class with a shipment of sage-brush to Nevada. It's a zero in red ink with the rim off. First of all, you'd have to make this deadfall accessible. That would mean plenty of piasters for roads—"

"There are a lot of good ones two thousand feet up," remarks Speed.

"Up?" mutters the dirt-peddler. "Up where?"

"In the air," I explains. "My young friend here has an idea for an exclusive colony of aviation addicts who'd do all their commuting, visiting and the usual etceteras of suburban life by hydroplane. How does that hit the toast of realty row?"

"As an idea," says McDermott, "not so bad; as an idea for this site, it ought to be spanked on an empty stomach and put to bed. Hydroplane, eh? Why, even the fish can't get through the ooze out there at low tide. Now, I've got a piece of land over by Port Jefferson that was created in Genesis to be an aviation settlement—"

"You wouldn't fool us, would you?" I inquires.

"Sure I would," he replies cheerfully. "When cake's being cut in this section of Long Island, I'm never on a diet. Even so, I'm honest enough to be a worry to my friends. If I wasn't, I wouldn't be knocking this property; I'd be whooping it up as the location a Lindbergh'd love—"

"It may not be that," growls Phil, "but you can't be tried in General Sessions out here for trying, can you?"

"Boy," says McDermott, "there's nothing you can't try. As I told you before, this acreage is not restricted. You can slap up anything you want—hangars with penthouses on 'em, homes for under-privileged tuck-pointers— Hello, there's your neighbor."

"Which one?" I inquires, as an elderly gent comes trudging toward us with the help of a cane.

"Duffus," whispers the agent. "If you've ever had laryngitis, he'll recall it."

"YOU gentlemen interested in this property?" grunts the pain in the neck, immediately identifying himself as such by his tone.

I can see that he goes no bigger with Phil Speed than he does with me.

"Mildly," says the youngster. "I own it."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes," mumbles Duffus. "I remember you at the auction. May I ask what you propose doing with the place?"

"You may, indeed," returns Phil politely, "but there are eighty-seven reasons why I can't tell you."

"Eighty-seven, sir?" scowls Hosea.

"Yeh," says Speed, "eighty-seven. The first is I don't know—"

"Well," cuts in the old man, with a glare, "I hope you'll do nothing to injure a fine old part of—"

"Fine old part!" exclaims Phil. "Why, I've been given to understand there's nothing around here but duck-farms. Or is that a canard?"

"You're repetitious," I points out to the boy friend. "A canard's also a duck—in French."

"It's not true," declares Duffus. "While there has been an influx in recent years of truck-farmers and such truck, we still have in this section some of the most respected families—"

"Ah, yes," I interjects. "The Eliphalet Jacksons live around here, I believe."

"A low, impossible person," flares up Hosea. "I don't know who you are or what you plan to do here," he adds, addressing Speed, "but it'll be a comparative pleasure to have you for a neighbor."

"I trust," smiles Phil, "you'll find it so. By the way, are you fond of children?"

"In their place," growls Duffus.

"This," says Speed, "is likely to become *(Please turn to page 116)*

"I hears a bozo shout, 'One hundred nintey-nine!' so I says, 'Two hundred!'—just being nonchalant."

GRETA GARBO

They call her the woman of ice and fire, the world's cinema sensation, the woman of mystery, and so forth. She's not much of a mystery. She hates publicity. She never goes to movie parties; she never makes public appearances; she dresses so simply that she's scarcely ever recognized off the movie lot. She lives by herself, and learned English by herself, in a cottage by the sea. She's the best woman tennis-player in Hollywood. Nils Asther is one of her few friends. He's engaged to be married—not to Miss Garbo. Her mystery lies purely in her unpretentiousness.

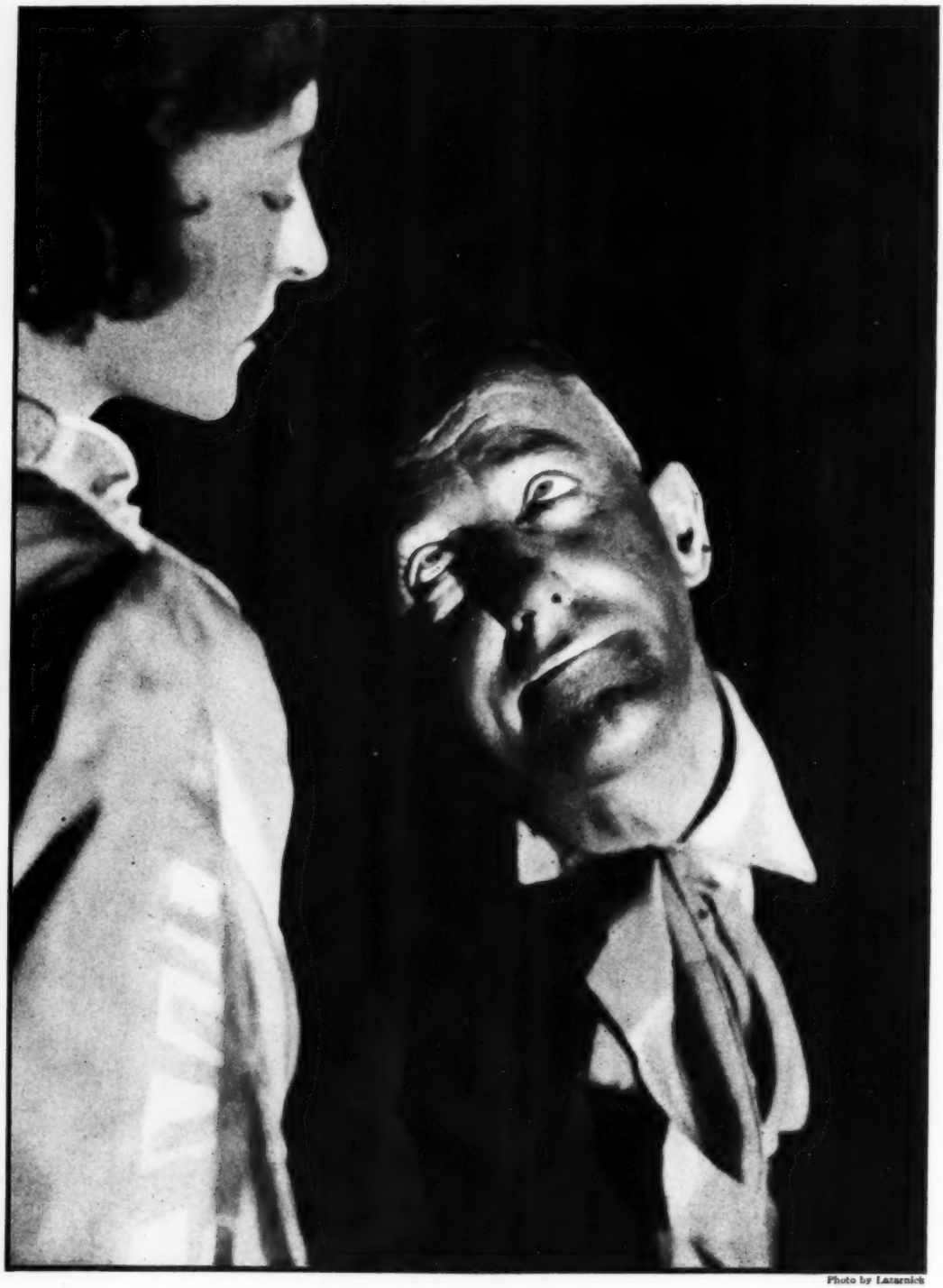


Photo by Lazarnick

GEORGE M. COHAN

in his revival of that hilarious piece, "The Tavern," with Isabel Baring. He writes, acts, directs and produces plays; he's a dancer and a song-writer. He'll pinch-hit at twenty-four hours' notice for any old friend dead or alive without muffing a line. He's one of the wealthiest men in the business, but he doesn't know how much money he has—he's too busy. He's given away over a million dollars to needy people, but he never mentions this. His money is handled by a trusted friend. He's been on the stage since he slept backstage in a basket while his parents acted.

Photo by Lazarnick

EARLE SANDE UP —

ducking the wind-pressure behind Gallant Fox's proud head. Sande has been thundering across the tape with about ninety winners a year since he was nineteen. He sneaked out of a little schoolhouse in Idaho one day in answer to a quiet salute from a small-time race-horse owner. There followed a lot of glamorous prophecy by the owner, and they sallied forth to fortune. The mounts Sande has since ridden have earned a million. He flagellates his appetite like an ascetic or a movie star. A gain of an ounce in weight is a gnawing menace; a pound is impending annihilation.

Photo by Hal Phyfe

LILY DAMITA

This is an unusual picture—moods of placidity are rare with her. Remember "The Cock-eyed World," or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey?" She loves her public, this volcanic French girl: she speaks good English, but they want her to *oo-là-là*, so she always *oo-là-làs* at public appearances. For variety she swings from the movie lot to the legitimate stage, and from sparkling Parisian vivacity to dark Gallic fury. She has a few pet economies: stockings, for instance, she never wears. Two princes went to Hollywood to woo her: a younger prince of England and a Hohenzollern.

Photos by Lazarnick

DAZZY VANCE

Dazzy is a genial fellow, but this is what the batter sees when he faces him. For eighteen years Dazzy has been flaying batters' nerves. His famous fast ball has more speed now than it's ever had, and his curve, rated the finest ever exhibited, is fooling the greatest of hitters. In 1929 the Brooklyn Robins gave him a twenty-five-thousand-dollar contract, making him the highest-salaried pitcher in the game. Illness prevented him from having a great season, but he got twenty thousand for this year's work nevertheless. In 1924, he won twenty-eight games and lost only six.

In Tune *with*

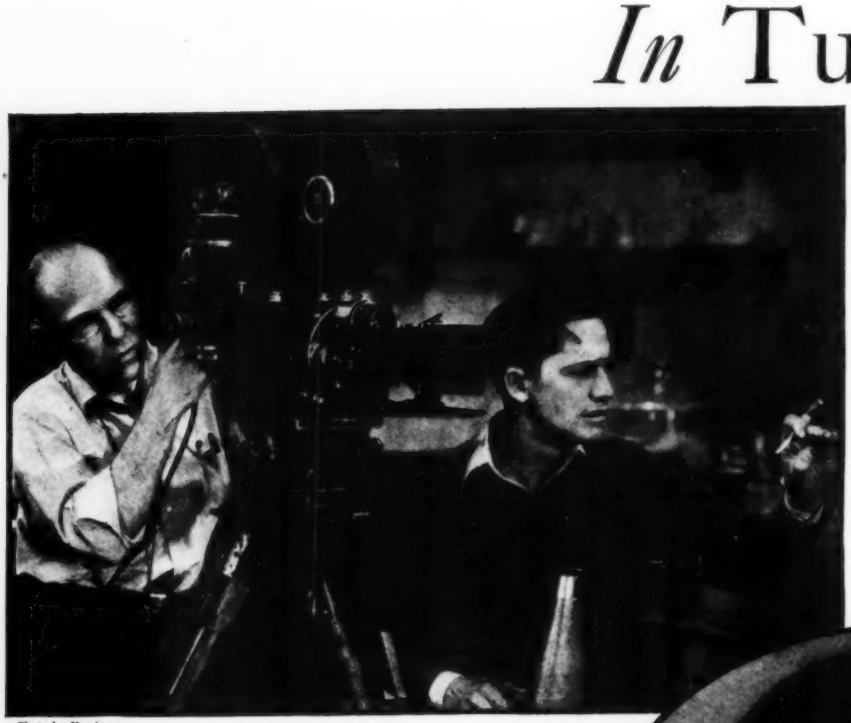


Photo by Vandamm

Mervyn LeRoy

Directors of movies are, many of them, unsung bards; and they come to the profession in divers ways. Mervyn LeRoy came out of the rival city of San Francisco to bring pep and good cheer to the comedy industry in Los Angeles. For eight years he was a gag man in vaudeville. One day Colleen Moore drifted into a theater to find out what was happening in the vaudeville world. She saw LeRoy there and sent her husband around later to talk contracts with him. At the left he is shown directing "Show Girl in Hollywood."

Fanny Heaslip Lea

is back again in Redbook with a story of love—young love and autumn love. She strikes with strong, vibrant fingers the chords of rebellion and ecstasy that sweep through a young couple boating on a mad, bad moonlight night. Poetry spills from her pen—for she is a noted poet as well as a novelist. She has a daughter who holds open for her the door to the moods and vagaries of youth. She's a young woman herself, for all of that. Her picture appears at the right.

Photo by Joseph Capitaine

Photo by Acme

Helen Jacobs

The Helen-in-Waiting to her Majesty Helen Wills Moody. She seconds Queen Helen in this country. She learned her game on the public playgrounds of California and then became the protégée of Wm. C. Fuller, champion-maker. At sixteen little Helen was equaling her queen's record at the same age. This spring she won the cup in the Wightman contest played in England, and sailed through all her matches for the woman championship of France —until she faced her Queen in the finals and was vanquished. She is only twenty-two now.

Our Times

Cliff Edwards

When he was fourteen, Ukulele Ike dropped newspaper-selling in St. Louis. Easy money had come his way—he had only to sing twenty songs daily for illustrated slides and play trap-drums for twelve hours a day in exchange for four dollars a week. A few months ago he was observed in a one-arm lunch-room in New York gazing ruminantly over his coffee at his own name blazing across the street on a theater—he'd worked in that lunch-room once! He likes his uke. It guided him to the Follies and to Hollywood.

Photo by Vandamm

Photo by Hal Phyfe

McClelland Barclay

who painted the cover on this issue, has a subtle brush that emphasizes with uncanny effectiveness the vitality underlying the beauty of the modern young woman. He never smokes or drinks, but gets his thrills in boxing, flying and sailing. At the age of seven his father, a St. Louis physician and artist, showed him the sea—he became a marine artist then and there! And he's going down to the sea again when beautiful girls' faces pour enough gold into his treasure-chests.

Jessica Dragonette

Two years ago she left musical comedy for radio and she's now one of radio's most popular singers. As an angel singing from the clouds over the stage, she made her début in "The Miracle." Nobody could see her, but they heard her. Feodor Chaliapin heard her too. "The *Angel*," he said with audible Russian enthusiasm, "has the best voice. Superb!" Perhaps that inspired her elfish delight in stirring the hearts of unseen audiences by remote control. Born in India, she was brought to her own country, these United States, when she was six.

Photo by d'Ora

LA ARGENTINA

She was born in the Argentine, a child of Spanish dancers. All the way from Shanghai, to Chicago, to Paris, audiences have been stirred to song, tears or wild cheers at the whim of her vibrant castanets and audacious heels. New York was quite indifferent to her once; then she came back for one short engagement, and remained for thirty! She is now assembling her manager, her stage carpenter, her accompanist, her two maids and her twenty trunks for her 1930 tour of the U. S. with sixty engagements on her books. Customs men think she's a troupe of dancers.

An Old *Chair* by Angelo Patri

Illustration by Orson Lowell

FOR many years my old friend sat in this chair directing the business of his shop. It was the chair that his father and grandfather had used; and although the shop moved, the old chair had moved too, keeping its accustomed place before the desk. I never picture the old man apart from his chair, so closely was it associated with all he did and with all that he was.

A perfect Rembrandt of a chair, reflecting in its somber surface the mellowed glints and softening shadows of a seasoned spirit, as inanimate things long in the service of their owners take on the expression of their owners. I learned to love the old chair and I know that he loved it. Long ago some craft-proud workman had fashioned it out of solid oak. Its back took the lines of a bass viol, and the seat, slightly hollowed and most generous in its proportions, matched it line for line. Crouched on sturdy legs, it was all dignity and ease. The chair of a master.

The day came when my friend closed his desk and pushed back his chair, his work completed, and young Tom sat in his place. But not in his chair. It was discarded in the rush of modernizing—hateful word. I rescued it, tenderly restored its old-time luster and placed it in the corner where I could see it often and commune with its spirit upon the blindness of a younger generation.

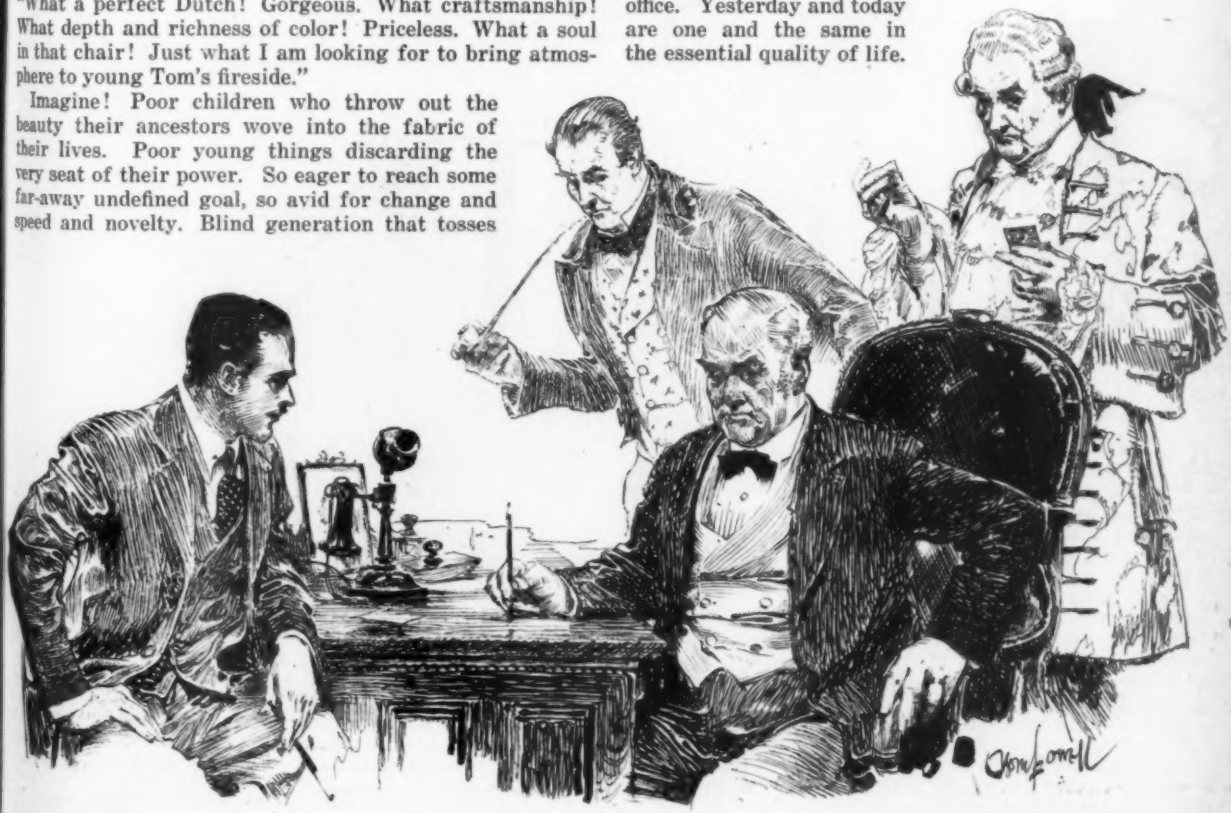
Then a strange thing happened. One whose business it is to buy beauty for those who crave it spied my old chair. "What a perfect Dutch! Gorgeous. What craftsmanship! What depth and richness of color! Priceless. What a soul in that chair! Just what I am looking for to bring atmosphere to young Tom's fireside."

Imagine! Poor children who throw out the beauty their ancestors wove into the fabric of their lives. Poor young things discarding the very seat of their power. So eager to reach some far-away undefined goal, so avid for change and speed and novelty. Blind generation that tosses out the treasure which it must buy back with a price that mocks them to their faces.

All that is old is not worthy of being carried forward to a new day, but in all that human experience has pronounced good there is a certain precious element of truth and beauty which has preserved it through the years as a sign and a token to those who understand. Just as the spirit of sturdy integrity shines in the old Dutch chair, speaking for generations gone by, so speak the immortal qualities in those things our fathers found to be good. To these we cling.

Business is swifter today, but it rests on the old-fashioned basis of honesty and justice, understanding and service, or it vanishes into the forgotten yesterdays. Human associations are effected with greater speed, with a lighter touch, but the essential element in them is the Ancient of Days.

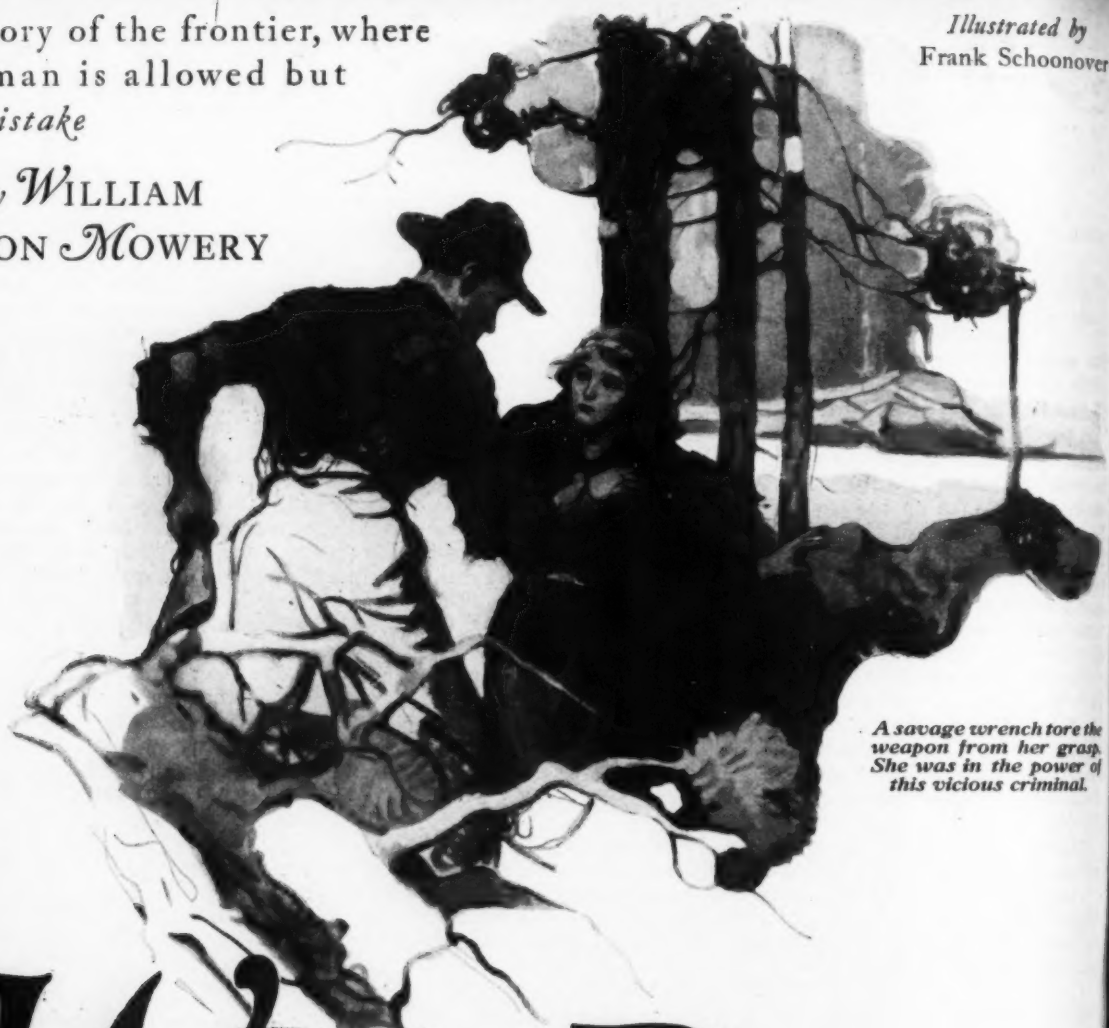
The worth-while qualities of the new are born of the good of the past, and after the old pattern. The violets of spring, the clouds piled against the summer sky, the trade in the marketplace, the way of a maid with a man—these still follow the old plan despite surface changes that vary their form from season to season. The core of life is its unchanging truth and beauty. You may find them in your grandfather's chair, in your mother's devotion, in your modern office. Yesterday and today are one and the same in the essential quality of life.



A story of the frontier, where a woman is allowed but one mistake

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

By William Byron Mowery



A savage wrench tore the weapon from her grasp. She was in the power of this vicious criminal.

Wolf Pass

A LONELY portage twenty miles back in the wilderness from the Mounted post at Bighorn, was where it happened to Sylvia. It came all suddenly—this ugly disaster; and exactly as Lorn had prophesied when he ordered her not to go bush-loping alone this week.

Carrying her trim little birchbark over the hundred steps from *décharge* to *embarqué*, Sylvia walked along a bear trail under the great yellow pines. Around her there were danger signals that should have warned. In the dense mossy woods to her right a moose-bird was chortling angrily at something. A snowshoe rabbit, big-eyed with fright, darted out of the buckbrush there, and leaped across her path. A family of Sitka kinglets were crying their sharp little "snake-call" at some lurking menace of man or beast.

But to Sylvia, a city-born girl not yet wise in the language of this northern Rocky wilderness, these plain signals of "Beware! Beware!" meant nothing; and if she thought at all of her husband's warning, it was with a spirited defiance of him for ordering her not to leave the post while he was gone.

She wasn't one of his men, subject to command! What if he was Inspector Hastings—getting married didn't mean she'd enlisted in the Mounted!

A light breeze, spiked with the delicious tang of pine and cooled with the breath of *nevés* back in the Lodestar ranges, came stirring down the Packhorse Valley. The whisper of fall was in the air, with argosies of yellow poplar leaves drifting down the river, with rabbit and ptarmigan bizarre in their mottled autumnal clothes, with those distant snowfields reaching farther every day down the slopes of the Lodestar giants. It was that year-time when creatures of the wood and rock and water sought warmth and security; when uncertainty was a terrible thing. Something of that age-old anxiety, translated into human terms of love and home, Sylvia was feeling this morning, after the quarrel last night with Lorn.

When she stepped out of the heavy timber and set her canoe down at the water-edge, she straightened up, breathing a bit faster from the carrying. Looking on up the wilderness valley, she stood there on the shingle, a slender and girlish figure, lovely in the bright sun that had a way of getting tangled in her golden-reddish hair and deepening the pansy-purple in the depths of her eyes.

The brooding immensity of the huge forest, the mountains, the blue sky above, was borne in upon Sylvia; and for a moment, reveling in the freedom of this huge wilderness, she forgot the trouble between Lorn and her that lay like a heavy weight on her heart. At times this morning she had cried about it, aching for that former one-ness again with him; but now, when she imagined herself idling away this splendid day at Bighorn while he and his men were flung out on their hunt, her aggressive little chin became still more determined and she tossed her head again with a spirited defiance that jarred the sun-spangles in her hair.

Oblivious to the warning of her little friends as she started back the path to bring up her rifle, pack and nested camping set, Sylvia was living over again her clash last night with Lorn.

Once or twice this morning she had actually wondered whether, instead of marrying, she should have gone on with her plans to do social work in Vancouver. She had been trained in criminology; it was the overtowering purpose and ambition of her life. And Lorn wanted her to have a work and purpose. When she met him last spring, dealing sword-strokes at the ugly narcotic demon in Victoria and Vancouver, she had felt that as his wife, helping him in the preventive branch which the Mounted always puts first, she would have a golden chance to carry out her plans.

But gradually she had come to realize that their outlooks were utterly different. To her Lorn seemed a hunter, a pursuer of men. Sincere—she gave him credit for that—and far more experienced than she; but intolerant of any sympathy for so-called criminals, and flatly hostile to her most cherished beliefs. To work with him was impossible. She could either sink into a useless existence—or break with Lorn.

Their growing estrangement, and especially their clash last night, had shocked and sobered Sylvia. It had taught her that even passionate affection is not all-powerful against different outlooks.

At the *décharge* Sylvia gathered up rifle and pack and blanket, and started back the path again.

As she brushed past a tangle of juniper and windfall logs, she felt something catch her rifle, as though it had snagged on a branch. In the next split-second a savage wrench tore the weapon completely from her grasp. She had the sense of something rising up, lunging at her; a hand shot out and seized her wrist; before she even could whirl, she was powerless, weaponless, helpless in that clutch.

A jerk spun her around. Too terrified to struggle, she found herself face to face with a strange unkempt man, who had crept in behind that criss-cross of logs and pounced out upon her like an animal.

For several paralyzed seconds Sylvia could only stare at his heavily bearded face, his torn muddied clothes, his shaggy hair, a blood-crusted wound along his temple. Then came memory of the hunt flung out for Slith Behrdal, of the picture she'd seen on hundreds of handbills and posters. Here on the lonely Packhorse, with no one on earth knowing where she'd gone, she was in the power of this hunted man, whom Lorn had emphatically declared was an incorrigible and vicious criminal.

Still holding her wrist, Behrdal set the rifle against a tree, unclasped her saucy cartridge-belt and thrust it into his pocket. Then swiftly he felt of her clothing, her belted jacket, her pockets, for other weapons. Finding none, he looked hard at her a moment, and said:

Then that fatal bullet! Lorn's canoe suddenly caved in and plunged him into the water, his rifle gone.

Behrdal shot twice at him—at a helpless man swimming. Checking himself, he watched Lorn climb out.

"Don't try any yelling. Don't try pitching off into the bush, either. It wouldn't be healthy." He released her wrist, which was reddened by his steely grip, and demanded:

"You got any grub in that pack?"

"Y-yes," Sylvia managed. "A—a little—"

Picking up her pack, rifle, and blanket, he bade her, "You come along!" and made her walk ahead of him, inland from the path.

They stopped in a little glade where the buckbrush was not dense. Through the forest aisles one could catch a good view of the Packhorse both above and below the portage. By the trampled moss and a rude leanto of pine branches, Sylvia knew that he had been waiting there for a day or two, watching the river, watching for a chance to ambush some lone traveler.

As he bade her, she sat down against a tree, facing him. She was desperately trying to read what sort of man this Behrdal was, and to read his purpose with her. He looked to be about thirty-eight; he was powerful but gaunt of body; he was plainly of the backwoods, trapper type, but he appeared more intelligent than the average. In spite of his shaggy clothes, long hair, unshaven face, he was not altogether frightening. Though she still trembled from the memory of his lunging out at her, she was no longer panicky; and her first instinctive fears of him were lessening.

She considered: "He'll take my canoe and rifle and pack, of course; but will he leave me here on this portage or set me off nearer some Indian camp, or—or what?"

Without another word to her, Behrdal tore open the oil-paper packet. As Sylvia watched him seize upon the food, a first sympathy was born in her, in spite of her terrible predicament and her helplessness in his hands. The man was famished, starving! Utterly forgetting her, forgetting to watch the river, he fell to devouring the bread, meat, cake and chocolate-bars as ravenously as any animal. After these months of subsisting only on berries he picked and game he clubbed or snared, he seemed to be especially starved for bread and sweets, for he bolted the chocolate bars in two bites, and picked up the smallest sandwich crumb that fell to the moss.

Sylvia was swiftly thinking of what Lorn had said about Slith Behrdal, and recalling the Mounted record of his history. Years and years ago he had trapped and prospected in these wild Lodestars forty miles on north. Suspected of fur theft, he had escaped to Alaska, had come to light several times in connection with petty crimes from Juneau to Dawson, had been involved in one ugly affair; and then, homing to his old haunts last May, he had gone to a gold-mine of a former prospecting partner, robbed the office of twenty thousand in dust, shot up a guard, got away, and was swallowed up in the oblivion of the Northern bush.

For months not a whisper was heard of him—till just last week an Indian had glimpsed him on a mountain trail west of Bighorn.

As she watched him bolt the last of her food, Sylvia reasoned that Behrdal, goaded by hunger and the relentless hunt, had been ambushing this portage trail to seize a gun and camping things and a canoe—especially a canoe; for in these mountains, footslogging through the windfall and over the precipitous goat-paths was next to impossible. And he had caught her, Inspector Hastings' wife, and had at last secured those desperately needed things!

Behrdal had finished the food; he was watching the river again, breaking a twig in his fingers, thinking. Sylvia studied him

He knew Lorn was caught, doomed. Lorn —and she too— were now at his mercy.

keenly, trying to read a hint of his thoughts, his purpose. The details of that ugly affair, as she remembered them, were sinister; but this man somehow did not seem very sinister to her. She did not feel greatly afraid of him. Noticing the long red scratches on his hands and forearms from briar and devil's-club, the rents in his clothing, patched with thorns, the gaunt famished leanness of his face, she pitied more than feared him; and she was wondering whether Lorn, in his usual stern merciless way, had not made a mistake about this man's real nature.

"He's got a rifle, boat and outfit now," Sylvia reasoned, "and he'll surely try to whip on north into the Lodestar Mountains. Lorn said he'd try that."

She thought: "About the quickest and safest way he can get into the Lodestars is by going up the Packhorse. That's what he'll do. He'll go right up this river, through Wolf Pass—"

She stopped there, her heart suddenly pounding. Wolf Pass—with all Lorn's men flung out along the Grand Trunk, watching mining camps and timber camps, Lorn had left Bighorn last night secretly, had come up the Packhorse alone, to guard that gateway into the Lodestars. Lorn himself was watching Wolf Pass.

There would be a fight, a rifle-fight, between Lorn, her husband and this armed man desperate for freedom, desperate from months of being hounded!

Behrdal finally spoke to her: "You're the Inspector's woman, aint you?" And as Sylvia nodded: "I mind seeing your picture in a Prince Rupert paper last spring when you and him got married."

Sylvia was provoked by a certain condescension in his manner toward her as a girl. "You're the Inspector's woman!" It sounded as though she were a piece of property or some kind of lesser creature. But she reasoned: "I shouldn't blame him for that. I've noticed that same attitude in 'breeds and the lower white elements toward their 'women.' That lordly male attitude was born and bred in him."

Behrdal went on: "He wants me bad, don't he? Been hounding me like I was a dog. Hadn't been for him, I'd been able to get in south the railroad and work down to the Border. Say, lookee —what's he doing, where's he at *now?*"

"I—I don't know," Sylvia stammered.

"The hell you don't!" Behrdal said roughly, but with an amused laugh at nailing her evasion. "He come past here last night, along after midnight, heading upriver. He's up there at Wolf Pass, *waiting for me.* Seen him plain in the moonlight. If I'd had a gun—"

"You—you wouldn't have shot him?" Sylvia gasped.

Behrdal started to say something, checked himself, and studied her curiously for several moments. A very visible change came into his manner. He had evidently been considering her an enemy, plotting to betray him. A man hounded as he was, must think that the hand of every human was against him. But now he seemed to realize she was inclined to be sympathetic and charitable.

Presently he answered her question. "I wouldn't have shot him 'less I absolutely had to. *You* don't think I'm a murderer, do you? But I'd sure as sin have taken his boat and gun and things. I got to live. A man'll do most anything to save hisself. You don't know how hiding around in these mountains takes it out of a fellow—"

As he went on, Sylvia noticed that he *(Please turn to page 128)*

The Veiled Woman

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

What it *means* to a young man *of* New York to be married to a *Moslem Girl*

The wise-woman.

The Story Thus Far:

SET upon by highwaymen while prowling about Constantinople, John Perrington was rescued by Captain Shukri Yar, a young attaché of the Turkish legation in Washington now at home on leave. The young Turk took the young American tourist home with him, and there he met Fathma, the Captain's eighteen-year-old sister. . . .

Their father—old Mustaffa Ali—disliked Europeans, because he knew their brutally efficient civilization was slowly grinding his own Moslem Asiatic civilization into the dust. . . . His was a small family. Deeply in love with his wife, who had died fifteen years earlier, he had not remarried; and his son, Captain Shukri Yar, who was more of a modernist than his father, had become an ardent adherent of Kemal Pasha.

So there was now only his daughter Fathma left. She had been brought up in the staid, conservative Moslem manner. Of course, since hers were gentlefolk, she had acquired a smattering of European culture, but the basis of her education was Oriental.

Yet Fathma fell in love with John Perrington, and he with her. Nor did Shukri Yar, with his enthusiasm for things Western, oppose it. But when Perrington went to Mustaffa Ali and declared his desire to marry her, the old Moslem was drunk with rage, insane—and snatching up a dagger, leaped forward.

Perrington jerked a little to one side. The blade, instead of finding his heart, cut through his coat sleeve. He felt a sharp pain, saw, the next second, the door being flung wide open, saw Fathma rush in. She reached her father as he was about to strike again, twisted the dagger from his aged hand.

Perrington stood there, appalled, as father and daughter stared at each other. Then Mustaffa Ali spoke: "You are no longer my daughter!"

Her reply was as passionless: "And you are no longer my father!"

She held out a hand to John Perrington. They passed through the house, the garden, out into the street. . . . .

Captain Shukri Yar took his sister to the house of a Turkish friend who had married a Frenchwoman, and from there, shortly afterward, Fathma and John Perrington were married. A few days in Paris, then a great liner that bore them to America. On shipboard came Fathma's first clash with the alien world she was entering; for a number of Perrington's friends were aboard: Gordon Davies, a middle-aged man-about-town who had taken too many cocktails, kissed her when Perrington introduced him; hardly less shocking was the sight of her John dancing with another woman, and their expectation that she, a Moslem, would drink liquor. "To be urged to drink, to be kissed by strangers, to see you dance—with women!" she protested to Perrington, when they had returned to their staterooms. And their first quarrel followed.

That quarrel was made up. Afterward Fathma strove to do as the Romans did, and was well liked by most of Perrington's friends—liked too well, indeed, by Gordon Davies. John's mother, who met them at the dock, was quickly won by Fathma's charm and honesty; but that same sincerity later made an unfortunate enemy when Fathma defended Turkey and Turkish culture against an attack by Mrs. Standing, wife of Perrington's employer. . . . And then one day John came home to find his wife kneeling in prayer—beseeching Allah to grant that her coming child be a son.

(The story continues in detail:)

A FEW weeks later Captain Shukri Yar returned to America on a sudden visit. The war scare in the Near East was over. But the mobilization had been costly, and an official, who knew that Fathma had married a banker of prominent American family, had chosen Shukri Yar as the logical person to start negotiations with New York financiers in regard to a loan. He was traveling incognito for political reasons. He had not even cabled to his sister or his brother-in-law that he was coming, intending to surprise them.

Quite early on the morning of his arrival he went to their house. He explained to the servant who he was, added that he did not wish to be announced, and was shown to the terrace where Fathma was busy with needle and thread and lengths of soft Irish cambric.

She was alone—John had already gone downtown. He left immediately after breakfast these days, usually stopping at his broker's before proceeding to the office, since he was deeply engaged in an oil-shares speculation that promised enormous profits. "A nest-egg for our future son and heir," he would say to his wife. But this was not really the truth. It was his way of saving his face. He knew—and was rather ashamed—that gambling had taken strong hold of him. Nor need he have bothered about inventing an excuse for Fathma's benefit. Though America was changing her gradually, it had not budged in her the basic Islamic principle that, while the woman was mistress inside the house, the man was master outside; that John was the provider, the sword and shield; that in his dealings with the world at large he, the *"hoozoor effendi fekhametloo devletloo,"* the "illustrious lord and chief," could never be wrong.

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"Fathma," he said, "Father—" "I do not wish to know," she interrupted. "He drove me out of his house, his life."

Shukri Yar opened the terrace door. It creaked. She paid no attention. She thought it was the cook.

Then she heard Moslem greetings in the language which she had not heard for many months—those curiously stilted, medieval greetings reminiscent of the forgotten centuries when her people had still been nomads, roaming Central Asia's hills and steppes with their vast flocks:

"Teranee b'illah wah baq ana dakhilaq—by the One God you

see me, and I touch the rope of your tent for protection!"

She was startled. "Oh!" she exclaimed. She looked up, saw her brother—rushed into his arms.

Her greeting also was old-fashioned:

"May the One God send you water and grass in plenty and increase of great cattle!"

Then both laughed. They laughed because they were happy; and because their soft, purring Oriental words seemed in such ludicrous contrast with the New World symphony that reached up from the streets with greedy, hectic tentacles: the sardonic hooting of a four-ton motor-truck booming it down to the docks; the horns of innumerable automobiles; the hasty, nervous, clanking "get out o' my way!" of an ambulance; the rumbling overtone of the Elevated a few blocks off.

He told her what had brought him to New York. She told him why she was busy with needle and thread.

Proudly, in that same stilted, archaic Asiatic phraseology she said:

"Before the end of next spring—God willing—I shall bear a child to my lord!"

"May God give you good chance!" he replied gravely. "May it be a man-child!"

He was silent, awed by the eternal feminine mystery. He salaamed before her deeply and kissed her hand.

"Dear brother!" she whispered.

"Dear little sister!"

He sat there, smoking, answering her rapid, eager questions about home, Turkey, Stamboul, and what had happened to this and that and the other.

How was Atheba? Had she gone back to her people in Egypt? No, Fathma did not know; the old governess had never written her a line—had, surely, never approved of her marriage to a foreigner, a man who put the *Hazreti Meryem* and the *Hazreti Isa Messeh* (the Holy Virgin Mary and the Holy Anointed Jesus the Messiah) above Allah the One and His Prophet.

And what about Gurma? A jungle heathen at heart, the old negress had doubtless forgiven Fathma; but she could neither read nor write; and so—how was Gurma?

And was it a fact, what the American newspapers said, that Kemal Pasha had turned the summer palace of the former Osmanli sultans into a girls' school? And was it true that he had dispossessed and impoverished those haughty old aristocrats on Prinkipo Island who refused to see eye to eye with him—and that all muezzins must wear bowler hats instead of turbans when they called the Faithful to prayer?

And how about this and that and the other? But never—the thought struck her brother suddenly—a single question as to their father.

"Fathma," he said, "Father is—"

"I do not wish to know," she interrupted; and her accent was flat and chilly.

He sighed. He recalled a scene two weeks earlier, in Stamboul, on the roof-top of Mustaffa Ali Pasha's house. He had told his father that he was leaving for New York the following morning. He had added:

"I shall see Fathma. Is there a message you would like to send her?"

"No."

"But Father—"

"I have forgotten her," the older man had cut in with stony finality.

Again Shukri Yar sighed. Ah, he considered, the young ravens were beaked like the old. And it was wrong, this hard, cruel unforgiveness. It was barbarous. It was—yes, Asiatic, so terribly Asiatic. It was that which would be, always, a barrier between East and West.

"I seem unable to talk to you," came his soft drawl, "without making

And yet his sister—she was living in America. He looked at her. She seemed outwardly Americanized, seemed like a hundred other women strolling down Park Avenue or Fifth. Surely she must have changed inwardly too.

"Fathma," he began once more, "please—listen to me. Father—"

"I do not wish to know," she repeated. "He drove me out of his house, his life. He,"—more loudly—"he tried to kill my John, my beloved."

"Forgive him!"

"Allah may forgive him! Not I!"

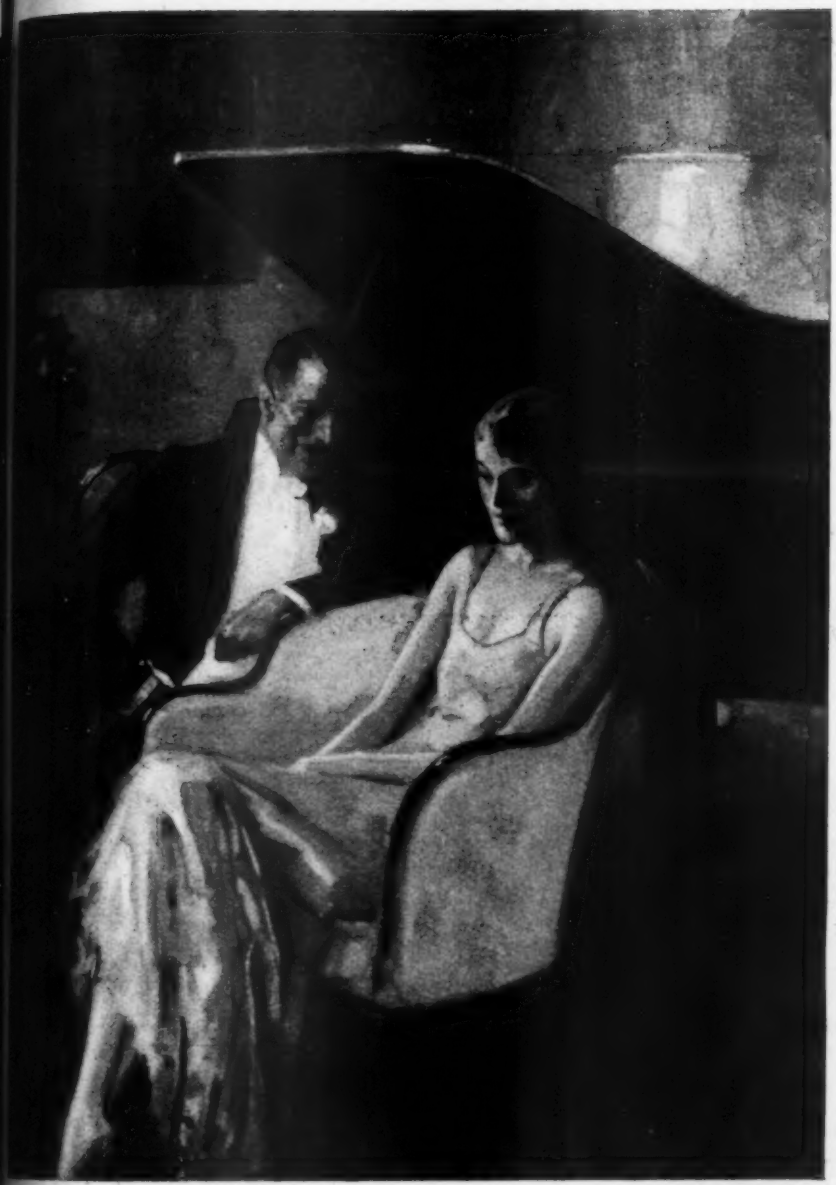
"You do not mean it! You cannot mean it!"

"I do!" came the calm, even, passionless voice of Moslem justice.

She rose. She looked strangely tall and strong, this small, slight girl, as she stood there erect, staring at her brother.

He put both his hands on her shoulders.

"Think!" he implored her. "Our father is old. He lives in the



all sorts of a silly fool of myself. I reckon it's God's own irony."

past. He believes in the traditions, the prejudices, the laws of the past."

"And I am young. I believe in the laws of today."

"You cannot change him. He is an aristocrat—proud of ancient lineage."

"Am I less an aristocrat than he? Am I of less ancient lineage than he? Does his pride surpass my pride, his privileges my privileges? His will is his own? Good! By the face of the True Prophet, so is my will mine own will!"

"But—he is a man, Fathma! Why,"—and here in Shukri Yar spoke the medieval Moslem,—"it is not right for a woman to judge a man. And Fathma—just because of the child, your little son to come, you must write to Father, your child's grandfather—"

"No!"

Shukri Yar shrugged his shoulders in hopeless resignation. He knew his own Circassian breed: bitter, haughty, unyielding on points of self-hurting, stiff-necked principle.

He spoke of it to John that evening as, with Fathma in her room dressing, they were sipping their cocktails before dinner:

"I am terribly sorry for Father. New Turkey is beyond him. Sooner or later he will have a run-in with Kemal Pasha. He won't listen to me. . . . And then there's Fathma—she won't forgive him; she's bitter, unyielding."

John did not agree with his brother-in-law.

For Fathma was so dear to him—dearer, these last few weeks, since he had known that she would be a mother, than ever before.

There seemed a new touch of wonder about her that made him aware of something commonplace, something inferior, something almost gross in himself.

And she—bitter, unyielding?

"Ridiculous, old man!" he assured Shukri Yar. "She's gentle, tender; she's—oh, all woman."

"All Moslem woman!" the other was on the point of commenting. "All Oriental woman!"

He did not put it into words. What was the use? Perhaps the day would come, he thought, when John Perrington might arrive at a different conclusion. But it was a thankless task to forewarn anybody. There was a Turkish proverb which said that to interfere between two lovers was like interfering between the bear and his fodder.

He changed the conversation to a safer topic.

"As to that loan which brought me here—mind helping me?"

"Tickled! Which one of our more or less culpable financiers would you like to rob of his tainted millions?"

"Well, charity—and business—begins at home. What about that uncle of yours?"

"Lothrop Standing, eh?"

"Yes."

"He—oh—" John hesitated.

"What's wrong with approaching him? The loan will be soundly secured—will have an attractive rate of interest; and I was given to understand in Stamboul that your uncle has Wall Street in his pocket."

"Not quite—though J. P. does ask him to lunch occasionally. Only—"

"Only?"

"He has a wife—her Christian name, quite naturally, *would* be Miranda—who wears the well-known breeches. And she and Fathma—"

"Had a row?"

"Have a row—the feminine sort, genteel but nasty—every time they meet. They high-hat each other. At least, Miranda Standing high-hats Fathma—who in her turn high-turbans Miranda. I've given up arguing with Fathma about it. She's really right. But, you see, one result is that I'm not precisely in favor with the uncle. Sooner or later, under wifely pressure, he'll kick me out of my job."

The other smiled.

"What do you care?" he replied. "You'll get another job. Besides, you have money."

"Sure. And I'm about to make a whole lot more—in liquid diamonds."

"Meaning?"

"Oil—petroleum; and, incidentally, in your neck o' the woods."

"Turkey?"

"Yes. Eastern Turkey, near Erzeroum."

Shukri Yar was interested.

"Oh," he inquired, "are you mixed up in that new syndicate?"

"I'll tell the world I am!"

"I suppose you know that the Anglo-Scotch Company has claims in that direction?"

"Don't worry! We have those Britishers tied to the post. And it won't precisely hurt our crowd with Kemal Pasha if I can help you to wangle that loan. I'll mention it to Uncle. I'll give the old sinner a ring right now." He rose. "The worst he can say is no."

But Lothrop Standing did not say no—did not, indeed, have the chance. For his wife happened to answer the telephone.

John wished to talk to her husband? What about? Business? What sort of business? She insisted on knowing—she was *so* interested in dear Lothrop's affairs. . . . Yes, her husband was home. . . . No, she would *not* call him to the telephone. And she wanted John to understand that Lothrop was in the habit of listening to her. . . . Therefore what sort of business—

John Perrington cursed under his breath. He knew that it was nothing but nagging, interfering curiosity on the woman's part—knew, furthermore, that she was speaking the truth. For the moment the eagle of Wall Street reached home, he turned into a fatuous and cooing dove.

Of course he might drop the matter now and wait until tomorrow—approach the banker during office hours. But it would be too late. By that time Miranda would have said her say.

"Important, confidential business, dear. Something to do with an important loan," he said—and wondered if this would satisfy Miranda.

Mrs. Lothrop Standing

It did not. Who was it that sought this loan, she wanted to be told.

"Certain prominent people in Turkey."

Turkey, eh? Well, she personally had no use for Turkey—no use at all! Far be it from her to mention names! But she knew Turks, at least a certain Turkish woman who—

"My brother-in-law is really a very nice chap," interrupted John.

Oh,—Mrs. Standing's voice became more dulcet,—his brother-in-law was in town? His brother-in-law was interested in this loan? Why,—for her reactions were more primitive than subtle,—she had friends in Washington who knew Captain Shukri Yar, had told her he was perfectly charming. She would be delighted to meet him. So would Lothrop. What about tonight? Some people were dropping in for supper, informally. Suppose John came—and Fathma? And wouldn't he bring the Captain? And he wasn't to dress—and *au revoir*, darling!

John turned away from the telephone. He was amused.

"Fixed for tonight!" he announced. "She's all aflutter. Doubtless thinks you romantic—a sort of Oriental John Gilbert full of whiskers and flowing robes and those comic curved swords. The least you can do is to speak English with a heavy accent, and occasionally exclaim 'Allah!'—and put on pink socks. And you'd better hold her hand—"

"Good Lord! Must I?"

"Absolutely—if you're a Turkish patriot and want to bring home the bacon!"

He advised his wife in a similar vein; "If you love your country, you'll be more than usually patient with Miranda."

"I'm a woman," she smiled, "and therefore a patriot, within reason. But I tell you what I shall do."

"Yes?"

"I shall wear my most unbecoming frock."

"Why?"

"Oh, you *are* dense—and you do not know a thing about women!"

Suddenly he understood—and laughed.

"Fathma," he said, "you're a scholar and a gentleman and a sport. All right. Let's get ready!"

Chapter Eleven

THE Lothrop Standings lived downtown, in the stately old family residence that had formerly been surrounded by a fair garden where oak had vied with larch and maple.

Today lower Fifth Avenue tossed about it like a tide carved out of cement and granite. Today fumes of gasoline assailed its leaded four-pane windows and poisoned the proud rooms that had once been pleasant with the scent of dried lavender and spiced potpourri in painted Bristol glass jars.

Still, it stood there: brave and haughty and challenging; an anachronism; not without a certain beauty, its lines austerely dignified, its rugged, weather-beaten front having taken on a golden tint, like an ancient Spanish cathedral.

But there was neither beauty nor dignity once you crossed the threshold. There was, instead, a pretentious and quite amazing hodge-podge. For three successive Mrs. Lothrop Standings had left three successive and clashing imprints, since the husband, usually so meek and sentimental and supine under feminine influence, was absolutely adamant when it came to what he considered waste.

A thing once acquired and paid for must be kept—that was his slogan. For it represented an investment of so and so much cash, and cash was sacred.

In consequence the house, from garret to cellar, was packed to overflowing with furniture and knickknacks and objects of art: for the first Mrs. Standing, a Boston woman of Back Bay ancestry, had gone in for spindle-shanked, early American pieces, Castleford ware, and Staffordshire ornaments; the second, born and bred in New Orleans, had specialized in Cinquecento and Buhl and Vernis-Martin and Renaissance tapestries; while Miranda—perhaps in memory of a former Cossack lover, as Gordon Davies used to say—was keen about modern Russian effects.

Herein she was aided and abetted by Shirley Frisby who was among the guests and who confided to Fathma in a whisper:

"All the cuckoos aren't in clocks. Take a look!"—pointing at an enormous painted screen that showed three nude overfed young women, in purple and canary-yellow, and with abnormally developed hands and feet. "I sold this to Miranda yesterday. How much do you think I stuck her?"

"Oh, I don't know—"

"Try and guess!"

"Three hundred dollars?"

"Add a cunning little decimal! Can you beat it?"

"You'll never go to the poorhouse," a man's voice chimed in, "as long as the sucker crop holds out."

Shirley turned and saw Gordon Davies.

"When did you get back?" she asked.

"Couple of days ago."

Gordon Davies shook hands with Fathma. "How are you, honey?"

Her reply was stiff and insincere: "So glad to see you!"

He smiled thinly. He had not forgotten her, had not forgotten how she disliked him.

"Glad to see me?" he echoed. "Why,"—with sudden directness,—"of course you mean nothing of the kind."

"Oh, for cryin' out loud!" exclaimed Shirley.

She turned her back on them. Shukri Yar was passing. She took him by the arm.

"Come on, good-looking!" she invited. "Let's lap up some bootleg!"

Lothrop Standing happened to overhear. He was indignant, remonstrated unsmilingly:

"My dear Miss Frisby, I want you to understand that my cellar is considerably pre-war."

"So's his wife considerably pre-war—to the tune of about thirty years," she said in Shukri Yar's ear.

He was amused. He had taken a strong, immediate liking to this small, slangy, golden-haired, pink-and-white girl. He liked her wise, arrogant eyes; he liked her low, delicious laughter. He liked the way her round throat quivered as she laughed, and the way her large silver-loop earrings were swinging to and fro.

He sensed a friend in her; and just now he needed a friend. For so far, he had been unsuccessful with his hostess, having failed completely to live up to her idea of what a romantic young Oriental should be.

Side by side with him, on a narrow settee, she had given him more than one opening. She had confessed her belief that, in a former existence, she too had been an Oriental, one of those lithe, golden, cruel princesses out of Egypt. She had mentioned how bored she was with Americans, chiefly elderly American bankers. She had referred to her love of poetry, and wasn't Omar Khayyam just too darling for words—those lines, you know, about "a jug of

vine, a book of verse, and thou—" Surely the Captain recalled—and wouldn't he recite them for her in the original Turkish or Arabic or whatever they were written in? She had asked how large was his harem, and had declared that she herself would be frightfully jealous if she had to share any man's affection with other women.

To all of which—perhaps through antagonism or through a perverted sense of humor—Shukri Yar had replied with suave small-talk, impersonal, maddening small-talk, until finally the prima donna in Miranda Standing popped to the surface.

She had risen.

"Oh," she had said to him, "you disappoint me dreadfully!"

She had walked away; and he had thought:

"I shouldn't have done that! Why did I? Damn my sense of humor! I certainly came a cropper. And how am I going to get back into her good graces?"

And here, now, was Shirley Frisby. She seemed friendly and clever.

"Will you do something for me?" he inquired, on the spur of the moment.

"For instance?"

"Help me with Mrs. Standing."

"What do you mean—help you?"

Rapidly he told her the gist of it, the mission which had brought him to New York; and she said: "I get you! Diplomacy and high finance via the boudoir! All right! I'll give you a leg up!" And they entered the dining-room, where a lavish buffet supper was spread, and joined there Harriet Hackett and John Perrington and Mrs. Standing. And, "Miranda," began Shirley Frisby brazenly, "here's a benighted young heathen from Turkey who insists that your eyes are blue, darling, while I claim they're greenish-brown." And so presently there was laughter and clinking champagne glasses; and after a while Captain Shukri Yar talking to his hostess in low, soft accents, trying desperately, and quite successfully, to quench her thirst for the romance of the far, the exotic, the picaresque, the slightly improper.

In the meantime, in the next room, a silence had come between Fathma and Gordon. A silence, thought the Virginian, like a high, hard wall.

Deliberately, reckoning that absence would cause him to forget Fathma, or would at least lessen his longing, he had prolonged his stay abroad.

His life abroad had been at a swifter pace than usual. His reputation had become more thumb-marked than ever.

But while formerly this sort of life had been automatic with him, these last few *(Please turn to page 120)*

"The Lord guided the stepping of your feet," she said. "I know all about childbirth—all about proper magic. I myself have borne eight children, not counting twins which died at birth."

Baseball's B

Illustrated by W. C. Hoople

A story of a big-leaguer and a woman from the "sticks"

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

"THEY'VE just released the story on Bill Wagstaff," said the sporting editor as he put down his desk-phone. "The Bears sold him to the Birds two weeks ago." Then he grinned. "Morrie Dennis kept it under cover, because Bill had gone off on a spree and they couldn't find him. He reported in town last night. Better take a run out to the Clavering and have a talk with Bill."

I grinned too. What baseball writer doesn't when Bill Wagstaff is mentioned?

"Which is it to be, Boss—a summary of the speak-easy situation in Chicago, or a yarn on how to be a star pitcher though plastered?" I asked.

The Boss got serious.

"Let's lay off kidding Bill, now that he's with the Birds," he said. "No more of that baseball's-bad-boy stuff. If Bill is taken seriously by the papers for once in his life, he may settle down and win a pennant for the Birds."

"Bill will win his twenty or twenty-two games, anyway," I said. "He always does. But I'll take Bill straight this time."

I think the Boss must have seen me smiling as I turned away, because he stopped me for further admonishment.

"I mean it," he insisted. "You baseball writers have never had the right attitude toward Wagstaff, Ray. Every time he's been fined or suspended or lectured by the Commissioner, there's been a loud ha-ha-ing around the circuit at the expense of club discipline. Instead of bawling him out, you fellows have treated his boozing and fighting and general hell-raising as if Bill were just a clown. Bill is one of the greatest pitchers in baseball, and the Birds have the pennant cinched if they can hold him in line and keep him from demoralizing the team. We're going to help the good work along by reminding Bill of his responsibility. Get me?"

I nodded. But he wouldn't let me go until he had outlined the sort of interview I was to get from the Birds' new pitcher. Questions like: "Do you think you can work in harmony with Manager Dennis? Do you realize the importance of your winning at least twenty games for the Birds this season? Do you think the incidents which caused friction between you and the Bear management are likely to be repeated with the Birds? Isn't it true that your alleged infractions of training rules have been grossly exag-

BAD BOY

stated in the press? Have you given a pledge of good behavior?" That's the trouble with sporting editors. They become moralistic. Another trouble with sporting editors is that you can't argue with them. I said: "Okay, Boss. I'll have Bill answer every one of these questions." Then I got out of the office before he could think of any more.

I took a taxi to the Clavering. I was chuckling most of the way. I knew I was going to get a great kick out of this interview with William Ebenezer Wagstaff. I had never met William Ebenezer, but I had seen him in action many times, both on and off the field; and I knew all the stories about him.

He was the sports-writers' delight. He called forth our best adjectives and choicest alliterations. Any fan will spot such masterpieces of description as "that Gargantuan enigma of eccentric-

ity, the like of whom has not been seen since Rube Waddell," or "the rebellious Byron of the big leagues," or "Mad Wag Wagstaff, the stormy petrel from Parsons, Kansas."

This interview wouldn't be all the fun, either. I was in for a bright summer. If Colonel Bryson and Morrie Dennis of the Birds thought they were going to tame Bill Wagstaff there'd be plenty of good yarns with which to enliven the box scores. Bill had been sold or traded six times during his big-league career, and always for the same reason. Club management couldn't handle him.

Pat Clark of the Bears had been the latest manager to give Bill up as incorrigible. His decision to sell Bill at the start of the season had followed a fist-fight with Bill at the Bears' Florida training camp. Ross Turner of the *Tribune* told me that Clark and Wagstaff had fought over some vague insult which Bill thought the manager had offered concerning a girl.

Bill's hotel room was crowded when I got there. Fans! I knew them from the alcoholic zephyrs which floated down the hall and the boisterous familiarity which concealed a certain hero-worshiping awe in their voices. Eight or ten fans all talking at once to claim Bill's attention. At least one of them had followed the pitcher from Beartown, because a voice was saying: "Bill done right to sock um. What does that bum know about managing a ball team? We're gonna get um fired for selling Bill. I told Jake Wiltse to his face, I says: 'Yuh know what Pat Clark's done to your ball club? It's secont division for the Bears this year. That's all. It's secont division!'"

Our hero was seated at a desk near the window. He had on a suit of old-fashioned flannel underwear, a pair of badly wrinkled and faded blue serge trousers, one sock and one shoe. His lean, bronze, broad-shouldered figure was hunched above a letter he was composing. Four fans in varied stages of intoxication were trying to look over his shoulder and superintend the process. Bill's tongue hung out one side of his mouth; it was stained with purple dots from the indelible pencil he held clenched in a brawny right fist.

As I stepped close, the pencil was poised while one fan said: "It's spelt with an *'e,'* Bill," and another said: "I never seen that word spelt with an *'e.'* They may spell it that way, but I never seen it." Bill considered these facts judiciously. Then he said: "I'll sign it, 'Your friend,' like I done before. That's respectful, aint it?"

There was general agreement; and one of the fans, with the air of admitting me to the inner circle, explained: "Bill's writing to his girl. She lives in Kansas."

Bill saw me; and when I introduced myself, he surged to his feet with a countryman's awkward strained expression at meeting a stranger. It was the first time I had seen him at short range and without a hat or uniform cap. He looked older; his hair was thin on the top of his head. All the grace and power of carriage when in action on the mound were missing. So was that swaggering happy-go-lucky half-cock-eyed air I remembered.

"Please' to meet you, Jones," he said, and his manner had an odd country-deacon dignity. "Boys, meet Jones." He introduced me around, being very careful to get every man's name right. The boys said: "You want to give Bill a good write-up. He's gonna win a pennant for us this year," and, "Would you like a little something, Mr. Jones?"

Five flasks and two bottles were produced.

But to my amazement William Ebenezer Wagstaff flushed brick red when he saw the containers and said hastily: "Jones is here on business, boys. I guess I'll have to ask you to excuse us." Flasks and bottles disappeared; the boys said: "Sure. That's all right, Bill. We'll wait in the hall." They filed out, reminding Bill of sundry errands they were going to do for him, and various appointments to play pinochle and poker and shoot pool which he must keep later.

When they were gone Bill, said apologetically: "Those gentlemen are fans, and I reckon they're a mite too free with their licker, but they're good fellers. Friends of mine, in fact."

"Oh, I wasn't shocked," I said. "The truth is I *am* a little dry—"

Bill stopped me with a solemnly raised hand. He ambled into the bathroom and came back with a glass of ice-water.

"Here, this is better fer young fellers like you," he said gruffly.

My astonishment must have showed very plainly. He sat down like a Baptist parson at prayer-meeting and regarded me with naïve bright blue eyes.

"I always tell young fellers like you not to drink licker," he remarked in an apologetic voice. "Licker—it's the curse of this generation. Licker will get a man down quicker'n anything I know of."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say: "It's never got you down, has it?" But I didn't. A certain reticent dignity about the man stopped me.

So I said: "I guess it never did any man any particular good, at that, Mr. Wagstaff."

He said: "No. I will say for a fact it never. You take my advice and leave it alone."

Well, I got the interview started. Bill made the right answers for a time. Yes, he was sure he could work in harmony with Mr. Dennis. Yes, he was perfectly satisfied with his contract. Birdtown was a fine city, and the Birds were a fine team. Of course, he realized a lot depended on his pitching this year. Mr. Dennis and Colonel Bryson, both good fellers, had told him they expected to win the pennant. He, Bill Wagstaff, thought the Birds certainly had a good chance.

As Bill leaned over to wave a greeting, I chanced to see Mrs. Wagstaff's hand steal out and drop something into Bill's coffee.

We came to the question about "friction with the Bear management." Would it recur with the Bird management? Right there Bill hesitated. He sat silent, studying the calluses on his big hands.

"Let me ast you something, young feller," he blurted at last. "Do you know Mr. Dennis and Colonel Bryson? Maybe that's a right personal question, but—"

"Not at all. I know Morrie and the Colonel very well."

He shuffled his feet and hunched his wide shoulders forward.

"Well, it's thisaway; if Mr. Dennis and Colonel Bryson keep their promise, there won't be no trouble."

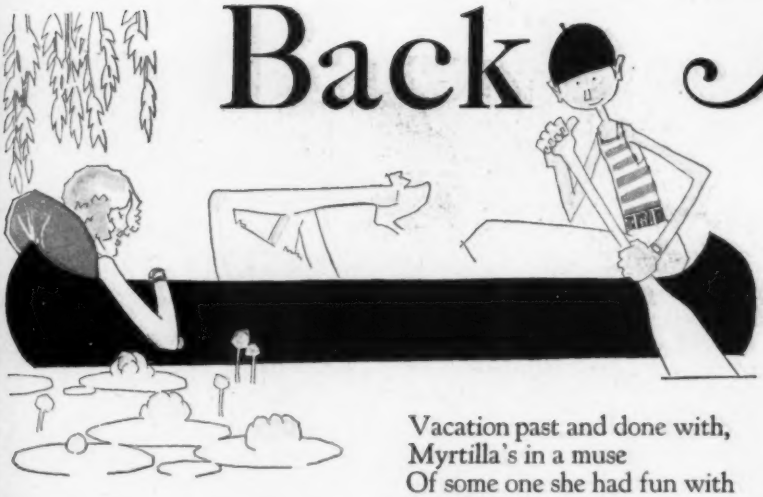
"Just what was their promise?"

Bill licked his lips *(Please turn to page 131)*

Bill marched straight to the box where his critics were and jumped in with both fists working.

Back Again

by Jerome Barry

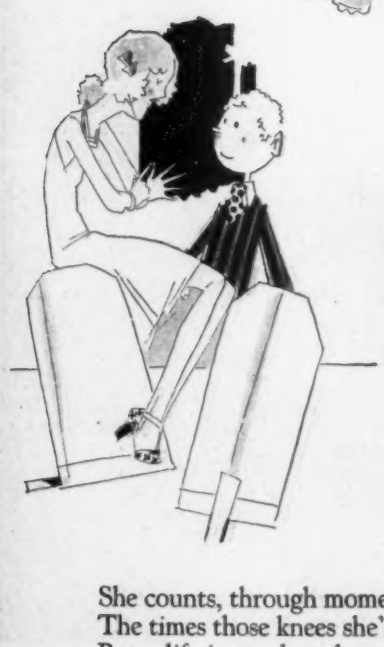


Vacation past and done with,
Myrtilla's in a muse
Of some one she had fun with
In cars and in canoes.

Illustrated by
John Held Jr.

Her desk, her pad and pencil
Are far from Myrtie's mind;
To every dull utensil
She's deaf and dumb and blind.

She sees a moonlight grouping,
With her on Johnny's knee.
The crowd are boop-a-dooping;
They two sit silently.



She counts, through moments dreamy,
The times those knees she'd grace;
But—life is rough and seamy,
And work's again to face.

"Now, why," the chief asks bleakly,
"Forget the busy bee?"
Myrtilla twinkles meekly:
"Oh—laps of memory!"

An intimate account *of* what was *lost* and what was *won* in a GAMBLE *for* HAPPINESS

They thought they could Buy IT

By Dorothy Walworth Carman

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

The Story So Far:

THREE paths in this so-modern Pilgrim's Progress toward happiness; three families living in a New Jersey suburb and treading these paths—

Seth Smith was a simple-minded man, happy if Lydia's latest fad allowed him a peaceful evening with a wild West novel. Sharp-faced Lydia was eager to elevate Seth's tastes—she was eager, indeed, to improve the whole world.

Seth Smith joined a secret society and was deeply impressed by the initiation ceremonies. It was good to get away from Lydia sometimes. And the pageant she was staging just now was rather trying.

Life did not puzzle Joe Browning. One was graduated from high school, went to work in an office, was faithful and diligent, fell in love with the right girl and married, settled down and had children, raised the children to be faithful and diligent—died and went to heaven. But life was hard for Joe just the same, and for Amelia, with her five little children and her house to look after. And when Joe lost his job it became still harder.

And yet — consider Joyce and Clifford Millard, who were healthy and handsome and "well to do," and had two attractive children. And yet—

One afternoon Joyce went in to New York and phoned Clifford to meet her at a hotel for dinner and the theater. And when he kept the appointment, an hour late, he said to her:

"Do you know why I've seemed tired? It isn't work. I'm tired—of you. I—I meant not to tell you, but your coming in tonight was the limit."

Joyce felt as if the world had exploded. The room grew dark and circled. "*Sh-h-h*, Clifford! That old lady will hear you."

"I don't care. Let her hear. I want this over with and understood. I don't love you, and I'm sick of pretending I do."

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And yet—Clifford and Joyce continued to live on in the same house; and their world apparently knew nothing of their status.

Moreover, Joyce Millard recovered from her shock, with a certain amazed joy. She had been first a daughter, then a wife; now she was herself, a person. She kept wondering what life was, when one became a Person.

For one thing, she discovered, it meant to be sought again by many men. One of them, Derek, attracted her with his certain superficial charm. She saw a good deal of him; and still curious about him, accepted an invitation to his apartment one evening. *(The story continues in detail:)*

NEVER mind. Even though he was a medicine-hound, his intentions were horrible. Joyce had not the faintest notion of yielding to Derek, but she did want in the course of a lifetime the pleasure of flirting with danger. That sort of thing *heartened* a woman so. They sat down on the soft covered divan. There was a taboret drawn up, with a bottle of ginger ale and two glasses, and Joyce's rosy cloud of handkerchief. Except for a silk curtain whispering at the open window, the room was utterly quiet. Only one lamp was lighted, a lamp with an almond-colored shade, over by the flowered wall. It was a den of vice, all but the stolid covers on the furniture. There was nothing casual in the atmosphere. It did not seem as if Derek were going to ask her opinion of the proper dog to buy. Joyce looked down at her delphinium-blue slippers poised on the velvet rug. The glass in her hand was cold. The ginger ale was sharp and hot.

"You know," Derek said, settling back on the divan with his glass, "I am very fond of you."

He kindled his unnerving smile. He seemed stirred and tender. His voice was on a lower note. In the almond-colored light—

"And do you know, my dear, why I am fond of you?"

Derek filled his glass a second time from the yellow bottle. He poured, waited for the hissing, then poured again. He leaned back and looked about him, easily, deliberately. Joyce could see him absorbing the rug, the lamp, the flowered wall.

"Because you're such a sweet good girl. You make me think of my sister Edith."

Joyce's breath failed her. If a woman made a man think of his sister, he would tell her next she was a pal. She determined, if he said the word *pal*, to rise and go, not offering explanations. She held a carnation-colored fold of her gown between her fingers.

"I've gone around a lot in my day. I've met a great many women. If a man is at all attractive—uh—he has opportunities. I don't mean this to sound conceited, but——"

"I wouldn't think you were conceited."

"You're so different and refreshing. The other women I've met have been so hard-boiled and sophisticated and modern. There's something sort of innocent about you. There really is, you know."

At the word *innocent*, Joyce writhed. *Pal* would have been preferable. She wondered when and where she had seemed inno-

He broke off suddenly and said: "You're a witch. You make me feel so brilliant. At most going to stop seeing anyone who makes me feel so brilliant.

cent. What abominable technique she must have! . . . . Derek was continuing: "Whenever I see you, I think of that picture in the Metropolitan: 'Girl Carrying a Lily.'"

To be associated with lilies was the curse of blondes. Joyce was torn between murder and tears. She took a long stinging drink of ginger ale to save her reason.

"I want to be frank with you. I want to confess. I've not had many affairs in my life, but now and then. . . . It's really been a long time since—"

"You are naturally fastidious," Joyce said dully, because that was always the comment at this point.

Derek smoothed his lapel. He showed he was pleased to be called fastidious.

"When I first met you—well, I wanted to win you. You were adorable and luscious. But as I came to know you, I changed my mind. Your face, when you watched those fountains, told me. . . You were too fine, too lovely. I felt ashamed of myself. I fought with myself. You'll never realize how hard it was. Once, when I was in Italy, I saw a peach hanging on a wall—"

Joyce wished she had known just the period when Derek was fighting with himself. It would have been nice at least to notice him fighting. She looked down. The colors of her dress were melted on the divan.

"Whenever I've been tempted to do wrong in my life," he said, "the thought of my mother and my sisters has kept me from it."

Joyce had borne the reference to the peach on the wall, but now she shuddered. Again she had unwittingly roused a man's noblest instincts. And the tiger still burned undiscovered in the bright fabulous forest. Derek sat there, his eyes lighted, his lovely mouth smiling, feeling so fatuous and pure. He was really being very sweet, very much like Jimmy. He went on talking about how he had fought and how ashamed he was ever to have thought of her in that way. If Joyce were only not married! Could they always be dear friends and tell each other everything?

He explained his philosophy of life, nodding his head in the almond-colored light.

"The way to do," he said companionably, "is to play safe and not expect too much from life. Always keep moderate."

His mind felt itself all rosy and noble. Joyce thought she might have known all along he was not a tiger, if she had only paid attention. But she had expected him to live up to that Oppenheim façade. And that façade was not Derek at all. His eyes that had the trick of sudden lighting, his lovely mouth, were accidents of nature. His indifference, the glow of his manners, his voice that she would remember most—all were the effect of training. They were functional, not organic. He had a Laura Jean Libby heart.

She congratulated Derek on his victory over self. She left him early, because he expected a hard day on the Street tomorrow. She wondered which medicine he would take before going to bed. When he rode down with her in the cab to the ferry, she could hardly believe this enameled creature

parties I just sit opening and shutting my mouth like a sheep. I'm never What a pleasure it is to be a giant intellect!"

had really told her the thought of his mother and sisters kept him from wrong. Even his weary gesture with a cigarette seemed to deny such a quality of mind. . . . It showed what environment could do for a child. If he had been born in Brookstone, he would probably wear pin-stripe suits and be president of the Village Improvement Association.

On the train Joyce leaned her head back against the plush. ("You can't find lovin' where there aint any love.") She felt tired out and starved. One always came away hungry from these so-so things. She had been trying to eat the rind of fruit—to warm her hands at a chandelier. She wondered whether she had a sort of fatal innocence in her face. She wondered if she really *were* innocent. It was a depressing thought, because innocence is another name for feeble-mindedness at the age of twenty-nine. It was unbearable to seem self-evident and quaint, trying hard to see life. She felt sure there was something wise and composed and obvious that she was missing. ("I'll show you New York at night. Look—there's the Metropolitan Tower.") Well, she would always think of Derek whenever she passed in drugstores those wicker cologne bottles.

September nights had a touch of winter. Joyce shivered a little in her silver-metal wrap. She made a face out of the window. It was strange, commuting from the suburbs to these engagements in town. Going in, one wondered what would happen. Coming out, one thought it all over. ("You can't find lovin' where there aint any love.") With every adventure there was the train back to Brookstone. She was not living in the Big Town. . . . Behind her in the car two Brookstone ladies were talking of things she seemed to have forgotten: tonsils and adenoids.

She was not innocent enough to think this commuting to experience was real life. It was a game—more varied than bridge, more intellectual than billiards, more athletic than chess. There was the surface glow of the beautiful dresses and the admiration. There was the moment of the earrings, and the gorgeous lights and flowers. But she had not broken through to the real world. She was not comforted. She was just letting things ride, letting things slide. Her mind was living from hand to mouth. She looked down at her hand in her silver lap. She moved the emerald ring on her finger.

The pale candy vendor came and stood in the front of the car. If people refused to buy, he always muttered: "What a bunch of hamburgers!" He should not think people were hamburgers if they refused to buy. That was one of the secrets. The news vendor came with his beady eyes. "Ladies and gentlemen: I have here all the latest magazines. Take something to read on the train—"

"OF course the first baby is always harder, Gladys, but there's nothing to be scared about."

"I went to a baby specialist. They thought I was never coming out of the delivery-room alive."

"Vincent and I thought we'd wait three years between our babies, so I would get my strength back. But when I saw how spoiled Cartwright was getting, I said we ought to have a little sister for him right away."

"After Evelyn was born, I said to my husband: 'Terwilliger, we've got our family!' "

"There's nothing for you to be scared about, Gladys."

It was a November afternoon, and Amelia was attending a bridge party at Miggy Fay's house. Miggy Fay had a very pretty living-room, with blue wallpaper, dark furniture, a taupe rug, and a bowl of pink and white cosmos on the piano.

Amelia wished they would keep on advising Gladys. Whenever she was dummy, she bent her head low over the bureau cover she was embroidering in pink-roses-and-a-little-green-vine. (The dummies always took up their fancy work. You'd be surprised how much a girl could accomplish in an afternoon.) Amelia's needle was unsteady as it drew the trail of pink through a petal. She preferred to work on the vine. . . . She did not want the girls to leave Gladys and get talking about their new things.

Amelia's friends were in that dangerous decade between thirty and forty when their husbands were "getting on." When a girl first married, she and her husband were expected to start in a modest way. Everyone was indulgent. Everyone laughed at the bride when she told her small economies. Nobody expected them to have a car. They were just-young-people-starting-out. They

"And dallies with the innocence of love,
like the old age."

could keep that excuse for a few years, especially if more than one child came. But after a while, a husband was supposed to "get on" and "make good." The couple should move to a better place. They should buy a car, then a better car, and so on up the grade. Their radio should even progress in excellence from two tubes to a super-heterodyne. They must entertain oftener. They must show the unmistakable signs of prosperity, or not be asked anywhere.

Between thirty and forty, a husband must begin to strut his stuff. Some husbands did. Wives boasted, as unobtrusively as their temperaments allowed, about the things their husbands had given them. And yet there was something natural in it, too, that nobody could blame them for. . . . "I just got a new china set. The kind with the gold bands. Henry told me to go right ahead and get a *good* one.". . . "Did you know Dick gave me a sedan for my birthday? He drove it right up to the door.". . . "We've just had Hazel's room done over in the sweetest yellow.". . . "I want you to see my new dining-room rug. It's mulberry color; and if I do say it—" Sometimes they did not mean it for boasting. They were just proud, and—well, what else was there to talk about? Between the ages of forty and fifty they would probably all be rich enough to talk poor.

Amelia determined, if worst came to worst, to mention the dozen glasses Joe had given her last August before he lost his job. They were green, and a special goblet shape. The girls were quick to notice when anyone's husband was not doing as well as theirs. No matter how much they liked a girl, no matter how kind they were, there was just a note of condescension in their voices if her husband was not succeeding. They said: "I guess Ray just isn't a money-maker." They said: "Etta was terribly anxious to get Ray, and what has he done for her?" They said: "Ray used to be awfully bright in school, but he hasn't a business head." Ray might be a delightful man, far more intelligent than the vaunted husband who bought the sedan. But women put a note of condescension in their voices when they talked to his wife. He had not come across with a mulberry rug or a china set with gold bands.

All Brookstone recognized this savage state of public opinion. As a result, couples would sacrifice almost anything rather than show they were not "getting on." Financial distress was concealed. One couple had as much as the next, no matter what their respective incomes were. That was why there was all this debt. Little Hildegarde Jones must have as many clothes as her chum Mary Page, although Page was getting twice as much salary as Jones. This competition was all very well for the top dog. But the under dog strained and floundered up to his ears, always paying last year's debts. Sometimes he managed to tread water until his salary grew up to his expenses. Sometimes he sank.

God only knew the tortures a Brookstone couple suffered when they discovered they must inevitably sink. How they walked the floor evenings, how they looked frantically around for another place to borrow, how they tried the bank again, and companies who made a business of lending—how the husband went up to friends and said, "See here, old man, money's a bit tight just now—" and saw their eyes ice over. They did not dread so much the moving to smaller quarters. It was not the prospect of privations that made them scheme to find another five hundred. It was having people know they couldn't make the grade. Lack of money was not simply considered *(Please turn to page 110)*

FREE

The freedom that makes New York for some men —and some women

Illustrated by C. D.

"The first thing she said was: 'So it's you who took him away from me!'"

"PARDON me," said the woman in the next chair. "Have you a match?"

Carson Blake handed her a clip without turning his eyes from the quotation board, where a young man was taking down cards and putting up new ones, black-lettered on green. Another young man droned monotonously: "Anaconda, ninety-three and a half; Nash, forty-eight and three-quarters; Atchison—" In the corner a ticker clicked and sputtered; men with their hats on, chewing cigars, clustered round it; the people in the armchairs strained forward, tensely, toward the board.

Blake stifled a yawn; he didn't care about the market. You couldn't really worry about stocks like Steel and General Electric, no matter how low they might go on a day of panic. Besides, most of his money was invested in a closely held stock unknown to the exchange—Blake Separator Company of Heliopolis, Ohio, paying eighteen per cent. He had dropped in here only because he had reached the Plaza twenty minutes before Anita was to meet him. . . . Through the haze of cigar- and cigarette-smoke he could see, across the street, the autumnal red-and-gold of the Park. Glorious day. Perhaps she'd have time to drive in the Park with him, after lunch.

"Thanks," said the woman in the next chair, returning his matches. "It really seems to have started back up, doesn't it?"

For the first time he looked at her—a smart blonde in black, with a choker of turquoise beads that matched her eyes; and on the slim hand that held her cigarette, a wedding ring. . . . Of course. Everybody in New York had been married—at least the people one knew, though not many of the people one knew seemed to be married now. This woman, obviously, was the sort of person one knew—what used to be called a lady. She had spoken to a stranger; but strangers were speaking to each other this week, in the customers' rooms of brokers' offices, as naturally as strangers in a lifeboat after the shipwreck.

"Yes," he agreed, "if Rockefeller's buying, it's probably safe for the rest of us."

"I caught the turn on General Motors," she said. "Got it at thirty-five. A panic's rather fun if you know what you want, and keep your head."

Her cool blue eyes were studying him frankly; he supposed he was the sort of person she knew. Tall and aquiline, perfectly dressed, with just a touch of silver at his temples, he looked like the first secretary of an embassy. He knew that because women had told him so, since he came to New York. If his wife had never told him so, back in Heliopolis, it was perhaps because she had never seen the first secretary of an embassy.

"My congratulations," he said. "I've kept out of it—no runs, no hits, no errors. Not very sporting, is it?"

She smiled, her brows lifting.

"No, you can't win anything without risking a loss."

She turned back to the board; the next move was his. It startled him, to realize that a next move was obviously indicated. Ten years ago this couldn't have happened, with a woman of her sort; but times had changed. If he suggested that they come back after lunch, and see how things were going—she'd go to lunch with him, and they could look each other over; and that might be all. But ten to one, they'd find that they knew some of the same people. Everybody knew some of the same people, somewhere; even Lucia Rommel had known some Heliopolis people in Palm Beach. So, if they placed each other, and liked each other, it might go on.

This woman wouldn't lose her head, but if she made up her mind what she wanted she'd take it. He knew her type—well-to-do, unoccupied, disillusioned; ten years older than she looked and twenty years older than she felt; and lonesome—one of the hundred thousand lonesome women in New York. A man like

SOIL

described by ELMER DAVIS, who wrote, "I'll Show You the Town."

C. D. Williams

"Lucia wasn't afraid—not even of making herself ridiculous."

himself—well-to-do, unoccupied, unattached—met them everywhere. Four years ago, when he first came to town from Ohio, he'd have taken her to lunch. But now—He had a date for lunch, of course; but he could make an appointment with her for tea.

It disturbed him to perceive that the reason he was not going to make any appointment with her at all was not that he had a date, but that he had a date with Anita Burch. . . . He rose, picked up his hat and gloves and stick.

"Well, I've an engagement. Best of luck with your General Motors."

Her nod was indifferent. He knew she didn't believe he had a date; she probably thought he was married—or perhaps she set him down as afraid to risk a loss. Uneasily, he wondered if she might not be right. . . .

On the pillared porch of the Fifth Avenue entrance he waited for Anita, watching the sunlight on the gray-green leaves of the plane trees around the fountain, the double column of motorcars on the cross-street—one column halted, waiting for the turn, the other flowing eastward. What a town this was for footloose women! There must be a million women in New York who were living more or less contentedly with their husbands; but a man alone, middle-aged and prosperous, seldom met them. Unmarried women were apt to be preoccupied with a job; but these widows living on the estate, these divorcées living on alimony, questing desperately for something to give their lives color and interest—

It disquieted him, that the woman he was waiting for was not unlike the woman he had just left—well-to-do, unattached, disillusioned; but not lonesome. Mrs. Burch wasn't lonesome enough, for Carson Blake's taste; it was hard to get a date with her—or had been till lately, when she began giving him more of her time. She would never dream of trying to pick a man up. But, he realized, she'd never need to; she knew everybody.

A whistle blew; a green light changed to red. He saw Anita starting across the street—a trim little figure in green-gray tweeds, an elfish face above a silver fox fur, a touch of coppery hair beneath a green-gray hat. Through the column of halted cars she edged her way, and came out unexpectedly into the column that had started moving, circling the fountain and turning south. She dodged, leaped. . . . A rushing car hid her for an instant. When he saw her again, she was a green-gray heap on the curb.

"Anita!" he cried. Not till brakes screamed in his ear did he realize that he had plunged straight through the traffic, toward her. By the time he reached her, she had picked herself up and was dusting her skirt.

"Hello, Kit!" That was her private pet name for him; it was short for Kit Carson, the Boy Scout. "Rushing to the rescue like a St. Bernard?" But her smile faded as he seized her hands, stared into her green-gray eyes.

"Anita! You—you're all right? You aren't hurt?"

"Not a bit—just intensely annoyed. I fell over my own feet, trying to get out of the way. . . . Why, Kit dear! It's all right! Nothing happened to me. But you—" Her voice faltered, now. "You were crazy, to dive through the traffic like that. Don't do it again." Her hand slipped into his arm. "Come—it's all over. Let's forget it, and go to lunch."

But they both knew it wasn't all over. Something was beginning. . . .

Mrs. Burch wrote a little, and rather brilliantly, for *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*; but her real occupation was lunching out. She was known in certain circles as the Destruction That Wasteth at Noonday, because if you took her out to lunch, you stayed on, if she would let you, for tea. But this time she had little to say, and Blake had less. The tension of that moment on the curb was still unresolved.

"We're abominably dull today, Kit," she told him over the coffee.

"Then we'd better not inflict ourselves on other people. Let's get a horse cab, and drive around the Park and up to the Claremont for tea. Then we'll go home and dress, and dine together, and go to see a play—"

"But haven't you anything to do? Aren't you losing a lot of money, or trying to make it, in this crazy market?"

"I haven't lost a nickel, except on paper; and I don't want to make any more money. I've got enough to live on, and not enough to worry about. Come on, Anita. It's a great day for driving in the Park."

"I couldn't have dinner with you; I'm dining with some people, and going somewhere with them afterward. Where is it, now? . . . Why, the opening of the opera, of course! You'll be there, won't you?"

"I will not," said Carson Blake. "What I like about New York is that you don't have to do anything you don't want to do. And I don't like grand opera."

"Don't call it grand opera! That's Heliopolis. In New York, it's all supposed to be grand."

"Grand or not, I don't like it. But it's four hours till dinner. I don't care what you have to do this afternoon—don't do it."

"I think that's why I like you," she said. "You've got no purpose in life. So different from the younger men I know."

"Younger men? How old do you think I am?"

"Oh, ninety-seven at least. That's why you look thirty-seven and act twenty-seven. If you were twenty-seven, you'd look thirty-seven and feel ninety-seven. Really, Kit, you have a married daughter? Or were you just kidding me?"

"I really have. But we marry young, in our family. I was married at nineteen—the night my wife and I graduated from high school." That would make him forty-five or a little less, she computed—the nicest age for a man. She had just turned thirty, herself. "I certainly had a purpose in life then," he went on grimly. "Trying to support a family on twenty dollars a week. But I got ahead in the business—and as I got on, they kept dropping more purposes on me. I had to be president of the school board, and the chamber of commerce; trustee of the church, delegate to the Rotary International— I had to belong to everything, run with all the gangs. And whenever they were raising money for any worthy cause, I had to start the list with a thousand or two. You'd see how it was, if you'd ever lived in a town like that. Somebody had to keep things going, and I'd gradually got to be the big man of Heliopolis. But when I moved to New York, where really big men were running the town already, and I didn't have to join anything, and nobody cared what I did—Why, I felt like a runaway slave on free soil!"

She was staring into her coffee-cup.

"Kit—if your wife had lived, would you have stayed in Heliopolis?"

"I suppose so. She liked New York for a week; but she wanted to live in a town where she knew everybody's business and everybody knew hers."

He was silent a moment. . . . She hadn't called him "Kit;" she had called him "Father." He could hear her still—"Oh, *Father!* . . . *No*, Father! . . . Don't be childish, Father!" She'd never have let him leave Heliopolis. . . .

"She was a fine woman," he added in hasty compunction. "She did a lot of good. But when she was gone—Well, Leila was married, and Junior was in college, and my brother-in-law could run the business. I figured that I'd served my time."

"Yes," she mused; "that's why we like New York. We're free—free from responsibility, for anything or anybody but ourselves. People like you and me, I mean. It's different if you're Al Smith, or J. P. Morgan; or if you're bringing up children. But people like us are free. I know. I had a purpose in life once, myself."

"You?" It was the last thing he would ever have associated with her.

"Yes indeed. I was married at eighteen—a war bride. Married for a week; then, for a year and a half, I bit my nails and waited for my husband. He came back with tuberculosis, and an itch to write the Great War Novel. Luckily we had money; I took him to Saranac and got him more or less cured, and then he started work and caved in again, so I took him back to Saranac. That went on for four years, till his lungs finally got him. . . . I was rather crazy about him, you see; and he was crazy about me—only he had to finish that novel, and I had to help him all I could. So my purpose in life, finally, was to keep him alive enough to work himself to death, if you can figure that out. . . . Yes, he finished it. I took it around afterward, but nobody'd ever publish it. He could write a novel about as well as I could write a million-dollar check. But to see the one person on earth you care about, dying by inches—to wonder all the time, afterward, if you might not have saved him— No more responsibility, thanks! It's out of my line. . . . Come on, Kit. Let's take that drive."

They went out, toward the pillared porch. His eyes searched the groups of women drifting through the corridor; he had no desire to encounter the woman of the broker's office. She wasn't there; but he stopped short at sight of a tall brunette in a mink coat—the last woman on earth he wanted to meet. Anita saw her too, and ran to her.

"Why, Lucia! I haven't seen you in years! Mrs. Rommel, this is— Oh, you know each other?" Blake was bowing, his lips tight.

"Oh, yes." The dark woman smiled. "Nice to see you, Carson. . . . How are you, Anita? I read the things you write. . . . No, I can't stop now; I'm late already for a haircut."

"Will you come and lunch with me soon?" Anita asked. "I really do want to see you, Lucia. I'm in the phone-book; call me up."

Mrs. Rommel disappeared in a taxi. Blake looked past the rank of cars to a solitary hansom cab; he hailed it, peremptorily.

"Lovely," said Anita, as the half doors closed on them and horseshoes clacked on the asphalt. "This would be something to tell our grandchildren about, if we had any—a ride in the last hansom cab in New York. . . . Where did you know Lucia Rommel?"

"Oh, I met her at dinner—I forget where. I used to see her now and then. It must be a year since the last time." He hated to think about the ten or twenty times she'd called him up since then; he hated the whole wretched affair.

"I knew her at school," said Anita. "She was two or three years ahead of me, of course. Looks older than that, doesn't she? But

she had an awful time with her husband. She always had a little of that tragedy-queen manner, but of course he made it worse. I don't believe I've seen her before since the divorce. She seems like the type that would marry again; but I suppose with three children, she has plenty to keep her interested."

They were jogging through the Park, now.

"So there's a type that marries again?" he asked. "What is it?"

"The people who aren't strong enough to stand freedom."

"Freedom!" he said. "When I saw you in a heap on the curb, Anita, I knew there wasn't any more freedom—not for me."

Her green-gray eyes were frightened.

"B-but, Kit, I was all right. Nothing happened to me."

"No, but if it had—"

The tension snapped; she was in his arms, clinging desperately, meeting his kisses with avid response. . . . At last she drew away.

stared out of the cab window. His arm was still about her; her hands lay in one of his. . . . "Anita! Will you marry me?"

"I'll never marry anybody. I've been married."

"But—you love me, don't you?"

"Of course. . . . That was another thing I wasn't ever going to do again—fall in love. But when I saw you plunging into that traffic—"

"Yes," he said. "We've been drifting toward this for weeks, but it took our adventures with the traffic to wake us up. . . . Please marry me, Anita."

"So in short you got tired of her," said Anita. "I guess it wasn't your fault, or hers either."

Her fingers clenched on his.

"No, Kit. I'd be afraid. . . . I suppose you've heard that I've had affairs with men—"

"I don't care if you've had a dozen; I want you to marry me. I've had affairs too. . . . Well, only one real one; but—"

"I never had any, Kit. Not one. If you go around much with a man, your friends think you're having an affair; but I never did—because I was afraid. Afraid of responsibility—afraid that I'd fall in love, or that the man would fall in love with me. I'd had enough of that."

"Well?" he demanded.

She shrugged helplessly.

"Oh, yes—it's happened, now. . . . But I won't marry you."

"If you get knocked down in the traffic, I want to be able to pick you up, and take you home, and sit right beside your bed till you're well again, without anybody asking what business it is of mine."

"Exactly what we both came to New York to get away from. You know you never meant to marry again. I've heard you say so."

"I've changed my mind. . . . Anita, I'm crazy about you. I think I'm going to stay crazy about you, too; nothing ever felt like this before. I don't want to—to just see you when we both have an evening off. I want to be with you—"

"That's what kills it—living together."

"It does sometimes. But this is different."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "You do act twenty-seven."

"No, Anita, I'm acting grown up. We can't be free from what we feel about each other, whether we marry or not; what happens to one of us happens to both of us, now. But in every other way we'd be free. We both stand on our own feet; you have your income and I have mine; we're old enough not to interfere with each other's friends; I haven't any business associates you'd have to meet; your relatives are dead, and mine are six hundred miles away. And I don't suppose you'd want children—"

"My God, no! I did once, but it seems I'm not able to have any."

"I don't want any more either. So we'd be free, you and I—"

"Kit, you can't be free if you're married to somebody you care for. As Mr. and Mrs. Blake, we'd always be asked out together, and one would want to go and the other one would want to stay at home. That sounds silly, but it's the sort of thing that makes trouble. We might even be jealous—"

"You can't win anything without risking a loss. That's a quotation," he confessed. "Anita, just before I met you today, a woman tried to pick me up, in a broker's office. A perfectly nice woman—you could see that; just lonesome. We'd have gone to lunch, and if she hadn't liked me, it would have stopped there. But if she had liked me—she wouldn't have been afraid. . . . Well, I didn't want her—I wanted you; but I admired her. She wasn't afraid. And if I were afraid to risk marrying the woman I love—"

"You'd better go back to the broker's office," she said savagely. "Probably your brave lonesome perfectly nice woman is still looking at the ticker. It would be a pity to let me cash in on something she started."

"We might even be jealous," he reminded her softly. "Even if we weren't married. . . . Anita, the thing you were afraid of has happened—you're in love, and so am I. Too late to help it. I'll take you on any terms; but I think we'd be a couple of cowards if we didn't get married."

She was staring out at the autumn foliage.

"Oh, Kit, we're crazy even to think of it. . . . Still—married or not, I'd hate it if you went back to that woman in the broker's office; and I wish you were going to the opera with me tonight, though I know you'd be bored. . . . Yes, I've got to go; I'm indebted to these people. But I might break away from the party afterward, and call you up. Will you be in?"

"All evening—waiting to hear from you."

"I can't get away much before midnight; but I'll call you then. . . . And now, Kit, I think you'd better take me home. I'm all limp. . . . No, I don't want tea; I want to go home by myself, and think." She smiled wearily. "Anyway, we're probably the only two people in the United States, this afternoon, who haven't been talking about the stock-market."

Blake felt rather limp himself when he left her at her door, and went on to his apartment hotel. He'd never meant to get entangled in anything like this again. . . . Like this! There never had been anything like this! He was in love—really in love, and so was she. And they had no attachments, no responsibilities, to hamper their relation to each other. They had shaken off their shackles; free man and free woman, they came together on free soil.

A mirror in the lobby told him that he looked thirty-seven; he felt not a day over twenty-seven. . . . But a moment later his spirits fell with a crash.

"Oh, Mr. Blake!" said the girl at the switchboard as he passed. "There was a lady called you twice, awhile ago. She asked th

desk if they were sure you weren't in. . . . No, she didn't leave her name."

"If she calls again," he said grimly, "tell her I'm still out."

Lucia, of course; it could be no one else. It was months since she had called him last; he had hoped and believed that she had come to her senses. There was nothing he could say to her, or she to him, that hadn't been said once and for all a year ago; there was nothing he could do for her, nothing she could do for him but let him alone. But that chance meeting after lunch must have stirred her up again. . . . Poor Lucia!

But he had no thoughts to waste on Lucia now. Five o'clock. He couldn't hear from Anita till midnight. He drank a highball and set himself to kill time, looking over the evening paper, trying to interest himself in the details of a financial collapse that history would remember for a hundred years. . . . No use. He could think of nothing but what Anita would say, when she called him up. He killed more time bathing, shaving, dressing for dinner with meticulous care. Seven-thirty. He would have dinner sent up from the restaurant in the basement; afterward he could play solitaire, turn on the radio—

The door-bell rang.

He stood stock-still. . . . Lucia—it must be Lucia.

Another ring, long and imperious. . . . That wasn't Lucia; she would be tentative, humble. He opened the door.

Anita stood waiting, wrapped in a white opera cape, a collar of white fur framing her coppery hair. Too dazed to speak, he held out his arms; but she slipped past him.

"No, Kit. Not now. We've got to talk."

She tossed the cape on a chair. Her evening gown of ivory satin clung to her knees, trailed about her ankles; its back was split, clear to the waist, by a long spear-point of golden sun-tan. In short-skirted tweeds she was elfish, *gamine;* in trailing ivory draperies, a rope of pearls about her throat, she was a rather stately lady.

She sat down in a deep leather chair, lit a cigarette. Then, seeing bottle and glasses on the table, she poured herself a drink, gulped it down.

"I needed that, Kit." She stared sullenly through cigarette-smoke. "Well!" she said at last. "You've played hell."

"What? How?"

"Lucia, of course. At least I hope it's of course; I'd hate to think you leave wrecks like that all over town. She came to see me, while I was dressing; and the first thing she said was: 'So it's you who took him away from me!' Nice thing to have drop on you, when you're trying to make up your mind whether to marry a man or not." She paused, but he could say nothing.

"Kit, it was horrible. She didn't seem to have anything in particular against me—just kept begging me to give you back to her. As if I wouldn't mind it at all. . . . And she's quite a civilized person, Kit—I guess you know that. Quite civilized and, I'd have supposed, sane. Plain cuckoo, she was, this evening. . . . How in God's name did it happen? I couldn't get much of a story out of her."

"It's hardly my place—" he began. Her hand waved impatiently.

"Oh, don't be chivalrous! That won't help Lucia—or me either. . . . She was a sportsman, Kit; she kept insisting, whenever she thought of it, that it wasn't your fault. But I've got a right to know all about it."

He was too much upset to wonder why she had a right.

"I'll tell it as honestly as I can," he said hoarsely. "She'd been divorced a couple of years, when I met her. She was another one who said she'd never marry again, because she'd been married. But she was human, and healthy, and lonesome—and so was I. Well—we got on pretty well together, and she fell in love with me. I suppose I ought to have broken it off as soon as I knew that, but—"

"But you were too soft-hearted to hurt anybody," said Anita bitterly. "So you just kept on going about with her and hurt her about twenty times as much. . . . Oh, I don't blame you; I might have done the same thing. We all skate around on the surface, and keep ourselves free from anything that might mean responsibility or inconvenience; and then when we run into something raw and real, we don't know how to handle it."

"I'm more to blame than that," he confessed. "I never said I was in love with her, but I probably acted like it, for a while. . . . I was quite fond of her. You see, I hadn't been in New York very long. I came here for freedom, and I liked it; but once in a while it was a shock to be reminded that I wasn't in Heliopolis, where I'd been the center of the universe. Well—when she was around, I was still the center of the universe. At home I hadn't been the center of the universe; I was just the fellow that was always wrong, except when there were bills to be paid. But Lucia—pampered me. Nobody's ever pampered me before."

"I wish to God I'd known you then, Kit; I could have pampered you— Why did you break it off, finally?"

He flushed.

"Well—I couldn't live up to her. Every day's a melodrama, with Lucia. It got to be too much. Besides it was embarrassing, being around her house— I'd dined there once or twice before this started, and I still dined with the family now and then. Her children got to calling me Uncle Carson, and her mother obviously thought we were going to be married."

"So in short you got tired of her," said Anita. "I'm not blaming you. I guess it wasn't your fault, or hers either; just one of the things that happen. Even careful drivers run over pedestrians, sometimes. Only if you'd had to view the mangled remains, as I did this evening— When I called up the people who were going to take me to the opera, and told them I was sick, I wasn't lying." She lit another cigarette.

"Sick of me?" he muttered. "I don't blame you."

"No, my dear—just sick of the jams people get into. Life isn't decent. Poor Lucia! Freedom wasn't much use to her, was it? But then she isn't the type that can stand it. She's really a nice person, you know, Kit. I wish we could do something for her; but of course there isn't a thing—"

"We?" he repeated, in utter amazement. She smiled unsteadily.

"Darling, why do you suppose I take this so hard? . . . Because I've discovered that anything that happens to one of us happens to both of us! When Lucia was having hysterics all over my bedroom, I felt as if it was for something I'd done to her myself. I'd have done anything to help her, except the only thing she wanted me to do—give you up."

She stood up, stalked restlessly about the room.

"Kit, you can't conceive the things I felt, while she was raving. Pity, and horror, and stabs of plain raw jealousy—and shame. Shame because she'd give you everything, and I was still hesitating, wondering how much it was safe for me to give you. . . . Safe! We're a bad lot, we runaway slaves. All for freedom and afraid to live. Lucia wasn't afraid—not even of making herself ridiculous before the woman you want. She's a better person than I am, Kit. She made me feel the way that woman in the broker's office made you feel. Fine pair we are, to need a couple of other people to give us courage." She faced him, trembling. "So, my dear, if you still want to marry me, I'm ready."

He moved toward her, slow, inexorable.

"I want you to marry me. I never really loved anybody but you—"

He crushed her in his arms; they clung together, runaways lost in the dark forest, ready to trade freedom for life. The cigarette she had dropped when he seized her smoldered on the rug, unnoticed; his tightening arm broke the string of her necklace, her pearls came down in a rattling shower, rolled across the floor unnoticed. . . . But when the door-bell rang sharply, they sprang apart.

"Lucia!" she gasped. "Kit, you leave her to me. . . . Yes, you must. Handling Lucia is my job, now."

But the woman who entered, and let *(Please turn to page 106)*

Elsie Janis

entertainer par excellence, has the happy knack of telling a story just as if it happened to her.

On the page or on the stage, she is the same, as you will see next month in

"TEXAS LOVE"

(Do you remember "Listen, Baby!" which she wrote with Gene Markey?)

Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

The Auctioning of Mary Angel

by Coningsby Dawson

The Story So Far:

"YOU ought to write a book about me," said Mary Angel, "quoting me as a horrible example."

To keep her mind off the shipwreck of her marriage, that is what I am doing.

Years ago I had been in love with Mary's mother, and I'd always been "Uncle" to Mary. This, however, was the first time I'd seen her since her wedding.

She spoke to me of her convent upbringing, and then of her all-too-sudden introduction, by her mother, into the fast and fashionable world of the Riviera—of her mother's prompt campaign to secure suitors for her.

For more than two years after she became a débutante, Mary was busy with the business of bringing socially eligible young men to her feet. But none of them pleased her—until she met Jeff.

"Then you love Jeff?" I questioned. "It wasn't a catch-as-catch-can match, as some people have hinted?"

"I adored him," she declared. "I still do."

But Jeff had been brought up to every luxury—and was earning thirty dollars a week. The young people won grudging consent from their parents; the engagement was announced, a church wedding planned. And each family waited for the other to make some move toward endowing the young people.

And neither family did anything of the sort. The wedding—an elaborate and expensive wedding—was of course contributed by Mary's people; and Mary's father gave her a check for five hundred. Jeff's father, reputedly well to do, who had given him an allowance of three thousand a year as a bachelor, offered a wedding gift of fifty dollars. With the two checks as a stake, they departed on their honeymoon. When it was exhausted Jeff wired his father—who replied that their marriage was no affair of his. Mary's father agreed to settle their hotel bills.

Back in town, Jeff's father cut off his allowance—he must now stand on his own feet. Jeff got a job, but a poor one; and between this sudden poverty and the ill-feeling inspired by all this abrupt parental parsimony things went from bad to worse. Finally one day when he was absent— "I wrote him," said Mary, "the kind of letter that was calculated to make him hate me. There wasn't a word of truth in it. I told him that I'd married him for money, that I had another beau in sight. I wrote him, furthermore, that I would be absent from the apartment for two days and hoped to find him gone when I returned.

"Then, shoving my nightie and a large supply of handkerchiefs in a hand-bag, I pawned another piece of jewelry and took the train to Atlantic City."

"Why only a nightie and handkerchiefs?" I seek enlightenment.

"Stupid, why does one wear a nightie? The handkerchiefs were because I expected to do a lot of crying." *(The story continues in detail:)*

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"SO I had met my Waterloo," Mary Angel resumes on my next visit, having sprawled herself on the couch and tugged at her frill of a skirt in an attempt to make it cover more than is reasonable of her shapely legs.

"Surely it's too early to decide," I smile, "whether you were Wellington or Napoleon?"

"I went into exile," she grins with her incurable faculty for treating tragedy as a jest. "Atlantic City was my St. Helena; there I cried out my eyes to the moan of the sad sea waves."

"At the point where we left off," I put in, "you'd written your poisonous letter to your husband and skipped to Atlantic City. What followed?"

"Nothing of any consequence. I stopped there for two days, and having dabbed my tears on my last handkerchief, returned to the apartment to seek a fresh supply. All my friends were away in Europe or at the seashore. Jeff had believed my letter and made himself scarce. The Avenue was as shuttered as Main Street on a Sunday. There was no one I could turn to; for the first time I had to rely on myself. I determined to discover my worth."

"How do you mean?"

"I joined the ranks of the wage-earners. You probably can't conceive that anyone would be idiot enough to hire me. Neither could I. Nevertheless, I made an audit of my capabilities. They weren't in the plural. I possessed one asset: I'd been taught to be decorative. I decided to cash in on that. To cut a long story short, I visited all the fashionable dressmakers Mummy and I had patronized. At last I was engaged as a model by— But you'll never guess. It's the ripest joke if you're in a mood for jesting."

"I'm not."

"I was engaged by the French house where my bridal-gown was purchased. They'd gained a lot of *kudos* from the press-notices Mummy had inspired. Had they known I needed money, I'm certain they would have given me the go-by; I persuaded them that I was seeking a new sensation.

"I was a good advertisement. I made the store interesting. The saleswomen would whisper my pedigree to customers. I was a lady, so I didn't have to be ordered to park my gum before I paraded. The weather being hot, I rather enjoyed sitting about in my undies.

"One morning while I was showing off a wedding-gown, I was conscious that I was being studied. Not by a man. Sorry to disappoint your romantic tendencies. The watcher was a sensibly tailored woman about thirty, devoid of make-up. She impressed me as being vaguely familiar. Evidently that was how I impressed her, for I could guess from her discreet glances that she was discussing me. When I came out from the dressing-room to display another frock, she was gone.

"As I was entering my apartment-house, carrying my supper in paper bags which I had collected at the neighborhood's delicatessen store, on whom should I clap eyes but the same woman, pressing the button which rings in my apartment. I tapped her on the shoulder inquiring whether I was the person on whom she was calling. She acknowledged that I was.

" 'That's fine,' I told her. 'Holding conversations with oneself the way I've been doing lately isn't all that it's cracked up to be.'

" 'Do you do that too?' she questioned quickly.

"In the elevator, I probed her.

" 'You were in the shop where I work this morning; but I've seen you before.'

" 'I expect you have,' she replied.

"I let it go at that; later she would have to tell me.

"You've been so long a bachelor, Uncle Biff, that probably you've become used to being lonely. I hadn't. Every evening when I returned to the apartment I hoped to see Jeff. I would try to fool myself as I stepped across the threshold: 'It's only Mary.' When I'd closed the door, I would stand listening, my heart pounding. My imagination played me tricks. I'd feel certain he'd returned and was hiding. In the old days he used to do that for the fun of pouncing out on me. So I would search the cupboards. Every night before I dived between the sheets, I would look beneath the bed. Then just as I was falling off to sleep, I'd shoot upright, persuaded that I'd heard the creak of his footsteps. I liked to believe that my sensation of his presence was his thoughts.

"So I was grateful to have anyone, even a stranger, save me from my monotony. She was tremendously practical—a thousand times more so than myself. She cooked a scrumptious meal from the delicatessen oddments I'd purchased. Our shyness had nearly melted by the time we'd finished dish-washing."

"And then?" I prompt.

"Whoever she was, I'd discovered that she was one in a thousand. Pretty, too. With her hat off, she didn't look so competent—just trustworthy. She had curly bobbed hair, darker than mine, nearly chestnut. But you're not interested in the color of her hair. She had one weakness: she smoked. Draping ourselves at opposite ends of the couch, we puffed like chimneys."

"Mary, you can be very tantalizing," I interrupt. "For the love of Mike, who was she?"

"That's what I asked her, Unkie. She said she was Alice—which conveyed precisely nothing.

" 'Well, Alice,' I joked her, "if you're here to sell me mining-stock, I'm bust. But if you've fallen for me as flatly as I have for you, call often.'

"Her answer surprised me. 'If you're poor, I'll gladly lend you money.'

" 'I'm poor as Job's turkey. But how did you guess?"

"When you've come to your senses and are living respectably with your husband, please inform us."

"That set her going.

"'After the magnificence of your wedding,' she said, and she fixed me with her quiet eyes, 'it's given me quite a shock to find you working as a model. Something's gone wrong. I can't guess what. It's something to do with your husband. If you'll tell me, I'm certain I can help.'

"I hadn't had anyone show that much interest in me for ages. The general attitude had been that I'd ceased to be anybody's business the moment I was married. It was my own disaster, whether I sank or swam. As you know, Mummy and Daddy had buzzed off on a two months' automobile tour. If I'd wanted to communicate with them, I hadn't their address—only picture post cards of the beautiful palaces at which they had last stopped. So when a good Samaritan came ringing my doorbell with an offer of sympathy, I accepted her motives at face-value.

"'You poor kid!' she encouraged. By the time I'd ended, she was holding me in her arms.

"'It's a crime.' She pronounced her verdict.

"By rights I was the one who ought to have staged the moist performance; but I'm hard-boiled. She, being ten years my senior, evidently felt that the situation required watering. I had to dab her face with a damp towel and make her sniff smelling-salts. Mind you, her intention had been to comfort me. That was the comic part of it.

"Luckily she saw the joke.

"'What a pair of boobs we are!' she sniffled. 'But you're a bigger boob than I am. You've allowed me to share your meal. You've dragged the family skeleton from the cupboard. If you'd known who I am, you would never have allowed me to cross your threshold.'

"I assured her that I was almost immorally broad-minded and challenged her to startle me.

"'I've followed your doings for years,' she began cautiously. 'To me, you've represented the dream of happiness. I've never been in Europe—never traveled. I've never had beaux—scarcely been to a dance. The public trolley has been my automobile. Everything that you are has stood for romance. And then, your clothes! I've wanted to be pretty. I hope you don't consider me fresh.'

"I begged her to go on.

"She'd worked since she was fifteen, she informed me. Her first employment had been as cash-girl in a department store. She'd studied at night to become a stenographer. Having achieved that ambition, she'd continued studying. From the Y. W. C. A. she'd progressed to extension courses at Columbia University. She'd taken her certificate or whatever they award you, in law and bookkeeping. Having mastered commercialism, she'd turned her attention to culture—literature, languages, God knows what. I asked her what she'd hoped to gain by improving her mind to that extent. Her reply amazed me:

"'I hoped to become a lady.'"

"Why did her answer amaze you, Mary?"

"My dear Unkie, that ought to be as prominent as the nose on your face. Ladies are uneducated. Take myself—I haven't a mind at all. The great difference between women and ladies is that women pull their weight in the world, whereas ladies are proud to be morons."

I cover her hand.

"That's not your opinion, Mary."

"Of course it's not. It's the opinion against which I'm rebelling. It's Mummy's. It's society's. A college-bred girl is sneered at by society. She's supposed to have a common streak, to prefer to be a highbrow when she might be practicing her sex-attraction.

"It appeared that my stranger had believed, poor dear, that all ladies are beloved and happy. As a lady, she wouldn't have to perch in a hired bedroom and come home in the evening to loneliness. She would own a husband, a home and babies. Pathetic, wasn't it? Of course she'd found out too late, what any little fool like myself could have told her, that the more a woman knows, the less men appreciate her.

"I asked her how things had panned out. Was she married? No. Had she a lover? She became confused and changed the topic.

"'It's a fairy-tale that I should be sitting here beside you,' she murmured. 'Since you were launched, I've shared most of your secrets. I addressed the invitations for your coming-out party. At the present time I'm settling the bills for your wedding. This morning when I spotted you, I was paying for the gown in which you were married.'

"Then she began to apologize. To have mailed the check would have been the routine procedure. She hadn't, because she'd seized the excuse for visiting an establishment where gowns could cost a thousand dollars. And there she had seen me, the young princess whose good fortune she had envied, parading as a model.

"'But dear,' I questioned,—nothing like calling a woman *dear*, Uncle Biff, when you're worming a secret out of her,—'how did you happen to be paying my bills?'

"She hung her head. 'You fancied I was familiar. I am. I'm your father's private secretary.'

"The mountain had labored and brought forth a mouse. I almost giggled.

"'That's all right. I won't tell him,' I consoled her.

"Daddy came to visit me, intending to be austere. He cried 'Kamerad' the moment I threw my arms about him."

"'But it's for me to tell you,' she straightened. Then she seized my hands. 'I'm in love with your father.'

"'And I won't tell him that, either,' I comforted.

"'You don't have to,' It seemed she was scarcely breathing. 'He adores me in return.'

"I simply stared. I was too flabbergasted to be resentful. She was too sincere to leave room for doubt. I was trying to visualize my intimidated daddy adoring this tidy woman. You know, Uncle Biff, what a sense of humor my generation has. We scoff at ourselves—at everything. Other people's love-affairs are ludicrous, anyhow.

"At last I found my tongue. 'Why do you confess this to me?'

"I won't pretend to quote her words. What it came to was this: the neat little soul was willing to sacrifice herself to my interests. Her affair with my daddy was to be made a means of coërcing him. If he refused to do his duty by me, she would threaten to approach my mother and expose him.

"'But it won't come to that,' she added. 'He calls me his conscience.'

"For the first time in my experience, Uncle Biff, I was face to face with nobility. I can guess your judgment of her, but picture how she appeared to me! I'd been deserted, short-changed, bullied. I'd done my crying in private, pretending in public that I was as bold as I was painted. Do you imagine I stopped to criticize her? I was burning in hell; she alone, of all the hypocrites who'd left me to die of thirst, had risked burning herself to place water on my tongue. When she'd gone, I realized what she'd done for me. I believed in goodness again. She was a whiter woman than my mummy. My daddy wasn't worthy of her."

"You're exaggerating, Mary," I strive to tone her down. "What you've told me makes my entire life seem futile. I was in love with your mother before she knew your father. I've never ceased to be in love with her. I've played the game by both of them scrupulously. Your bitterness is understandable. But you're actually rejoicing that your father is a double-crosser."

"Bosh! Who's exaggerating now?" She flicks one knee over the other. "Get down to brass tacks. Who did the double-crossing first? I grant you Mummy has been physically faithful to Daddy; but what's that worth when she's sold him in every other direction? Has she ever been interested in him? Has she ever done anything but use him? A wife's a four-flusher who compels her husband to remain with her after she's forfeited his affection and respect."

"Your views on marriage are decidedly Russian," I remark.

"Dash it all!" she snaps. "A man must worship a woman to the point of suicide to marry her. He halves with her all he possesses. He literally consigns the mastering or making of his future to her manicured, idle hands. Can you conceive how prodigiously she has to fail him to wither his passion till nothing's left but indifference? That's how I failed Jeff. That's how Mummy failed Daddy.

"I went on seeing Alice. We became firm friends, which will doubtless affront you."

"In the meanwhile you went on being a model?"

"I had to live."

"And your husband sent you nothing?"

"Why would he?" She is immediately on the defensive. "Have you forgotten my letter—how I'd lied to him that I'd married him for a meal-ticket and had a better beau in sight?"

"So your father came back from his trip," I spur her, "to find that the daughter who he'd seen wedded in March was deserted and struggling for a livelihood."

"You've said it!" She smiles with defiant courage. "Mummy and he called to see me on the evening of their arrival. Mummy, as usual, did the talking. In her opinion I'd disgraced her. The thought that maddened her was how the old cats would meow when the news leaked out.

"Prophecies of scandals followed, ending with the verdict that from now on I must foot the bills for my own follies and look for no financial help."

"But your father was present. Wasn't his opinion consulted?" I question.

"Only indirectly. At one point she feared he was weakening, so she stiffened him by the challenge: 'If your father chooses to be a soft bubble, that's his business. For my part, I wash my hands of you. When you've come to your senses, and are living respectably with your husband, please inform us. Till then it will be useless to hold communication. We're going.'

"She turned to Daddy and drove him before her the way French peasants drive their ganders."

A desolate pause.

"Any complaints, Sergeant?" she inquires brightly.

I clear my throat. "But you did get in touch with your father?"

"He got in touch with me. That was Alice's doing."

"He got in touch with you behind your mother's back," I suggest. "This person whom you call Alice threatened him with exposure."

Mary regards me pityingly.

"In their dealings with women all men are cowards, Uncle Biff. It shouldn't be necessary for me to tell you. A man who can smash a trade-rival or make himself President of these United States will hide in the bathroom to avoid his wife's temper. American husbands are trained to be like that; public opinion is all in women's favor. Alice was the person who saved the situation. She didn't throw the fear of God into him. She made him see facts. She collared Daddy in the office. She lost no chance to nag him. She didn't nag him the way Mummy does, as though she were a lion-tamer—but softly and sorrowfully, saying that she was disappointed in him. Every woman has her own method.

"He came to visit me, intending to be austere. I dressed up

for him. If I can twist you round my finger, what didn't I do to him? I proved devastating. He cried *Kamerad* the moment I threw my arms about him. Halfway through our session, he was begging to be permitted to pay my rent and to make me an allowance. He asked for no explanation of Jeff's conduct. My friendship with Alice wasn't mentioned. His only stipulation was that Mummy should be kept in the dark. I had him eating from my hand."

"So you gave up being a model?"

"Reluctantly, Uncle Biff. Daddy is old-fashioned. It wounded his pride that I should work."

I had been thinking furiously. Were I to broach the subject, it must be now or never.

"Mary, this is the first time I've owned to my discovery. Don't explain if you can't with credit to yourself. On several occasions I've remarked signs of a male visitor in your apartment."

"What's discreditable about that?" She frowns with a child's puzzlement.

I shrug my shoulders.

"Is it safe? At the moment you're neither wife, maid nor widow."

She pulls a face.

"I flattered myself I'd been so careful. What led you to suspect?"

"The smell of pipe-tobacco and the sight of smoldering pipe-ashes. Then one day you made me certain. You had lent me your key. My office was closed; consequently I returned a full hour earlier than you had expected. You didn't hear me enter. I saw— I hate to go further; the door of your room was partly open."

She flings her arms about me, cooing with merriment.

"What a cute little uncle you are! That was Daddy. I've deceived you by letting you believe you're the only man who visits me. It was his secret. Since our friendship is forbidden, Daddy and I have become tremendous pals."

This reinstatement of her character leaves me crestfallen. It makes me less necessary. I am not her only Sir Galahad. I struggle to disguise my pique with a question.

"If your conspiracy with your father is his secret, why are you revealing it to me now?"

She snuggles closer, strangely tender. All her flippancy has vanished.

"Do you remember, Uncle Biff, I challenged you to write a book, quoting me as a horrible example. It was to be the reflection of my naked soul—not a stitch of clothing. It was to be an accusation of your generation by mine. What I wanted to prove was that youth's flaming was your generation's doing. Yours set my generation on fire and then made long noses at it. Our task was to debunk the world of all the rot that people of your age have written about mine."

"That's right," I endorse. "Your biography was to fall into six parts: your coming-out, engagement, wedding, honeymoon and separation. But that makes only five. One's missing."

She presses her smooth cheek against mine.

"It's still missing. You're forgetting. I had to live the sixth before it could be narrated."

"But why the affection, Mary?"

"It isn't lived yet."

SINCE the above was written, Christmas has come and gone. The new year has progressed almost to the anniversary of Mary's wedding. I had given up hope of completing her story, when an event took place as illuminating as the eruption of a volcano.

I was bound on my customary resultless errand, patroling her neighborhood on the chance of encountering her. I had drawn level with Mildred Mansions. A flurry of snow was falling, blurring street-lamps so that objects could be perceived only at a short distance. The hour I judged to be approaching midnight, when out of the wall of whiteness a car pulled to the curb. A man tense with excitement leaped to the pavement. I was preparing to prevent him from snatching my wallet, when without preliminaries he addressed me.

"You're Mary's friend."

"And if I am?"

"You can give me news of her."

"Why should I?"

"I'm her husband."

. . . .

I scrutinize him closely. "A hell of a husband! She's through with you."

"So she wrote me."

"Then what earthly right—"

"No right, except that I'm not through with her."

"So you're the scoundrel," I burst out, "whom I've mistaken for a detective! What's been your game in following me?"

"While I knew you were protecting her, I felt sure she was safe. But she doesn't admit you any longer. You're in my category. You prowl the streets the way I do, hoping that her shadow may fall across the panes, and torturing yourself with conjectures."

"You've been hounding, me," I bluster, "in order that you may pin something on me."

"For Pete's sake!" His annoyance at my idiocy amounts almost to contempt. "Give me a chance. Haven't you noticed what's been happening tonight? I'm desperate. Step into my car. Let me drive you to where we can talk."

He flings wide the door of his car.

"Do me justice. Hear my side." Taking my consent for granted: "Where shall I drive you?"

"To my house," I answer gruffly.

The servants have retired. I am compelled to act as host. Grudgingly I set out the mixings for a high-ball, stir the fire and sign to him to seat himself.

"You consider the atmosphere tainted by my presence," he suggests.

"You state my emotions mildly." I take a sip from my glass. "A man who marries in order to be kept is the lowest thing that crawls."

"I agree; but I didn't."

'Boy, Mary didn't mean a word of that letter. She loved you to the point of sacrificing herself for you.''

I frown across at him. He hasn't the appearance of a villain. I had expected to find him changed for the worse. If I didn't know what I do, I might think him a clean, fresh boy, even purposeful.

"If you didn't marry Mary to be kept," I stab at him, "why did you leave her?"

"You're putting the cart before the horse," he remonstrates. "Won't you be fair? I married her because if I had asked her to wait, some other fellow might have nipped in ahead of me. As for leaving her, that was done at her request."

"Kindergarten tosh!" I retort. "'Whom God hath joined.' Marriage isn't an afternoon call. I've shivered in the trenches. You can guess what would have been the verdict on a deserter whose excuse for running away was that his lieutenant had been impolite?"

"You're accusing me of cowardice." He speaks unresentfully. "I'd lost my job. I had nothing to support her with. She did the leaving. I'd gone to consult my father. When I returned, I found a letter. What was in it is my concern."

"I happen to know." I flick the ash from my cigar. "You seem entirely incapable of viewing yourself in perspective. You were married to a girl in a million—charm, social position, beauty. Neither you, nor any other man, could have rightly deserved her. She was a gift from the gods. What beats me is how you mustered the impertinence—"

My own amazement renders me inarticulate. "I'd as soon chuck away the Kohmoor diamond," I continue. "Didn't you realize your good fortune? Not to have been able to get along with her was preposterous."

"I could have." His eyes plead for tolerance. "But I didn't seek you, sir, to drag up the past. What's happening to her now is so much more important."

"What's happening to her now is the result of the past," I thwart his effort to short-circuit. "You say you could have got along with her. What prevented?"

"Our getting along was never in dispute. If our families had kept their hands off, we could have done that till the cows came home. My family was bad enough; hers was abominable. Her mother's a cat. Do you know her intimately?"

"Well enough, years ago, to have believed I was engaged to her."

"Lucky man to have escaped! It's not too late, I trust, to offer you my congratulations."

I am preparing to say something stinging. He romps on, earnestly:

"Now I've a means of livelihood. Since a kid I've fooled with radio-sets. I went into a factory—was sent West to where my company does the bulk of its manufacturing. One of the bosses noticed me, proving that there are still good Samaritans in the world. He invited me to his home, found out that I was college-bred, speeded me up, put pep into me. Soon I was promoted to be a salesman, sent East and allotted a territory. I've made good. My father is welcome to bestow his charity on some other guy's misfit. I'm on the road up."

"Meanwhile,"—I dart a finger at him,—"for all you cared, Mary might have starved. As it was, to feed herself she had to seek employment. You're mighty complacent in your self-admiration; but your success hasn't benefited *her*. Not a dollar have you sent her."

"Stick to facts. How could I?" he protests long-sufferingly. "You've hinted that you know what was in that letter. She wrote that she'd married me because I was a rich man's son and could support her in the luxury to which she'd been accustomed. The way she put it was that she'd grabbed me for a meal-ticket, only to find that I couldn't keep a roof over her head. It was unfortunate that she should have chosen that word *meal-ticket*. My mother had drummed it into me— 'She married you for a meal-ticket, Jeff.' I'm not asking you to be lenient, sir; I don't need you to tell me that I was a sap, a bone-head—everything that's opprobrious. But consider my provocation. My parents had never approved of my wife. They'd coached me to expect disaster. They'd collected and poured into my ears every malicious morsel of tittle-tattle. I'd lost my job, and Mary had gone back on me. All the bad news they had prophesied was confirmed. Mary herself added the last straw: She scribbled that she was off to Atlantic City with an unnamed rival."

"You misguided ass!" Leaping to my feet, I straddle the fireplace. "From what you've revealed of yourself this evening you're not natively sensitive. Since you entered this house, I've never stopped insulting you, yet you've shown no inclination to reclaim your coat and hat."

He must have guessed that I was beginning to cotton to him. "What ought I to have done?"

"Done!" I exclaim. "Gone after her. Clutched her by the hair. She was worth fighting for."

"Cave-man tactics!" He shakes his head. "They're out of date. I hope you'll pardon me, but you belong to an old-fashioned generation."

Nothing riles me more than patronizing references to my age. All these cubs, and I'm including Mary, expect me to don sackcloth when they remind me of their modernity.

"Old-fashioned be damned!" I splutter. "Are hyenas, elephants and apes old-fashioned? Visit a zoo and test your theories on a lion. Deprive him of his mate, and see whether he's modern. People of your age make me sick. Because you're ineffectual and thin-blooded, you pin compliments to all your errors. I say you acted like a cad; you tell me you were animated by delicacy."

"I was," he defies me. "You're losing sight of the fact that women show as much of their legs as men, these days. Coëducation has emancipated them. They despise us; politically they're our equals; intellectually they reckon themselves our superiors. They play cards for higher stakes. They smoke like fanatics. They carry their own hip-flasks. When they deign to mate, they demand the option to retain their maiden names and to travel on separate passports. American women have pushed the absurdity so far that, when they lasso a foreigner, they stick to their own nationality. The result is anarchy. No sense in kicking; if you're a diplomat, you pretend to applaud.

"A husband today is an unpaid chauffeur, a gigolo, a camp-follower. At best he gratifies the queen bee's maternal instinct; at worst he saves her the expense of tipping a porter. He strips himself of all decision; henceforth she decides every detail of his life. By gosh, if she prefers one kind of cigarette it's up to him to smoke the same. She owns him body and soul; her body and soul remain her private property. If she divorces him, she still gets the bulge on him. Whoever heard of a wife paying her husband alimony? You may ask why a chap who's free is such a simp as to walk into the trap with his eyes wide open. He doesn't. He goes temporarily blind. He sees the girl he desires in a distorted perspective as an exception to all her sex. When the cataracts have been removed by the operation of a honeymoon, he discovers that she's an unshop-soiled edition of his mother-in-law."

"May I halt your flow to remind you," I interrupt, "that in your hatred of your mother-in-law you're not as modern as you fancy."

"What I was about to say," he rushes on, scarcely heeding me, "is that the rewards of marriage are a mirage. At first a thirsty husband refuses to be disillusioned. He tries to educate his wife to fulfill his dreams of romance by proffering her chivalry. The poor dub doesn't realize that he became a workaday hubby the moment he slipped the ring on her finger."

"Of all the anemic mush!" I pass my hand across my forehead. "If these are your views, why are you haunting her?"

"Because I don't care what she's done, I can't live without her."

His shoulders slump. His face is hidden. Of a sudden I feel remorse.

"Boy," I say to him, "that's the first genuine sentiment you've uttered. Mary didn't mean a word of her letter. She's straight as the day you met her."

He looks up.

"Say that again."

"I'm telling you that she loved you to *(Please turn to page 100)*

If you've ever thrilled to "They're Off!" if you've ever trembled on tiptoes as the horses came into the stretch,

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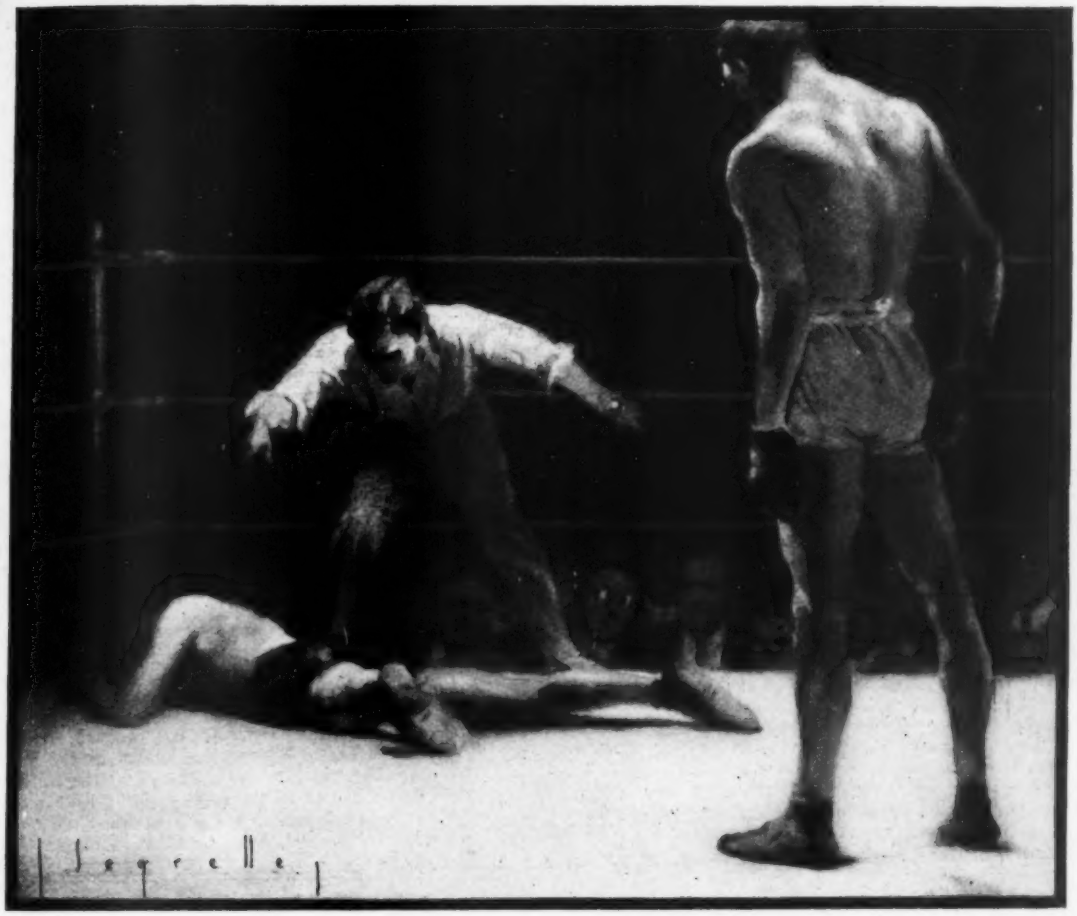


BEFORE *the* KNOCKOUT *—and after*

by Francis Wallace

Illustration by José Segrelles

THE knockout is the keystone and lodestone of boxing—its fulcrum and magnet.

For the crowd it creates the illusion of an iconoclastic orgy of destroying old idols and creating new ones; it produces the paradox of normally staid humanity howling for blood and figurative death during moments of absolute morality, of escape from personal prisons and ecstatic floating in emotional heavens. There is no crowd so fair as the fight crowd, so quick to praise, to reward, to worship—yet none so cruel, so ready to scorn, to damn, to forget.

Because of the mercurial mob, the knockout becomes to the fighter the beginning or the end—a judgment, in the blazing jewel of the ring and the whiter calcium of publicity, of his courage, his manhood, his lifelong preparation for that moment.

For the winner, running eagerly up the hill of pugilism, it is a fillip which speeds his flight toward the golden peak; but to the loser it is too often a blow which sends a prematurely old man staggering down to oblivion—often to poverty, sometimes to groping befuddlement or insanity.

Rome recruited its gladiators from slaves, prisoners of war, condemned criminals and a few venturesome citizens. Boxing gets most of its gladiators from the same comparative levels of our civilization—the hungry lower classes who prefer its golden mirage to the drab pits of industry.

Rome was more merciful. Death came quickly to its fighters. Our gladiators, geared by nature to travel in the unimaginative valleys, are rushed up the hill into the blinding aura, shown the glitter and wonder of the world, led to the edge of the cliff by the flattering music of applause—and pushed off, doomed to wander in the slow, dull valleys, forever dreaming of a glorious past and unfit to cope with a demanding present.

A few, recruited from our most venturesome citizens, go up the hill with eyes open and tongues in their cheeks, fill their pockets with gold and go down gracefully; but for each of these there are thousands of unknown journeymen snorting, skipping and puffing in the gymnasiums, unheard of outside their own narrow sphere, going nowhere, but every one a champion in his heart.

They prefer boxing, with its promise of easy money and celebrity, to ten hours a day at a job. Physical young men, normally equipped to drive trucks, marry early and rear large families, they are lured by the accident of peculiar talent, strength and vanity into the path of the blinding light and seductive music—and become puppets of our sportive moments, *Nick Bottoms, Peter Quinces* and *Francis Flutes* strutting across the outdoor stage toward the inevitable knockout.

Always they strive to please—to roar like lions and present thrilling drama. Always the crowd rewards them with exact payment for what they achieve—snorts for burlesque, laughs for comedy, shrieks for melodrama, sorrow for tragedy, pity for pathos; money and music for the winner, and complete forgetfulness for the deposed idol.

So our gladiators toil in the stadia, glorious Apollos of the moment, trained actors in a theater which has such a frank atmosphere of deceit that it is almost honest—because nobody quite trusts anybody else. No other activity takes more toll of the body than boxing; no assumedly legal pursuit, unless it be politics, is more warping on a soul.

The theater of boxing was fugitive until Tex Rickard, with Dempsey as his Barrymore and Kearns as his director, gave it a Broadway, made it orderly enough for patronage by the "nice people," which was Rickard's definition for those able to pay big money for lavish productions.

Rickard stretched his Broadway from coast to coast, featuring the heavyweights with Dempsey as his star. He produced pageants, policed them and shellacked them with respectability; but boxing had not changed. He used the same plot, sold the same primal thrill; his actors remained the same.

Rickard was a gambler and saloon-keeper at Reno when he promoted his first fight. Kearns was himself an itinerant fighter before he became a manager. Dempsey was a rover who could use his fists.

Tex has gone, and Wall Street is running the Garden—but boxing has not changed. The cast remains the same: hungry fighters with gold teeth, tutored by chiseling managers who deal with slippery promoters—and the cupidity of everybody in the racket accentuated by the increased profits—which must, in turn, be shared with politicians, racketeers, ticket-speculators and other grafters.

Behind the scenes fights may be "fixed;" fighters may be doped; signed contracts are often ignored; managers steal boxers from each other; officials may be bribed; managers and fighters may be intimidated by the guns of gangsters—sometimes beaten; newspapers accept subtle subsidy; Government officials prey on promoters.

I do not wish to imply that all boxing is crooked; but the abuses mentioned occur; and every fighter or manager who ventures into the game must run the gantlet. It is into this atmosphere that the eager neophyte enters; these are the dangers lurking on the hillside as he rushes along with fame in his eyes and applause in his ears—and the boy who reaches the top unblemished is generally regarded as a fistic miracle. Perhaps he himself has never "taken a dive;" and he may be certain that nobody ever "went into the tank" for him; but he never knows what arrangements his manager may have made with the other fighter.

The heavyweights have been exploited as romantic warriors always; these, with the best of the minor champions, have played on the Broadway that Rickard constructed; but below them, behind the names you might recognize, are legions of others in the smaller divisions; and because there are fewer big men, the lighter classes are more crowded. Hundreds of them pass through the mill every year without ever becoming known outside their own little radius; but always the hill is crowded at the bottom, strewn with figures on the way up, littered with those falling down; each a champion in his heart even though he wears but the head of an ass in the ring.

The theater of boxing was still fugitive after Rickard took hold. He was chased out of California with the Johnson-Jeffries fight in 1910 and hurriedly took it to Reno, Nevada. At that time Tex was only a casual promoter; but his native dramatic sense informed him of the financial possibilities in the attempt of the retired white champion to recapture for his race the title which had been won by Jack Johnson.

Johnson knocked out Jeffries, and then embarked upon such an arrogant and reckless tour that he dragged the championship with him when he was forced to flee the country, charged with violating the Mann Act. The search for a "white hope" culminated when Jess Willard, the "Man Mountain," went to Havana and knocked out Johnson. Willard was strictly a business-man who cared nothing for either the thrill or the art of boxing; and the glorious victory which he won for the white race was tainted by the suspicion, since supported by Johnson, that the negro did not fight his best because he was discouraged and needed money.

Dempsey and Kearns met in the West, formed their partnership and were bounced about for a period during which Dempsey lost to Jim Flynn—the one unfavorable mark on Jack's record. Suddenly his apprenticeship ended, and he belted his way with sensational knockouts to a meeting with Willard at Toledo in 1919. He cut the giant Willard for three rounds until Willard's face looked like a bashed tomato, and the fight ended.

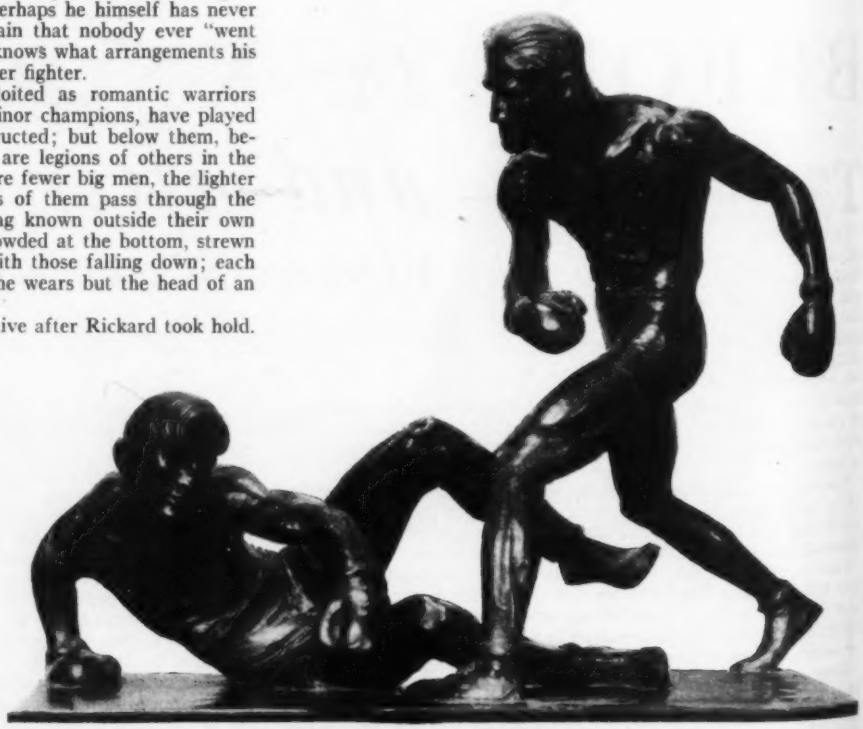
Rickard had never seen Dempsey fight before this contest, but took him on his record. Guided by the shrewd Kearns, the new champion beat a few minor opponents, engaged in vaudeville tours and exhibitions, and then defended his title against Carpentier at Boyles Thirty Acres in the fight which Tex, the showman, labeled "The Battle of the Century."

Since their quarrel in later days, Rickard and Kearns disputed the credit for conceiving this first of the fistic extravaganzas. Kearns held out for three hundred thousand dollars as the Dempsey end and forced Rickard to think of the battle on a gigantic scale; but it was Rickard who did agree to pay the purse. It is probable that neither anticipated the effect of the hysteria which was created by the patriotic issue. Carpentier, advertised as "The Soldier of France," became the symbol of a holy war against Dempsey, who had been photographed during the war in a shipyard wearing patent-leather shoes.

Dempsey, sullen and harassed, knocked out Gorgeous Georges in four rounds and became more unpopular than ever. Rickard realized the possibilities in hysteria and ballyhoo, and applied them commercially in all of his productions thereafter.

Up from the Argentine, searching for fistic gold, came that gigantic adventurer with a right hand, a stout heart and a tough body, "Deadpan Louie" Firpo, also known as the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Dempsey, at the height of his power, finished the untutored Firpo in two of the most thrilling rounds ever fought.

A three-year interlude followed during which many things happened. Dempsey married Estelle Taylor of the movies, traveled abroad, quarreled with Kearns, assumedly because of the marriage, contented himself with the income from byproducts of his title,



The Knockdown—by Mahonri Young

"Beauty is Romance" says Mrs. BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl or beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so lovely and so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess."

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her. "A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

"Pond's," she adds, "provides the best and easiest method of home complexion care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing to keep the skin flower-fresh . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny!"

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four sure, swift, simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

Pond's four delightful preparations to keep your skin always exquisite—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 108 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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and grew fat and soft in acquiring the polishing veneer which every hungry fighter who reaches the top seems to desire. He became known as the best-dressed pugilist and made first-page news by having his beaten nose rebuilt.

Kearns became the bitter enemy of his former pal. Rickard, caught between the two, lined up with Dempsey, and when the period of the Kearns contract had ended, matched him to fight Gene Tunney at Philadelphia.

Tunney sprang from the native habitat of a fighter—the gang of poor boys who played in the streets. One of his brothers became a detective; but apart from this early environment, Gene has ever been an anomaly in the ranks of the plug-uglies, a foreign prince upon their throne. His temperament veered from that of his brothers just enough to avoid the street vulgarities of Greenwich Village. Two of his sisters became nuns; in his early life Gene thought of the priesthood and spent his leisure hours in the parish clubhouse, improving his mind and body, preparing for the opportunity which he hoped to create.

It came through the medium of the war. Although but a light heavyweight in poundage, Gene became heavy-weight champion of the A. E. F.; and when he came back, he turned to boxing, with its promised quick returns, rather than to the clerking job he had held before enlisting in the marines.

Tunney always enjoyed the physical thrill of boxing but detested the atmosphere and environment of the professional game. It was strictly a business, and he continued to devote himself to the task of improving his mind and his body. He avoided the mongrel hangers-on and cultivated the millionaire hangers-on; with a tongue in his cheek he read their books, played their games, wore their clothes, spoke their language. When it became necessary to build himself up to the poundage of a heavyweight, he took to the Adirondacks with his old pal of the war, Bill Osborne, denied himself luxuries, punished his body, disciplined his appetites—and came out to challenge Dempsey.

Photo by Vandamm

Dempsey—"a greater idol in defeat than as champion."

On his bounding leap up the hill, he delivered the final push over the precipice to Carpentier and Tom Gibbons, the latter a popular veteran who had withstood Dempsey for fifteen rounds. At Philadelphia Tunney reached the peak with clear eyes, strong body and disciplined mind, and made a chopping-block of the refined Killer, who staggered down the hill—not knocked out but thoroughly beaten.

Tex called this one the Battle of the Ages; and so it was—the classic meeting of strong youth and the jaded champion.

Dempsey, fighting back up the hill, collided with Jack Sharkey, former sailor who had knocked over Jim Maloney, former fish-seller of Boston, and Harry Wills, one-time stevedore whose shadow, pursuing Dempsey for five years, had grown hollow and decrepit.

The Killer knocked out the second-rater and bounded back to the top for a return match with his successor.

Chicago—and the supreme achievement of Rickard, Tex et Promoter, *et* Gambler, *et* Showman, who commanded that the boxing world be enrolled in that town.

Conventions, homecomings, family reunions and social revels were timed to coincide with the date of the Big Fight. Fifty thousand visitors arrived in ten thousand automobiles, fifty special trains and one hundred airplanes to be among the 145,000 who spent an estimated fifteen million dollars in total expenses to see the fight.

The most brilliant, representative and democratic group assembled in the history of the human race was at the ringside—men and women of genius, culture and intelligence; leaders of society, education, business, government and sport; sixteen Governors, innumerable Congressmen, mayors and minor Governmental officials.

Princess Xenia of Greece, who arrived by airplane from New York; One-eye Connolly, who arrived by box-car; the Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale; Al Jolson; Mrs. Vincent Astor; Knute Rockne; Tom Meighan; Viscount Castlereigh; Jack Sharkey; Charles Schwab; Jim Jeffries; Alfred Sloan; Jerry the Greek; Clarence Mackay; William Fox; Reverend John Cavanaugh, former president of Notre Dame University; Baron Sholto; Gloria Swanson; Walter Chrysler; Howard Vanderbilt; Cyrus McCormick; Irvin Cobb; Tom Taggert; Judge Landis; Marshall Field; Jacob Ruppert—these were reported at the immediate ringside.

What wealth, genius, mediocrity, depravity lay dormant in that crowd of which the above were only a few of the famous? No doubt there were murderers, saints, luminaries incognito and future greats peering through the mask of the mob.

The moment of high drama came at 10:34 when Tunney crumpled under the last charge of the Old Killer and was on the floor for the first time in his career.

It was the judgment for Gene Tunney.

Five of the twelve people who died from heart failure induced by the fight dropped during that famous count. Two prisoners in San Quentin forgot they were to die in the morning. Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray were among the fifteen doomed of Sing Sing who escaped their thoughts. Hospital pains were stilled. Passengers on ships in midocean, on swiftly moving trains, ranchers in Australia, farmers in South Africa, Indians in Mexico, staid M. P.s in London, the American Legion Convention in Paris, waited at the radio or telegraph wire—

Would Tunney get up?

Whether the count was fourteen or nineteen seconds, the lifelong preparation of Gene Tunney was vindicated as he arose, sound body on young legs following the dictate of a disciplined will. Gene got on his famous "bicycle" and backed away so fast that Dempsey, slowed up by the years of luxury, carelessness and hard living, could not catch him.

At the end Tunney, with his head *(Please turn to page 118)*

"Many Men are Failures because of *INTESTINAL FATIGUE*"

declares Italy's great Physician-Statesman

GRANDE UFFICIALE PROFESSORE DOTTORE RAFFAELE PAOLUCCI, of Rome . . . Director of the Lanciano Hospital, physician, statesman . . . is one of the most commanding figures in European medical and political life.

REMEMBER those dreams you had when you were a boy? Dreams of achievement, success . . .

Why haven't they come true?

Here is what a famous European physician has to say . . . Dr. Raffaele Paolucci, a noted clinic head and vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Deputies . . . a man who has made his mark in *two* great fields of work.

"Frequently," Dr. Paolucci says, "a doctor comes upon really strong personalities who have been unsuccessful because of the effects of constipation—'intestinal fatigue.'

"How can this condition be corrected? Obviously not by purgatives and laxative pills," he explains.

"Fresh yeast," he declares, "strengthens 'tired' intestines, restoring their activity so that poisons no longer form. Appetite and digestion improve . . . the individual's whole appearance is freshened."

Is this how you feel? Intestinal poisons may be the cause, doctors say. Correct this trouble with yeast.

Think of it—just a simple fresh food that brings really natural relief from constipation . . . that tones up your whole system . . . helps you regain mental alertness, energy, "pep"!

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G, and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Noted Hospital Heads agree:—

DR. PONTOPPIDAN, of Copenhagen's Municipal Hospital, says, "I have had excellent results from fresh yeast for run-down conditions caused by constipation."

DR. ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's St. Göran Hospital, says, "Yeast cleanses the intestines . . . helps free the system of poisons."

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"I felt groggy from constipation," *writes* George F. Sullivan *of Mattapan, Mass.* "Fleischmann's Yeast cleared out my system and brought back appetite and sleep."

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like.

***Art E. Walker* and *Nick B. Mamer*, who established a unique transcontinental air record with their famous Spokane "Sun God," write: "For some time before our flight we ate Fleischmann's Yeast, on the advice of dietitians. It kept our systems 'regular' and in tip-top condition."**

"Yo' wife Emm'line lookin' fo' you dis mawnin.' She heah you got yo'se'f a job."

Another WOW

by Arthur K. Akers

No School *for* Scandal

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

Miss Lucy Snellgrove, head of the Snellgrove Seminary for Young Ladies, sat at her desk and pondered deeply the school's two greatest needs—a larger endowment and a new janitor.

The former seemed at last in prospect, although slightly girt about with conditions. But the latter was apparently no nearer fulfillment than on the fatal night when the last incumbent had hastily left the school in an automobile and an uproar over the student-elopement which he had abetted under the impression that he was zealously preventing it. Now Miss Snellgrove re-read a letter that had come to her that day. It was from an elderly and impeccable gentleman in New Jersey, Mr. Norman Northrop. Mr. Northrop revealed himself as possessing money and a Problem. The Problem was of the very nature that Miss Snellgrove felt herself most capable of solving—Mr. Northrop's twin granddaughters, whom he was desirous of suitably educating. Not only scholarship but a certain absence of hard glitter in the cultural polish—that was what he wished brought to the lovely but oversophisticated exteriors of his dead daughter's daughters.

Mr. Northrop's Southern travels, he admitted, had been confined to pure flights of fancy. But he liked the idea. He felt there might be an indefinable and individual flavor to an education gained in so romantic a region. And between the lines one read intimations of a certain despair at coping further with what he termed a deplorable tendency toward modernity on the part of his young wards.

But it was a latter portion of his letter that caused Miss Snellgrove to draw a sharp breath and look appraisingly out of her window at what she already saw herself designating in her next catalogue "Proposed Site for Norman Northrop Hall."

For that gentleman had indicated that where his granddaughters were, there would his treasure be also—to the tune of a hundred-thousand-dollar addition to the endowment of the school that should be so fortunate as to make them happy in it. The condition that he attached to this was that his granddaughters, despite their tendency to go modern, should be—and continue—pleased with the institution that he proposed to endow.

Finally, he and the two young women in question—the Misses Louise and Helen Colvin—would be down immediately to visit the Seminary, with just these things in mind.

Which made the continued absence of a permanent janitor for the school the more distressing. For with Miss Snellgrove cleanliness was so close to godliness that a cigarette-paper could scarcely be introduced between them. And much as she deprecated the existence of the masculine half of the country's population, they admittedly had their uses in firing a heating-plant, working a garden—or endowing a school for the higher education of young ladies.

Here in Demopolis, where her school was situated, ordinary manual labor was set aside by almost unanimous consent for the dusky portion of the town's population. To which belonged Lucille, the institution's feather-witted upstairs maid.

Lucille interrupted her employer's dreams of a new dormitory just here to announce quite a different caller.

"Man out heah to see you, Miss Lucy," she volunteered obviously.

"What sort of man, Lucille?"

"I aint rightly know, ma'am: hit's hahd to tell jes' by lookin' at him. Say he wants hisse'f a job of work; an' I knows you's needin' a jan'tor, so I tells him maybe you see him."

"Very well, Lucille; you may show him in."

Which introduced Jeff Baker.

"Mawnin', ma'am," issued a mournful greeting from somewhere in the upper portion of Jeff's vest, as of a turtle speaking with

"Lawd, Miss Lucy, come down in de basement! Y'all wouldn't b'lieve hit! Y'all got to see fo' yo'se'f."

A man past 40

Because of his position, the man "higher up" may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) and get away with it. But with the employee whose shoes are easy to fill it's a different story. Records show that halitosis is excuse enough for letting a man go—especially if his work puts him in contact with others whom he may offend.

There can be no denying that it is a definite barrier to business and social progress.

And the insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. It simply cannot be detected by its victims.

Remember also that not one person in ten escapes halitosis entirely. Every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise or are already present.

Decaying or poorly cared for teeth may cause it. Or pyorrhea and catarrh. Or excesses of eating or drinking which cause temporary stomachic disorders.

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to use Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle, every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others.

Listerine ends halitosis because it is an antiseptic and germicide* which attacks fermentation, decay, and infections which cause odors. It is also a swift deodorant, overcoming even strong scents such as those of onion and fish. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it daily. Common decency demands it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts up to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

Listerine *ends* halitosis

Half the masculine population of Baptist Hill seemed trying to escape simultaneously.

waiting to put forth his head. "Is you crave yo'se'f a good jan'tor?"

Miss Snellgrove's lips compressed. Before she employed any more janitors, there was going to be a more thorough understanding than she had had of and with the last one!

"What is your name?" she began her questionnaire.

"Name Jeff, ma'am—Jeff Baker."

"Ah, *Jefferson?*"

"Naw'm; aint nobody never call me nothin' cep'n jes' Jeff."

"Very well, Jefferson. Are you married?"

Jeff took time out to scratch his head. The matter required study. "I aint know, ma'am," he at length compromised.

Every hair on the back of Miss Snellgrove's New England conscience bristled.

"Don't know!" she ejaculated sternly. "What do you mean applying for a position at a school of pronounced moral atmosphere, and saying you don't *know* whether you are married or not?"

Jeff shifted his weight awkwardly to a fresh leg. These Northern white folks were funny about some things. In this case frankness might be the best policy, at that, for a boy who needed a job around close to a good kitchen somewhere.

"Hit's on 'count me bein' weak in de 'rithmetic," he explained. "Dat's huccome I cain't never ricollect is I got two weddin's an' three d'vo'ces; or three weddin's an' two d'vo'ces. Emm'line come in dar somewhar. Dat whut I gwine study out, soon as gits me de time to set down. Anyhow, an' 'sides, I's off of women fo' life, on 'count of her. Aint nothin' to dis gittin' ma'ied."

Jeff had made a home-run and didn't know it! Miss Snellgrove could not help relaxing slightly toward anyone who threw his full weight into the scales in favor of celibacy, and against the snares and delusions of matrimony. Evidently here was a burnt child still busily engaged in dreading the fire. Miss Snellgrove wished that more of her pupils had their minds thus nobly set and centered.

"Very well, then, Jefferson," she decided. "We will waive that."

"Yes'm, wave hit all about," agreed Jeff amiably. This white lady looked like a broom- and duster-hound to him, but she was undoubtedly fixing to talk his language in a minute now.

"But Jefferson, before I employ you," she resumed, "I want you to understand that this is a very high-grade institution—one that raises its own poultry and vegetables for its table, and where standards are high and the moral level higher still. No breath of scandal must ever cloud the school's escutcheon. Even the janitor must be above reproach, his private life an open book. Do you understand?"

There was a fine light in Miss Snellgrove's eye, a ring in her voice. Jeff responded to it nobly.

"Yas'm, I gits you. Pick me up an' read me anywhars. Emm'line jes' read me in de wrong place, is all. You means dis heah school all busted out wid class. Dat's me all over—class. Ge false front to my shirt, nohow—w'ars hit ev'y time I cleans up Ev'rybody look at me an' say me an' you runs first-class school

Miss Snellgrove never could get used to the informality of he help. But there was no gainsaying the wealth of personal and professional loyalty that Jeff was preparing to back up and dump in at the school's basement door, just as soon as he should establish formal relations with its pay-roll and kitchen.

"Well, Jefferson," she at length quieted faint misgivings on the part of her better judgment, "suppose we say, then, that you are our janitor—on trial. And if you do well, we will—ah—make the relation permanent. Am I clear?"

"Yas'm, sho is. Is I do all right, makes me jes' same as kinfolks round de place," outlined Jeff. "Knows all 'bout raisin tu'nips an' chickens, too. Me an' *my* chicken move right in Whar at de kitchen? Whut de cook's name?"

Miss Snellgrove's previously mentioned better judgment made one last desperate effort to get a hearing.

"Your chicken?" she questioned suspiciously.

"Yas'm. Jes' ol' rooster name' Tawm, whut I keeps 'bout me. He won't pester you none. Jes' sleep in de basement wid me. Me an' him aint got no kinfolks n'r nothin' since Emm'line—"

Jeff's loneliness—and that of Tom—touched Miss Snellgrove and sense lost another round to sentiment thereby. Her better judgment took the count with:

"Very well, then, Jefferson. The cook's name is Julia. And I will allow the chicken, but he must conduct himself well."

"Gwine sell him off if he aint," responded Jeff cryptically.

After which he didn't hang around and risk bringing up fresh notions in Miss Lucy's mind. Never stir up the white folks with new notions—they've got too many now—headed the list of Jeff's personal by-laws.

Within an hour he was back with a wheelbarrow, in which was the trunk that even the most destitute Southern darky invariably owns. And a small crate which it was perhaps just as well that Miss Snellgrove did not see.

Jeff hit the kitchen just as Julia finished an unfriendly gesture with a broom in the direction of Lucille, the maid. Plainly, the pair weren't getting on well together—which forced a fast decision on him. Jeff had spent a lifetime in not antagonizing cooks. But in this case which was the cook?

Instinct fortunately stepped in where reason failed, and Jeff guessed right—thereby laying the foundation for both future meals and future trouble. For Jeff followed up his decision by beginning to shine up to Julia right away—thereby making an enemy of Lucille.

What he saw in his own domain pleased him. The boiler-room

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

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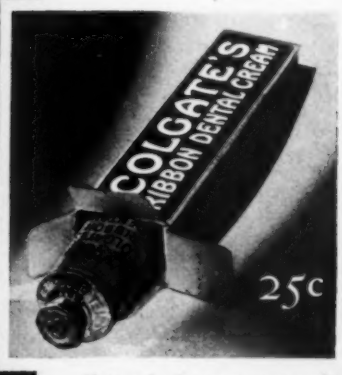
Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-615, P. O. Box 507, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

opened directly on an alley that ran to the rear of the school buildings, and the alley opened toward town. In Jeff's business, blind alleys weren't so good. The basement, moreover, was roomy, and its acoustics desirably poor in respect to conveying the wrong sounds upward to the quarters of the high-principled principal above-stairs.

For all of which reasons Jeff gave it his approval. He and Tom would do well there, as soon as he got in touch with his friend Frisco Johnson on Baptist Hill.

This settled, Jeff eased back upstairs to sound out his luck. Apparently there wasn't any.

"Got mo' business dan I can 'tend to now, messin' wid dat triflin' Lucille gal, widout feedin' no no-count alley boys," Julia issued a brief résumé of her general feeling and attitude in respect to him.

"Dat Lucille aint got no sense," volunteed Jeff strategically. Unfortunately Lucille overheard him—a matter which was to come up later.

"You aint been heah no mo' dan a minute, an' you sees *dat* a'ready!" Julia thawed slightly. "How you like yo' aigs?"

"Any way you cooks 'em, Miss Julia. Why, wuz *you* to slam a skilletful of beans in front of me whut you'd done cooked, I'd say: 'Lay still, strawberries—don't push dat whipped cream aside no further!'"

"G'wan from heah, boy!" guffawed Julia. "Go choke yo'se'f to death on some dis heah ham I wuz fixin' to take home to myse'f."

"Dies happy, den? Gimme li'l cawn-braid too—fo' Tawm."

"Tawm? Tawm who?"

"Jes' rooster whut room wid me in de basement."

"Huccome de rooster?"

"Tawm aint got no kinfolks. I raises him from a' aig. Me an' him look after each other. 'Side from dat, us aint puttin' out nothin'—yit."

"Uh—huh. Wait twel Miss Lucy find hit out. You heah some-p'n den! You be puttin' out plenty, tryin' fix up you' business wid her."

"She done know enough 'bout Tawm now. But hit's de paht whut she *aint* know dat keeps her happy. B'lieve all de time in makin' ev'rybody happy."

Jeff fed Tom, and wrought skillfully with his shovel. The school was warm for the first time since his predecessor's flight; and in a glow of comfort Miss Snellgrove congratulated herself prematurely that diamonds—and janitors—sometimes came in odd-looking packages.

A wire had reached her stating that Mr. Norman Northrop and granddaughters had already entrained, and were speeding south. Everything depended now on a good impression being made on them by the school.

Jeff listened numbly to the long roll of things he had to do. It just showed what a boy could inadvertently expose himself to in his efforts to eat.

"—And as I told you, Jefferson," Miss Snellgrove finished primly, "the Seminary is an institution of the highest standards. Everything about it is to betray a zealous regard for its integrity and reputation for sponsoring only the finer things of life. I hope you will never forget that, no matter what you may be engaged in doing."

Jeff batted his eyes admiringly under the barrage of big words. Miss Lucy sure knew how to wrap old language about a boy's ears!

"Yas'm," he assured her, "I gits you: wants ev'ything slick up so dis heah new white gent'man'll think us keep hit dat way all de time. Aint nobody eat wid dey knife 'bout de place twel he gone."

"Jefferson!"

Jeff drew his cotton jumper about him hurriedly. Sure was getting cold around where Miss Lucy was standing and looking at a boy, all frozen-up and stiff-like!

After which—in the interest of restoring himself to her favor—Jeff put on Herculean efforts. Gravel walks grew neat, and leaves disappeared from gutters.

But meanwhile the jealous and embittered Lucille slipped below-stairs and came upon Tom, meditative in his crate.

"So *dat's* hit!" spoke Lucille to herself. And the class in addition met—putting two and two together in the vindictive mind of Lucille, and getting a total that couldn't be far wrong. . . .

"Me an' Tawm aint got no kinfolks nor nothin'."

With the pre-endowment cleaning finished, Jeff crawled feebly forth toward Baptist Hill on his own business. If the school kept him too busy to go abroad, he would arrange to bring his outside activities into the school—which involved converse with his compatriot and competitor, Frisco Johnson.

Frisco dozed outside a barbecue-stand where the sun was warm even in winter, and aroused himself with difficulty at the advent of Mr. Baker.

"Yo' wife Emm'line lookin' fo' you dis mawnin'," Frisco blotted out the sunlight for Jeff on sight. "She done heah you got yo'se'f a job."

"Dat gal keep on messin' wid me," Jeff gloomed, "an' I got to check up wid de jedge, see how I stands wid her. 'Sides, dat aint got nothin' to do wid mine an' you' business. Us got good place now—you comes right 'long up de alley to de back do' of de school basement. An' not make no fuss. Miss Lucy fixin' git a flock of money 'way from a white gent'man whut comin' down heah from up Nawth. She aint even let a fishin'-wu'm use he toothpick round whar nobody can see him right now."

"I be dar—'bout eight 'clock," Frisco acquiesced. "Wid my money."

Around the railroad station before train-time, Jeff grew as prominent as mud on a party dress. All swelled up with responsibility. Miss Lucy had sent him in the school's car.

Jeff spotted Mr. Northrop and the Misses Colvin before the train had fully stopped. This Northern gentleman might be a philanthropist, estimated Jeff in his own words, but he looked like the sort of white folks that took a receipt-in-full every time they bought a postage-stamp. Not a tip in a carload, was the way he sized up Mr. Northrop.

But the granddaughters—

"Dem ladies sho' is easy on de eyes!" admired Jeff to himself as he scrambled for their baggage.

"Miss Snellgrove say fo' me fotch you right over to de Cemetery," he introduced himself while he did it. "I's her pussonal jan'tor. Us done clean up ev'rything special fo' you-all."

One of the Misses Colvin lit a cigarette daintily, took two hasty puffs, and flung it from her. For the honor of old Snellgrove, Jeff restrained himself from leaping gutterward for it. Evidently Grandfather was Victorian, and around him feminine smoking was of the bootleg variety.

Miss Snellgrove met them with all the warm-hearted Southern cordiality to be expected of a Massachusetts lady who saw a hundred thousand dollars entering her school doors accompanied by two paying pupils who would remain if they liked it—as would the hundred thousand.

Politely bored, the twins parked themselves gracefully on a sofa upon which a Yankee general had once spent a restless night, and awaited the worst.

"Undoubtedly you are all tired after your long journey," said Miss Snellgrove. "After dinner, which is at seven, you can acquaint yourselves more fully with our truly unique institution. We even raise our own vegetables and poultry for the table. I feel very sure you will like it here, my dears."

"Undoubtedly."

"So quaint," ran the serialized murmurs of the twins.

Mr. Northrop was more talkative.

"Already I feel the charm of your institution, Miss Snellgrove," he chirruped. "There is an atmosphere here that is all too rare in these decadent times. A certain aura of refinement, if I may say so. I trust you do not permit smoking by the students, Miss Snellgrove?"

"There *was* a case once—about two years ago." Miss Snellgrove's pause clearly intimated that she had nothing to conceal—and that the offender had been suitably and quietly disposed of, with her grave left unmarked out of deference to her family.

The Colvin twins exchanged glances.

"Have you a time-table—of northbound trains?" was the extent of their polite murmurings, one to the other.

"I should be proud," continued Mr. Northrop, "to have my name associated in a small way with such an evident influence for good in these, if I may say so, irreverent days. I had thought, as I wrote, of a dormitory. You need a dormitory, do you not? As a sort of monument it must bear

my name, in that case. Provided, of course, that, on further acquaintance my granddaughters feel that they would be happy here as students. Their happiness comes foremost in whatever decision I reach."

The two beautiful Deciding Factors merely exchanged glances, and yawned in a well-bred manner.

"They raise their own chickens for the table. Fancy!" breathed one.

"Even a subway jam will look good, day after tomorrow—after this!" her sister turned slender young thumbs decisively down on the Snellgrove Seminary.

"Jefferson and Lucille, here, will show you to your rooms." Miss Snellgrove saw a good place to end the chapter. She must have opportunity at once, alone, to devise ways for winning the Colvin twins.

Unquestionably she had won Grandfather. And Grandfather had the money. But two charming and frankly bored young obstacles still stood coolly between her and any sod-breaking for Northrop Hall.

"You sho' do carry dat baggage good." Jeff admired Lucille discreetly on their way upstairs in advance of the guests. Jeff had managed unerringly to select the largest—but lightest—bag for his own share.

"Nemmind comin' round tryin' to make up to me!" panted Lucille under her load. "I's fixin' put a tuck in you fo' whut you done."

That evening, while the white folks were busy making a good impression on each other in the dining-hall upstairs, Jeff was variously busy in the basement. That was his own domain. Cooks and maids—and ex-wives—didn't bother a boy when he was fooling around the furnace and adjacent territory.

It being a warm night, Jeff built up a good hot fire—after the custom of his race—and began getting down to the real business of the evening: that which he had arranged with Frisco.

At eight o'clock Frisco arrived. Under his arm was a bundle that would have caused consternation in the chaste circles upstairs. And then, following Frisco, an unprecedented condition arose in the alley.

OVER his coffee, in the school parlors, Mr. Norman Northrop was expanding. He had just learned that there wasn't a night-club in Demopolis—and had practically decided to add an extra story to Norman Northrop Hall to express the way he felt about it. That is, if his granddaughters finally put the seal of their approval upon the school.

At which stage, "Blah!" breathed Miss Helen Colvin to her twin.

"Excruciating—the pain in my neck, I mean," sympathized her sister. "I understand they play Drop the Handkerchief in the gym here every Tuesday for the pure deviltry of the thing."

A wild-eyed Lucille burst dramatically in.

"Lawd, Miss Lucy! *Come down in de basement!*" she exploded excitedly.

"Why, what is it, Lucille? Calm yourself." Miss Snellgrove arose. Disturbing things simply didn't happen in a well-run seminary.

"Aint no use tryin' *tell* you, Miss Lucy!" panted the crafty Lucille. "Y'all wouldn't b'lieve hit nohow! Y'all got see fo' yo'se'fs! In de basement!"

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Thin-lipped, Miss Snellgrove stepped forward.

"By all means!" one twin signaled her answer to the unspoken question contained in the pertly cocked eyebrow of the other.

"I shall go with you, Miss Snellgrove. It may be a rough character," gallantly offered Mr. Northrop, falling in at the rear of the suddenly formed cellarward procession.

Firmly Miss Snellgrove pressed the light-switch at the head of the basement stairs—and shrank horrified at the revelation before and below her. If Mr. Northrop saw—

AT widely scattered points below sounded the sudden crash of glass as half the masculine population of Baptist Hill seemed trying to escape simultaneously through three small cellar windows.

Sounds of barrels overturning and boxes splintering mingled with the agonizing echoes of one fleeing darky smashing through the remainder of the school's winter supply of blackberry jam on a low-hung shelf that blocked his terrified way.

Fast and foremost among the fugitives was that stanch upholder of the school's honor, Jeff—Jeff with all the genial but gray-faced gayety of a host whose home-brew party is just being raided by the police.

"Dar he! I done git even wid him now!" the vengeful Lucille voiced her satisfaction. "Make small of me some mo', an' I tell on you *ag'in!*"

It was the Colvin twins who seemed first to take in the cause and significance of the motley gathering below. Enigmatic gasps escaped them.

"*Pr-ice-less!*" breathed one, so close that the flabbergasted Miss Snellgrove could not help but overhear. "Simply priceless!"

Tears of rage, mortification and defeat came to Miss Snellgrove's eyes. Norman Northrop Hall was vanished now. Mr. Northrop would never absolve her for this. In one dissolute moment this unspeakable Jefferson had wrecked and nullified all her hopes!

Behind her Mr. Norman Northrop was still striving for a better view—a better understanding of what he had briefly glanced below-stairs, when parties unknown snapped the light-switch, throwing a merciful darkness over the last fleeing stragglers and an astonishing spectacle.

"Come, Mr. Northrop; let us return to the parlors," dissembled Miss Snellgrove weakly and hurriedly. "And you, Lucille, will you see that the—ah—*débris* is promptly removed down there?"

On the way back to the parlors Mr. Northrop's face was a puzzle, while his granddaughters' were twin masks. Miss Snellgrove wrung her hands despairingly in the dim halls, and deplored the absence of the guillotine in America.

"They raise their own, too. She said so!" one twin was arguing coolly with the other. "I shall speak to Grandfather about it."

"Tel'phone, ma'am," the complacent Lucile airily interrupted later strained talk in the parlors on every subject save that which was uppermost in all their minds.

And now: "Police station speaking, ma'am," came a blurry voice over the wire. "Sorry to disturb you, but we've got a janitor of yours locked up here. Name's Jeff. It seems he got so scared about something happened up at your school that he went home, by mistake. And his wife Emmeline's just nabbed him there, and had him arrested—"

"*Arrested?*"

"Yes'm—for bigamy. Jeff wants you to come down and bail him out."

Something human though un-Christian stirred exultingly in that slough of despond that was Miss Snellgrove's heart. Too late to do her any good though it was, retribution had overtaken Jeff at last! Jeff, the snake in the grass! Jeff, who had nullified all her efforts, wrecked all her hope of Northrop Hall by being discovered shamelessly holding a public cock-fight in her basement—within the sacred precincts of her school! So *that* was the kind of rooster Tom was!

A thing that was bound to make her an accessory, an accomplice in the eyes of this visiting philanthropist and his bored thumbs-down granddaughters!

And now the police had Jeff. At least to that extent, justice was working in the world at last. But alas, too late, irreparably too late for Northrop Hall!

"*H-m-m!* Bigamy?" she repeated into the telephone. "And what—ah—is the usual penalty for that in this State, Officer?"

"Well, ma'am, that all depends," came the voice of the law. "But right now, with cotton-pickin' finished, the judge is generally pretty severe on bigamists. Fact is, I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't give this Jeff thirty days."

"Oh!" exploded Jeff's employer and victim. "Can't it— Ah—I mean— *Just a moment, please, Officer.*"

Miss Snellgrove's ears had caught something outside the receiver—something vital and heart-halting. And eavesdropping might be not only unavoidable but pardonable when—as now—one's own lost hundred thousand was again under discussion in the school parlors just off the entryway.

"Why, how could you ever get such an idea, Grandfather!" one granddaughter was being charmingly indignant about something. "I tell you, we *like* it here—*now!* We just got it wrong, at first. We hadn't seen its possibilities before, was all. We only just now had our eyes opened to what an absolute old *sport* this Miss Snellwood *is!* And we are *for* her. Why, bull-fighting and dog-racing on the campus wouldn't surprise us a bit *now!*"

Under which Grandfather seemed game but increasingly groggy—not to speak of proving far less well-informed on current events than Miss Snellgrove had feared.

"Er—I want you to be where you are happy, my dears," he floundered to reconcile past and present. "But I had gathered quite otherwise—that you distinctly disliked this place, in fact. Not to mention thinking that I momentarily heard and caught sight of a *rooster* in the basement here—crowing most lustily above what looked like a fallen foe."

Twin looked at twin—pityingly. Dotage, one inferred in all kindness, came earlier to some than to others.

"Not a thing to it, Grandfather," these modern maidens assured him as one. "Here we stay. Why, hasn't Miss Snellwood been telling you all evening that this school raises its own chickens? Well, it kills 'em too—that's all *you* saw. And here's your fountain-pen, all filled, darling! We want a nice suite for our second year here anyhow—in Norman Northrop Hall!"

"ER—I'll be right down, Officer, with the bail for Jefferson," Miss Snellgrove was speaking happily into the phone.

But what she was really doing was acknowledging that Jeff had saved instead of sunk her, that cock-fighting might have its place in the educational scheme after all—when an endowment hung in the balance and a high moral tone had failed lamentably to do its stuff!

FREE SOIL

(Continued from page 86)

the door bang shut behind her, wasn't Lucia. Carson Blake, staring in blank horror, wished to heaven it had been Lucia—or anybody but this plump, self-satisfied, middle-aged woman, whose clothes and haircut were just a little wrong. She stared at him—at the floor littered with pearls, at the cigarette smoldering on the rug; at the whisky bottle and the empty glasses on the table. Then she stared at Anita—flushed, rumpled, disheveled—and her tight little mouth pursed in disgust.

"Another one, Kit?" Anita flung at him hysterically. "Really, I think you might have given me a list of them! Then I could have asked them all to lunch together, and we could have sat around and got acquainted, and told each other the story of our lives—"

The other woman jerked her head scornfully.

"Who's this, Father?"

FATHER! The word hung in the air; and Carson Blake felt that the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken.

"Anita, this is my daughter, Mrs. Parks. . . . Mrs. Parks. . . . Mrs. Burch, Leila." Imprudently he added: "Mrs. Burch and I are going to be married. Tomorrow."

Leila didn't say, "I should hope so." She merely looked it. Anita saw the look.

"Oh, no!" she said wildly. "We're not going to be married. I'm only a—a woman he picked up in a broker's office. . . . I'm going now, Kit. Give my pearls to the scrubwoman—they're synthetic."

He snatched the cape out of her hand, forced her back into her chair. He felt masterful—till he looked around and met his daughter's eyes.

"Why does she call you Kit, Father?" He couldn't explain to her, any more than he could have explained to her mother, how any woman could call him Kit Carson, the Boy Scout. "Father, you—you aren't living under an assumed name, are you?"

That broke the spell.

"I certainly am not! Leila, you're crazy! We're all crazy, just now; but Anita and I have some excuse. We've just been through a—a rather trying scene." (Leila's eyes said, "I can well believe it.") "But if you had the sense you were born with," he finished furiously, "you'd

know I'm using my own name—you called me up this afternoon."

"I didn't call you up; I only just got to town." (So it had been Lucia, after all!) "Dan had to make a business trip to Schenectady," said Leila, "and I thought I'd come with him and run down here, to talk something over with you that I didn't want to write about."

"Why didn't you telegraph me, so that I could meet you?"

"I didn't think of it, I was so worried."

He knew that was a lie. She had come to surprise him, to see what he was doing in New York.

"I thought of bringing the children," she added. "But fortunately—"

She broke off; but he knew what she meant. So did Anita.

"What were you so worried about?" he grunted.

"Junior. . . . That's my brother," she explained to Anita. "He—he's having a love affair, Father. Quite a dreadful person—she's been divorced twice; and he wants to marry her. We're all terribly upset about it. But no doubt we take such things too seriously," she finished, rolling her eyes toward Anita in all-embracing Christian charity.

CARSON BLAKE opened the door. "Leila, get out! . . . Where are you staying? . . . . The Commodore? All right. I'll lunch with you there, tomorrow, and tell you a few things; and perhaps after that Mrs. Burch will let you apologize to her. But don't you dare leave town till I've talked to you."

"I want to talk to you too, Father. There's trouble at the factory. Junior wanted to use the surplus for expansion, but Uncle Ned put it into the stock market—not call-loans; he bought stocks with it. This last week, it's all gone. They'll have to pass the dividend this quarter. I was hoping you might come back home and straighten things out. I suppose you've been making so much money in New York that you don't need your dividends, but for the sake of the rest of us— "

"For your sake!" he said. "I thought Ned and Junior between them could run the business, after I built it up. But I suppose— Well, never mind that. You lunch with me tomorrow, and if you behave yourself maybe we'll let you come to the wedding."

He tried to be gay, paternal, conciliatory; but he found himself looking uneasily toward Anita for confirmation. And Anita said nothing; she was staring stonily at the wall. . . . She still sat and stared, after Leila had gone.

"Anita," he said, "if that company stops paying dividends, I'll have about five thousand a year. Would you—would you marry me on that?"

She stirred slightly.

"Oh, yes. I'd marry you on five thousand a year, if I were going to marry you at all."

"If you—" He stared at her. "Anita!"

"Kit, how old is she?"

"Leila? Thirty-three. I'm fifty-three. That's not so terrible."

"She spoke of children. Your grandchildren! How many? How old?"

"Three of them; the oldest is eleven. We marry young, in my family."

"They'd call me Grandma," she said. "And that horrible fat creature would call

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me Mother. She wouldn't, of course; she'd call me Anita. And if she's your daughter, of course she isn't a horrible fat creature. She's probably a—a fine woman, who does a lot of good. But I'll always think of her as I saw her before I knew who she was; and even if you bullied her into treating me decently, she'd always think of me as she first saw me when she most inopportunely intruded. . . . Oh, I can't do it, Kit!" she cried frantically.

"Look here, you don't need to have anything to do with my family at all. They never treated me decently; the minute I saw Leila, I felt like—like a runaway slave overtaken by the bloodhounds. We don't have to—"

"They're part of you, Kit. Yes, the part you've run away from; but still a part. They'd be a part of me too, if I married you. . . . You said you'd let her come to the wedding. You meant it. You think a man's children have a right to be there, when he marries again. And you began to worry about that factory, itching to go back and straighten things out. Of course. You made it. It's your job. But it isn't mine."

She rose, pulled her cape around her.

"Lucia was bad enough," she said desperately. "I'll never forget the way she looked! To keep on meeting her around town, and realize that that was my husband's doing, whether it was his fault or not! Still, I could have stood that. But this on top of it. . . . Oh, Kit, I can't, I can't! It's just too much."

SWIFTLY she moved toward the door. He caught her shoulder.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know! I'd like to go off to a desert island, and live all by myself. . . . No, Kit, I won't do anything wild. But I think I'll take the next boat to Paris—"

"If you do, I'll go with you."

"Still hunting free soil? Kit, there isn't any free soil, for people with a sense of responsibility. You drag your past with you, wherever you go. I got away from everything once, and I won't let myself be caught again. I know I'm a miserable little coward, but I can't help it. I want to stay free! I'll never marry anybody, Kit, if that helps you any. Probably I won't even dare let a man kiss me, after this—"

"Till the next time," he predicted furiously, and she shrugged.

"Perhaps. But I know, I know I never could go through with this. I'm afraid. . . . You'd better go back to Heliopolis and get the factory running right. Then, if you want to come back to New York—"

"You'll be waiting for me?"

"No," she said, implacably. "If you want to do a good deed,—good for yourself, too,—marry Lucia. She's worth about twenty of me."

"Lucia?" he growled. Then, as she opened the door, "Anita, you're half crazy, now. Don't make it final. Think it over. Then telephone me—an hour from now—tomorrow morning—when you like. I'll be waiting."

"It's no use, Kit. No use—"

But he waited, pacing up and down, smoking cigar after cigar. At first he was sure that she would come back; but an hour passed, two hours. A suspicion began to creep in, became a deadly sickening certainty; she never would come back. . . . And this, he realized, was what Lucia had felt when she knew he never would come back, what she had gone on feeling for this last year. . . . No, you couldn't feel this way for a year; you'd die. But Lucia couldn't die; her children needed her. She had had to go on. He'd never understood, before, just what he had done to her. No wonder Anita, who did understand, had felt sick.

Anita. . . . What he had liked about her, first, was her cool amused detachment, doubly refreshing after Lucia's cloying exigence. She hadn't been very cool this evening, and not at all amused. But apparently she was resolved to regain her detachment, at any cost.

THEN, when he had abandoned hope, the telephone rang. He leaped for it.

"Hello! . . . . Oh! Lucia!"

She owed an apology, she said, to him and to Anita, for the unforgivable thing she'd done this afternoon; she hoped that they'd be wonderfully happy, and that they'd be kind enough to let her see them sometimes; really, she'd be good after this. She had telephoned Anita awhile ago, to ask if they wouldn't both come to tea with her tomorrow, in token of forgiveness; and Anita had said that she was busy tomorrow, but she was sure he would be glad to come—

Lucia loved endless telephone monologues at midnight, talking from her bed after the rest of the family was asleep. Sometimes she had talked to him for an hour and a half, in the old days when he was fond enough of her to stand it. Tonight he stood it, because he was too listless and dejected to shut her off; and as he listened, he could hear the distant bay of the bloodhounds closing in.

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL

(Continued from page 92)

the point of sacrificing herself for you. She removed herself from your path, persuaded herself she was hindering you."

He's on his feet. "Then good night."

"Where are you going? D'you know the time? It's nearly three o'clock."

"I'm going to her." A hesitancy flits across his face. "But that was what I came to ask you—where can I find her?"

He explains why he had accosted me. He'd seen an ambulance drawn up at her apartment-house—some one carried out. That it might be Mary had been his instant thought. He had gone round to the back; her windows were in darkness. He had rung her bell but obtained no answer.

"Was it Mary?" he asked in panic.

"Extremely unlikely," I assure him. "Probably she had a social engagement. You can't risk waking her to inquire. Better sleep here the night."

BEFORE breakfast he has conducted his own researches. I am scanning the newspaper when he bursts in on me.

"I've rung her bell. She doesn't answer."

"You're losing your head. Let's do things decently," I try to calm him.

My idea of doing things decently is to call on her father. When I'm shown in, he has the look of one who hasn't slept.

"So you're alone, Harry! Where's your wife?" I open negotiations.

"Lilian is across the Atlantic." He stabs at a plate of ham and eggs. "She's heard of a new quack who by injecting silk-worms' blood into her veins can help her to knock off twenty pounds."

"You're pleased to be facetious." I pull up a chair. "Anyway, I'm glad she's absent."

"So am I. I can visit Mary now without wearing sneakers."

"I'm glad she's absent, for a totally different reason. I'm here to speak about the woman you're in love with."

I wasn't. When I'd entered, nothing had been further from my thoughts. It was the inspiration of the moment. If I could put him in the wrong, I could shame him into helping reunite Jeff and Mary.

"Her name is Alice," I pedal furiously. "I'm deeply shocked, Harry. If you were going to cheapen your wife in this fashion, you ought to have let me have her."

"You're moral this morning." His tone is as uncontentious as if I'd asked him for a two-cent stamp. "You've been kind to Mary. For that reason, if for no other, I'm willing to furnish you with any explanations you require. So fire."

"What about your relations with this woman?"

"They've been entirely proper. Probably you doubt the statement. I'll modify it; our *liaison* has been mental. If you ask whether I'm in love with her, I am. A husband gets tired of being exploited and managed. I count for something in Alice's life. Do you get that? For one thing, she understands my business. For another, she respects my judgment. She shares my occupations for eight hours out of every day. My wife has never shared them. In any year, owing to my wife's social activities, preservation of her beauty, flights to cures, and so forth, she spends much less time in my company than Alice. I resigned myself to her indifference, vanity and extravagance till Mary had landed a husband; after that the necessity for resignation was ended. That's our secret, Biff—yours and mine. My rebellion has been so tactful that a woman of Lilian's obtuseness hasn't even yet fallen to it. I still sign checks, so she's persuaded I'm contented."

He glances up with a momentary twinkle.

"The joke's on me, Biff. Don't miss its fine points. Lilian regards me with so little seriousness that when I raise the standard of revolt, she thinks I'm a child playing roughly. Yet I'm the sun that rises and shines on Alice. Queer, isn't it, that the same man can be that for one woman and not for another?"

"For some time,"—curiosity diverts me from my errand.—"I've been aware, Harry, that things weren't as they should be between you and Lilian. With the romantic feeling I harbor for her, I've been at a loss to account—"

"Let me be more explicit," he breaks in on me. "Till forty, a good-looking wife can hold her husband, however badly she abuses him. She holds him by her allure-

ment. She shoves it at him like a stick of chocolate. 'If you're good, you can taste it. If you're naughty, you sha'n't taste it.' After forty a man becomes fed up by such teasing. He wants peace and companionship. Sex-allurement begins to wear an idiot aspect. And there's another fact, Biff, to which I invite your attention: women age faster than men. They're mature and most valuable at twenty. A man isn't mature and doesn't reach his full value till he's well along the road to fifty. Wives are silly goats, if you come to think of it, to ride us harder when their charms are becoming negligible than they did when their beauty was at its first freshness. What the devil do I care, for instance, whether Lilian gains or loses twelve pounds, when none of my hopes or fears are remotely shared by her? I scarcely flatter myself that she regards me as a habit. However, don't let my grumblings spoil your illusion. What's your next question?"

"Mary—how's she getting along? As you're perhaps aware, for some inscrutable reason, she's refused to see me lately."

"I should think she would." Harry pauses to light a cigarette. "She's modern, but she still retains some reticence."

"Why be reticent with me? No one could suspect me of necking."

"My dear Biff, if modernity is measured by lack of delicacy, you are modernity's last word. However— You look tired."

"I ought to be. I've been up half the night."

"That's nothing. I haven't been to bed at all," he surprises me.

"How's that?"

"Mary was taken ill; she's at the hospital."

"Then Jeff was right!" I dive for my hat. "Which hospital? How serious is she? Come across with the facts. Her husband's waiting at my house."

"You bachelors take the biscuit!" Harry mocks me. "Where were your eyes? How could she have had you calling? She's had a baby."

"A baby!" I gasp. "Then she's been asking for Jeff?"

"Not noticeably. Mary isn't a quitter. She sticks to her bargain."

"Then by all that's sacred, this is the time she doesn't! You mayn't know it, but you're accompanying me as guide."

WE collect Jeff. He's pacing my library when we burst in on him. No good beating about the bush.

"You were dead right about that ambulance," I apprise him. "Get a move on. You're a father."

In the car as we drive, he and Harry renew their acquaintance. At the hospital we're kept dallying. Doctors' permissions have to be granted. Jeff's relation is explained. He alone is admitted.

What Mary said to him or whether a reconciliation was necessary, God knows —and He's not telling. When Jeff returned, his face was shining.

"The elevator whisked you up to the Mount of Transfiguration," I joke him.

He's in a daze. "Is that the name of this hospital?"

I insist that he stay with me. It is not safe to allow a man who has conversed with angels to stroll at large through this wicked world.

THE END

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KOTEX

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THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT

(Continued from page 81)

unfortunate in Brookstone. It was considered *ignominious*. There was a certain shame attached, as if it really were a sin to be unsuccessful. Success was an American ideal, and not to live up to it—

Brookstone people were as kind-hearted as most. They were very nice in times of sickness or death. They remembered birthdays and knew how to keep the holidays. But they could not help turning and rending the unsuccessful.

When people are first married, there is always the hope of beautiful houses and all the smart things that are advertised. But there comes a definite time when a wife *knows*. What she does after that depends on her caliber. Sometimes she finds another man; sometimes she stays on and whines; sometimes she is thoroughbred. There were proud women in Brookstone who concealed their husbands' business inadequacy as carefully as if it were unfaithfulness: "Marvin's been changing his business. He has splendid prospects in this new place." . . . "Marvin's had to help his invalid sister. In a year or two now.". . ."Marvin's a dear. I don't know how any husband could be more thoughtful." All these little gallantries and miseries would be unnecessary if Brookstone were in a civilized instead of a savage state of mind. Brookstone people had their cultivated side, their soft-hearted side; but when it came to money, they might as well have been cave men counting the tails of their slain.

Perhaps it was her imagination, but Amelia thought the girls seemed a bit condescending this afternoon. They said, "How's Joe?" in a *way*. Miggy asked her if she didn't want to take home some of the white cosmos. She walked down the street from the party, rather depressed, with her rose-and-vine bureau-cover. She wondered if she and Joe would ever be asked to join a bridge-club. She would not be asked even to afternoon parties if the girls found out she could not entertain back. If a girl could not return the favor, she was dropped. A family had to pay social debts even if they never paid the butcher.

Joe came home every night on his regular train. He kept to his regular trains, even when it meant he must sit around in hotel lobbies part of every day. If he came home early, the neighbors would *know*. Consequently he sat for hours in places like the Prince George, not spending the money even to buy a magazine. He couldn't be tramping the streets every minute. He had to wait for appointments. He wrote letters to large companies. He cut help-wanted ads out of the paper every morning.

IT was dreadful to go through a whole day, a whole week, a whole month, of refusals. Joe could scarcely bear hearing that word "No" again. It got so that he expected "No." He realized in a sort of terror that he must not look unsuccessful. He was anxious about his appearance. He had never taken such care to keep his hat brushed. Managers would not hire a man unless he looked prosperous. Every passing day made the situation worse, because they always asked him how long he had been out of a job. And they always refused him with that alarming pity in their voices: "Sorry. There isn't any opening just now. If you leave your name and address, we could let you know if anything turns up." They refused younger men casually. To trudge from office to office, to sit in a hotel lobby and wait for the time to go home—if that was not hell, what was?

Once Joe did go home early in the afternoon, and it seemed as if the very dogs in the street bulged their eyes at him. Perhaps it was imagination, but he felt the men on the train were treating him—well, differently.

In every group of men there is always one who talks and is not respected. The ferry crowd said Dick Wayne shot his mouth off. No one ever respected anything Dick said, because he was known to be unsuccessful. When he talked, the men made a pretense of listening, but they were apt to walk over to the ferry rail and smile. Joe did not want to be like Dick Wayne. ("Huh! What does Joe Browning know? He's out of a job.") And yet Dick Wayne had read more than any other man on the ferry.

It seemed to Joe as if the men avoided him too. The faces behind the newspapers all looked so hard. Were they afraid he was going to touch them for a loan? They needn't worry. Amelia and he had drawn out their savings from the Building and Loan and were living on those. After that was gone, he had one other resource. But suppose time went on and he never got a job?

THERE was not much to talk about, these evenings at home. Joe had always chatted about office doings, and Amelia had exclaimed comfortably over the brutalities of Mr. Melcher. But now Joe was tired and silent. Sometimes an employment manager raised his hopes by saying: "Come around tomorrow. I may have something for you." Then Amelia and Joe spent the evening in a nervous delight, speculating as to whether that special business would bring out the best in Joe, and if it had a future. Sometimes an employment manager had to decide between another man and Joe, and after a few tense days the other man got it. Why does the other man *always* get it?

He no longer asked Amelia if she thought he was a failure. The question seemed too dreadful as the days went on. There were times when Joe wanted to lay his head down in Amelia's lap and have her stroke his forehead, but he was afraid she would think he was weak. There were times when Amelia wanted to draw his head down in her lap, but she was afraid he would think she was pitying him. So they sat with this unspoken between them. As for Christmas—

They were frightened, but they were sustained by their faith in God. Joe's faith helped him when he sat in the hotel lobbies. People without faith cannot understand its deep sustaining. Believers are always comforted. Faiths can heal and comfort the heart as perfectly as truths. It does not matter if a man's God is Allah or Jehovah or something better. It is the faith, and not the special God, that counts most.

Faith did not keep Joe and Amelia from being frightened, but they could not have done without it. People all over the world were having unreasonable things happen, and not being able to do without faith. Joe and Amelia were not bewildered by sorrow, because they believed that everything was for the best and God was only testing them. There was a sort of pride in being tested. They talked about crosses, and the hour being darkest before the dawn. It did not keep them from being frightened, but they were not too unhappy. They went to church and heard the minister say that money was not as important as love. They sang hymns written by men who had known trouble and leaned on the Almighty: "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom—"

LYDIA'S pageant, "The Spirit of the New Jersey Suburbs," had not gone off well, although everyone told Lydia it was a "great success." In spite of Seth's hopes, the actors had never realized the message. Hortense Peters had fulfilled every gloomy prediction in her part of *Pompton Lakes*. George had never leered. Hermann, as *The Evolution of the Automobile*, had been terrible. Otto had not stood on the proper side of the stage when he said: "Rouse ye, nymphs of the Newark meadows!" The men who represented *Early Settlers* had found some gin just before the performance, and said their lines gooseberry-eyed. The youth who was in charge of the lights had fallen in love with *The Spirit of Union County*, so his mind was not on his work.

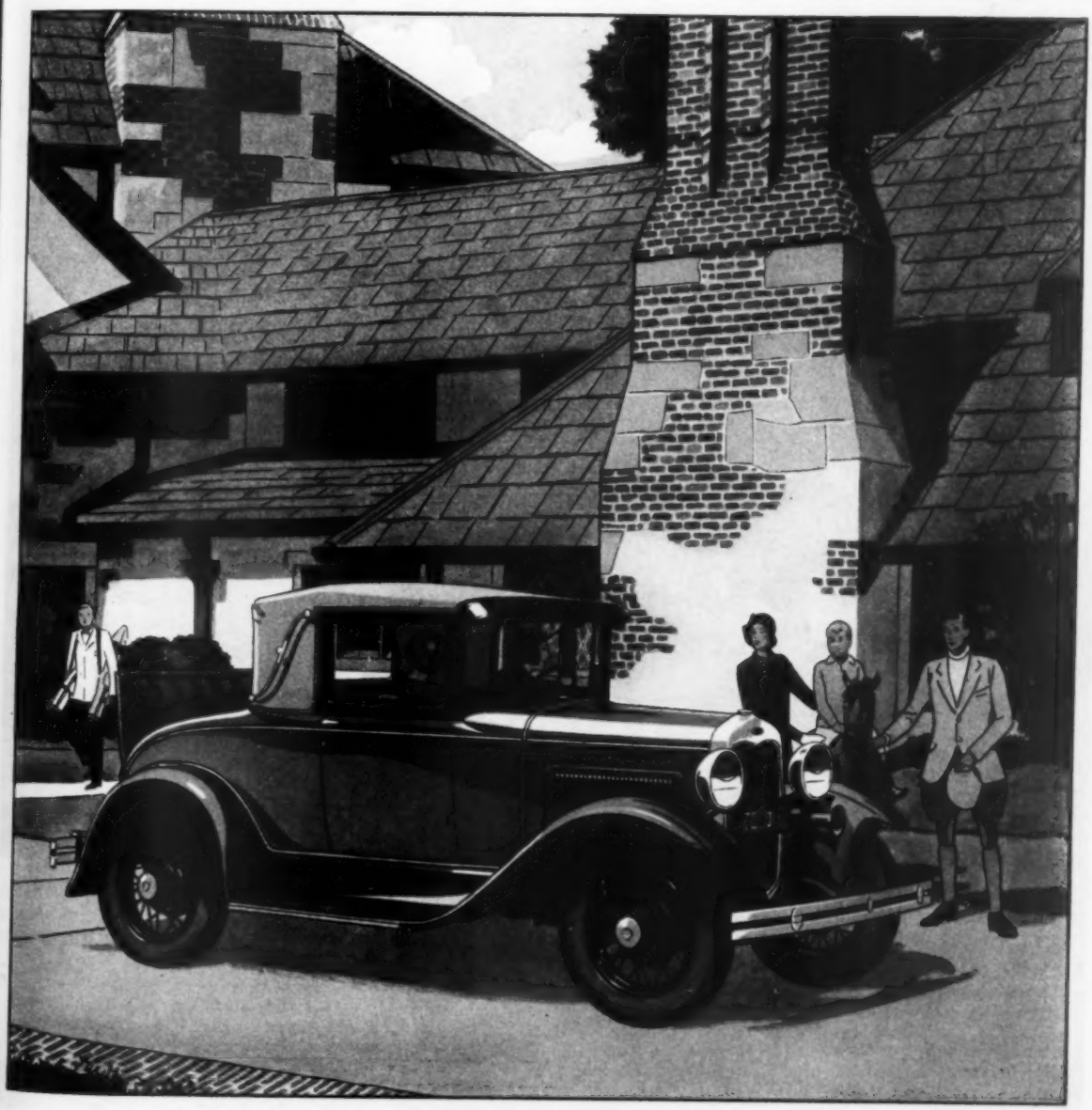
Lydia, listening from the wings, had cursed. She had prompted in something between a hiss and a growl, so the quavering actors could not understand. When Seth got her home, he had put mustard plasters on her feet, from an atavistic notion that mustard was good for what ailed you. Lydia had said that for all she cared, Brookstone could go straight to hell. She didn't give *that* (she snapped her fingers) for Community Spirit. The human race had not advanced one step since Nero's day.

She looked excited and haggard, as if she had a touch of fever. She was showing her age. The failure of the pageant seemed to have broken her spirit. Seth thought it was too bad these little squirts couldn't have put the thing across. He had never written anything himself, but he guessed how an authoress would feel if she wrote a solemn piece and it turned out funny. Lydia had *cared* about that pageant.

Lydia knew she was showing her age. She knew it every time she saw that changeling in the mirror. (Old age was always a changeling substituted by Time for the real heir.) April, May and June were dreadful months, hanging so slack, like sails becalmed. She wondered if she were going to die, or have a nervous breakdown. At night she lay awake and planned her funeral. Her thoughts paced around her bed, wearing black. With her alert and violent nature, Lydia needed a "cause." She had always had at least one cause in her life at a time. She built her days around causes, as other women build around love-affairs or a home. Conse-

A distinctive beauty of line and color

THE BEAUTY of the new Ford, so apparent in line and color, extends also to the upholstery and appointments. You note it as you open the doors and see the attractive interiors. You find it also in those important little details of trim and finish which a woman's practiced eye is quick to catch. There is about the car a distinctive style or tone which reflects the substantial quality that has been built into it. In external things, as in mechanical construction, the new Ford has been built to endure.



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They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

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RUDY VALLÉE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

. . .

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.

On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

quently she had always been held together by the necessary illusion that she was useful. But now she suspected all the causes. If she could only find something that would last, and did not depend on an unworthy public.

She felt disorganized, like a man who has retired from business. She knew the weariness of waking up in the morning and dreading the leisure of the day. She grew to fear leisure. She flapped about the house. The days seemed littered with the débris of hours. She took tonics, puttered, got the heebie-jeebies, and welcomed Seth at night with bursts of tears and the statement that he did not love her. Seth thought, she must have nerves; he had heard men at the office moan over their wives' nerves. Women never knew they were well off. Women stayed home with nothing on God's earth to do except fold their hands, and *still* they weren't happy. Could you beat it? And then, in June, Lydia read a magazine article on Orphan Asylums and discovered Mother Love—and regained magnificence.

BUT it had taken her (and occasionally Seth) from June to December to find just the baby she wanted to adopt. When she had first realized that Mother Love was the biggest thing in the world, Seth had asked her if a dog or cat would not do. He was afraid she would get tired of a baby, and in that case she could not send it to the pound. But Lydia had withered him with all the old scorn. Her broken spirit had sprung up in new armor. She streamed from orphan asylum to orphan asylum, with a letter from her pastor, testifying that she and Seth lived peacefully together.

This December afternoon she was walking around upstairs, whistling. Seth had gone off in the car to fetch the baby. He would be back soon. She was not going to mind this suburban winter. She was not going to mind the furnace, the frozen milk bottles, the drafts under the door, or Seth's train always late at night. She felt durably bright and peaceful. She had a peculiar sensation of being blessed. It was almost Christmas. There were barrels of holly downtown outside the grocers', and Christmas trees along the curb till the streets smelled like a woods. Pruney's window was filled with glazed fruit and shelled nuts and plum cakes in round red tins. The damn' Community Christmas tree—she must remember not to say "damn" in front of the baby.

She stood in the nursery doorway, whistling, contented with her preparations. She had furnished the nursery according to the latest ideas—dotted swiss curtains, wall-paper with a Mother Goose frieze, a sanitary crib, a folding tub, scales, a thermometer. Over in the corner was a white teddy bear with a pink ribbon around his neck that Seth had insisted on buying, although Lydia told him the baby's form-sense would not be developed yet.

Lydia was not prepared for the baby in externals only. Ever since June she had been reading books on infant care and infant psychology. She had got Seth groggy over conditioned responses. Her child was not going to form any bad mental habits. . . . And she would be doing something useful, wouldn't she? She wondered why she was trembling. She must be getting sentimental in her old age. She had been enthusiastic about things all her life, but this was—well, a baby was so *damn' helpless!*

The short afternoon grew dark. The nursery was warm, and its little ivory lamp was lighted. Lydia had just put down the shade when she heard the grinding sound of brakes. . . . There were the car lights in the drive. She ran downstairs and opened the door. Seth came in, carrying a blanket-wrapped bundle as if it were a large unwieldy sausage. Lydia did not notice the excitement in his eyes. He laid the bundle down on the living-room couch, and Lydia began unwrapping it, fold by fold. It was a very young baby, only a month born. They had wanted to take a small one, so it would not remember any place but this. It was a little girl. For no reason at all, they had both preferred a little girl.

The baby was awake, but she did not cry. She lay with her blue eyes wide open, and Seth felt sure she was looking at him. Perhaps she would love him. He had never forgotten the night he joined the Sun Worshipers, and drank those black-and-whites, and remembered what he lost in the Park by the swans. He had never been able to lay that memory asleep. It had kept tossing in his heart. But now, as he looked down at the baby, he felt comforted. He was repaid at this very moment for the loss. He couldn't explain. . . . He imagined himself telling the men on the ferry about his kiddy. . . . He stooped down and put his lips to the little face that had come into his house.

"Seth!" Lydia exclaimed in quick horror. "Don't kiss the baby! Don't you realize she might get a father fixation?"

Chapter Twelve

IN January, when nothing happens, Joyce met Raleigh Frost. They met at a tea in Emmeline Vaughn's old brownstone house with its marble mantels, dark carving, and masses of pale flowers. The rooms were crowded and loud with conversation. The red-papered, high-ceiled dining-room glowed with a vast transparent chandelier of shimmering glass that tapered down to one blazing icicle. Between the gold-fringed red-velvet window curtains, Joyce could see Gramercy Park, circled by a moving ribbon of light. Maids came with plates of mushroom sandwiches, and the round melting sort that are scrolled in color, streaked with pimento red and olive green.

"I go insane at teas," a voice said.

Joyce turned, glad of a voice. She did not know anyone at this tea but Emmeline, who seemed to be audible but not visible. It was depressing to stand alone and eat, trying to look in the know. The voice belonged to a dark young man with a humorous mouth, slender and not very tall. He was not handsome, except for his brilliant dark-lashed hazel eyes. They were startlingly beautiful. His hair was brushed straight back from his forehead. He had large capable hands, and he stood in the square fashion of a man who is accustomed to having his own way.

"I feel so awkward," Joyce said. "This plate weighs pounds and pounds. If I had an extra hand——"

Raleigh Frost shook his head. His eyes flashed green.

"It isn't the awkwardness I mind," he said. "It's the sandwiches that make me lose my reason. Let me tell you my shameful secret: *I could eat them all!* My dream is to go to a tea and snatch a plate out of a maid's hands and eat every sandwich, growling and mumbling."

They moved over to the buffet table with its yellow-lace cover, silver tea- and coffee-urns, and center bouquet of unknown expensive flowers colored like peaches. Raleigh Frost pointed out the plates of tiny plums filmed over with sugar, the bonbons in gold paper, the flat green mints, the sweet and deadly pralines, the pecans, the almonds, the minute candied strawberries, the sticks of citron, the all-pervading smell of olives.

"These tempt me beyond endurance. I am lost to all sense of honor. Late this afternoon I shall give a low cry and stuff my pockets full. Then you and I will go and guzzle together in a cab. That is, if I can spare you any."

"Dark stranger, I suck the pimento out of an olive in one breath; I swallow whole handfuls of peanuts at once. And I snuffle when I eat apples."

THEY were friends, after that. They found a window seat and sat down between the red velvet curtains, balancing their plates on the dangerous slopes of their knees. As Raleigh Frost talked, he fumbled with the thick gold curtain-fringe. Joyce listened, looking up at the blinding chandelier. The memories of that afternoon were always set in a glass dazzle of chandelier. Joyce felt, quite earnestly, that she had never talked so well. This man made her think of interesting things to say. Some people made her remember only the most stupid and awful subjects; others dropped a muffling pall over her mind. But this alive person with the changing eyes!

Joyce had always noticed there was sterility about conversation at teas. It never seemed fruitful, perhaps on account of the horrible standing. On tortured feet one uttered fitful ejaculations. But this conversation, accompanied by the red velvet curtains, seemed to hang down as leisurely as a bough and open its oval leaves and ripen its fruit. He said that he was a lawyer, and he liked poetry. He told her, with candor and *élan*, what things he admired in people. Joyce thought it was extraordinary that he made her talk so well, in round clusters of words as perfect as little bouquets. Evidently she affected him, too, for he broke off suddenly and said: "You're a witch. You make me feel so brilliant. At most parties I just sit opening and shutting my mouth like a sheep. I'm never going to stop seeing anyone who makes me feel so brilliant. What a pleasure it is to be a giant intellect!"

They kept on, enchanted to feel there was no strain, no stretching tight and thin. They took sandwiches from every maid who came near the window seat. At seven o'clock, replete, they searched for fat orchid-laden Emmeline, and found her in a corner, incoherent with hospitality. They took a cab to the Hotel Napoleon. On the way he had the cab halt at a florist's. He rushed in and rushed out again with a bouquet.

"Now I feel better," he said heartily.

"A beautiful girl without violets is a pitiful sight."

Joyce pinned the violets to her dark fox collar with the purple-headed pin. She thought how differently Derek would have behaved. He would have given her the violets, but he would never have *rushed*. He would have walked deliberately, with his light elegant gait.

"Do you ever use that cologne in wicker bottles?" she asked, and she did not know why she asked.

"I was raised in Nebraska," he answered. . .·. "Let me rush around to McBride's and get tickets for something."

They did not want dinner. They sat in the warm lavish lobby of the Napoleon until the theater hour. Down the corridor hung lamps whose tiny frosted globes were bunches of green grapes. Along the wall were baskets of purple crysanthemums. Joyce scarcely saw the metal-and-velvet people going by, dangling brilliant little bags, stepping delicately in jeweled shoes, lighting cigarettes, swinging silver and malacca sticks. They were only a glint, a tread, a moment's perfume. . . . Raleigh and she saw only their own hanging bough. Joyce could reach up to the close-set apples and feel the clustered overlapping leaves on her hands.

JOYCE'S pale-gold head in the mauve hat rested on the Empire purple sofa-back. Her long earrings were set with amethysts. Deep mauve frills fell lightly to her wrists, floated in ruffles to her knees. Her small sand-colored shoes just touched the floor. She knew it was not the best of technique to go with a man to the theater on such short notice. She should pretend she was too much in demand, or not enough interested to spend an entire evening with him. But it seemed beautiful not to pretend. She had always hoped to find a man too earnest to be false. She had been confident there was such a treasure, although women said all men were alike and one must always be twisting and turning. Joyce had been wondering if any man were worth all that brain-power. . . . Her coat lay beside her on the sofa. She kept ruffling her violets. . . .

There was never technique between these two. They were not clever with each other. Their feelings colored naturally and delicately as a peach in the sun. Sometimes Joyce had looked up at peaches in the yellow tree and wondered what it was like to hang under the clear ineffable blue, where the sun could reach, any hour of the day, and turn that hard green fur to soft pink—to feel one's whole self warming and mellowing in an irresistible unhurried light—to love as slowly and as certainly as the ripening summer. None of your hothouse fruits—none of your strawberries in January, forced out in frames before their season, looking so red and tasting so bitter. Joyce and Raleigh wanted the wild sweet strawberries gathered in the hot meadow from under the red-spotted leaves.

ALL that winter they lunched in a dim old French dining-room, with dull feathery landscapes frescoed on the walls, and frescoed clouds, like ruffled swans, floating over the ceiling. On one side, in a lighted niche like a shrine, was a fountain. A yellow marble boy held a conch-shell where the lighted water poured, making a cool stir in the air. Whenever the room was still, they could hear the water. There were no chairs, only sofas by the tables.

They grew intimate in ordering food, in finding what each other liked, in saying: "You're so fond of toast melba," "You never want more than a hummingbird." The waiter learned to know them, and pleased them very much by being arch. He saved their table every Tuesday. He kept filling their glasses with ice, making the sound of silver on silver. He always said: "Monsieur and Madame will have their usual dessert? *Bombe pistache?*" He kept a pot of mignonette on their table, when the other tables were barren. *"Fleurissant comme l'amour, vous savez!"*

There were no fencing at these lunches. They both felt grave and simple-hearted, as if it were first love. ("And dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age.")

Joyce soon discovered that Raleigh's humor was only his disguise. In intimate conversation he was quite serious, even intense. When he told any story from his past, it seemed restrained and lovely. His dark-lashed eyes, that could shine so green with wit, turned kind. He gave the steady impression of permanence, as if he were as well-planted in the earth as the mignonette in the pot between them.

Thank God, he had read, and he was not too modern for Shakespeare. He sometimes called Joyce *Rosalind,* and said the landscapes on these walls were the forest of Arden. ("Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree.") Once he brought *"As You Like It"* to lunch and read his favorite passages, and they both felt their hearts pause in fresh delight at the line: "They fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."

Raleigh gave Joyce enough flowers. No other man had ever given her *enough.*

Every so often Raleigh took her to the shops, because he could not resist buying her something. He gave her an old Bavarian ivory powder-box, with blue medallions of court ladies set in the lid. He knew how much she liked the names of perfumes. Once he bought her a nectarine, because she had never tasted a nectarine. They went into one of those steamer-basket shops, where every fruit is set in its own leaves.

When spring came that year, she wanted to go out into the woods with Raleigh and hunt for wildflowers. It seemed sugary of her, but there it was. *("And dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age.")* She wanted the trees to be bright red with buds, and the air to smell of willow. All the afternoon they would stoop and pick. ("Leave those white flowers alone. They're bloodroot.") They would leave the woods toward evening with hot bouquets of violets.

IT was not all happiness. There was a shadow on the tree. Raleigh was married. Three months after his marriage, a motor accident had injured his wife's brain, making her an invalid. She had been such a smiling brilliant girl, but now she scarcely knew anyone. ("She had such beautiful hands, Joyce!") She would probably live as long as any normal person. ("She loved life so much!") Joyce heard people say how wonderful Raleigh was to Marion. Anything that money could do, he did. Her bedroom was all mirrors, because she took pleasure in holding a mirror in her lovely *Juliet's* hand. Hour after hour she would lie with the gold-backed mirror, but not turn her head when Raleigh came into the room.

It was not all happiness. The tree felt the wind. Joyce was shaken with the ancient wonder whether Raleigh loved her as much as she loved him. Sometimes she thought yes, sometimes no. On the train back to Brookstone after their times together she brooded over things he had said. She had not noticed before how much bewildered longing there was in the fool songs on the radio. *"Some day you'll miss me—" . . . . "You wouldn't fool me, would you?"* . . . .

Joyce could not read a book these days without marking down something to tell Raleigh. Whenever she read about lovers, they were Raleigh and herself. She said: "This is like us," or "This is not like us." She judged all literature by their reactions. Prose did not seem beautiful enough. She read poetry: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments." She sat alone on the lawn in the dark, until the moon covered the ground with white flowers, thinking and smiling to herself. She wished that some one were at a piano, playing fine delicate melodies for Raleigh and herself to hear.

She wondered at the deep innocence they both felt. They were experiencing what is known as a "secret passion." Their lunches by the yellow-marble boy were "trysts." But their emotion seemed gentle as a brook flowing over pebbles on an August afternoon, the sort of brook whose water is good to drink, since it came from a mountain spring. Joyce wondered if all lovers had that clear-water feeling, as if their love were the one limpid innocent emotion in their puddled lives. When they thought of each other, did they remember all their childish affections? Did they remember the kitten that wore the tiny crumpled bell?

ONCE, when Raleigh was away, he wrote her a letter. Joyce went walking with it in the pocket of her dress. She knew now what it was to feel that choke in the throat at the sight of the one handwriting—to read, breathing fast, then more gently. Sometimes at lunch Raleigh gave her letters to read after he was gone, and those were always the best letters: "Beloved, although I left you only a moment ago—" There was a lot in the papers these days about mail planes being catapulted from ships, but Joyce wondered if any letter the plane carried were worth that daring. The letters that were swept up into the star-spotted air probably began: "Dear Sir: In regard to your shipment of the twentieth, we would wish to state—" The letters that were worth being poured through the crackled glass of heaven would continue to be delivered by hand, just as the best words would continue to be whispered.

In the spring their old dining-room was closed, so they lunched now on a gay red-paved roof with striped-candy awnings, and cinnamon-red tables and chairs, and pots of pink begonias. . . .

They had spoken of their love. They had said they were at their best when they were together, and that was the secret. Their hands had touched under many tables, hidden by the snowy fall of the cloth. But they had never kissed. They did not want to hurry. So many lovers kissed too soon, before they were quite ready, before

their minds had caught up. Then they sat back and mumbled, and felt betrayed. ("I don't know why I kissed you like that, Edward.") But Joyce and Raleigh had never forced a gesture. When the fruit was ready, they would eat. They would wait, and not bite into something half-green. They would not even shake the tree.

BUT this May evening they came out of the Plaza into the broad square, just after dark. They stood breathing the cool wind, admiring the stars. All the sky was ringed about with soft park trees and glittering houses. Trees were more poignant in the city than in the country, delicate clouds under the harsh towers.

"I'm so glad you didn't tell me to notice the trees. Any other woman would. I don't like beauty pointed out to me."

"I don't either. It's like being told to love."

"I must kiss you tonight. We won't go another hour without kissing."

"Don't look down at me with your troubling eyes."

But where in all New York could they kiss? No hotel lobby was private; the streets were not to be thought of; and he felt as she did about taxicabs—their cushions were soaked with the wrong memories. They could kiss in the shadows of the Park, but so many were doing that. Likely all the shadows were occupied. (What did they all do in the winter?) Joyce thought how easy hate was made in this world, and how difficult love. Plenty of places to hate in, but not one decent spot in all New York to kiss. Lovers had to eat in order to have a place to sit. New York lovers, little subway riders—no wonder they talked about the forest of Arden. ("Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree.")

Their feet could scarcely feel the pavement. Arm in trembling arm, they strolled around the corner. There, in the blaze of light and dark, they saw the row of nodding horses and black glinting hansom cabs with high-seated coachmen. Raleigh said a hansom was different from an ordinary motor cab. It must have a better class of memories—not so many red-hot mammas took hansoms. He handed Joyce into the first one on the stand. The little doors clapped shut. They undulated into the Park. The city seemed all sparkle and blue pallor.

It was quiet. Quiet also seems more choice in the city. Often they heard only the clopping of their horse and the driver's whistle as he twitched the reins looped down before their faces. The dim light turned Joyce's pink dress to pale almond. They passed the Casino and heard the violins. They wondered in faint voices about a searchlight over to the west. At the Eighty-sixth Street entrance, by the statue of Thorwaldsen, the wide avenue opened away, inviting and unpeopled. For no reason at all, it seemed lovely. A little further on, they both knew. Joyce felt her throat go narrow. . . .

"Now, Joyce, your lovely red mouth—"

Next month, the mad adventure of Joyce and Raleigh comes to a climax that catches them both, equally, by surprise.

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POINT WITH PRIDE!

(Continued from page 52)

their place. I'm thinking seriously of converting the property into a vacation camp for incorrigible children of the slums."

"If you're serious, sir," rasps Hosea, "I shall object emphatically." And he storms off down the gully.

"What a sweet-scented geranium he is!" I remarks.

"Wait till you see Jackson," grins McDermott. "Duffus'd melt in your mouth beside that baby."

"Swell buy this has turned out to be from every angle," says I. "Even the neighbors spoil it."

ABOUT a week later I drift over to Phil's place for a rag-chew on the situation, but I'm hardly seated when in busts McDermott, beaming.

"Good news!" he announces. "I can get you out from under, up to and including the twenty grand deposit."

"Oh, yeh?" says Speed lazily. "Under what form of government did that get to be good news?"

"You don't understand," goes on McDermott excitedly. "You get your money back, and you're rid of the whole mess. They want to buy your contract."

"They?" queries Phil.

"Jackson and Duffus," he explains. "Hosea must've fallen for that vacation-camp hoop-là of yours, or something. The funniest thing is these two birds burying the hatchet and getting together to keep out the menace."

"Two hundred grand is quite a lot to plank on the nose of a mere menace," observes Speed.

"It won't cost 'em anything like that," says McDermott, "They'll assume your contract, but they'll never take title. That throws the property back on the cruel world, and with the Delaney estate crazy for cash, Duffus and Jackson'll snap it up for a song."

"Unless," I interjects, "Phil goes hunting for a leather merchant named Abernathy, but wanders into the exchange by mistake and makes a bid just to be nonchalant."

"Besides," goes on the real-estater, ignoring the interlude, "the two are playing halvers on the proposition."

"That's nice," yawns Speed. "It is well that neighbors should live in amity, but apart from that, I'm not interested. I don't go into deals to come out even."

"Even!" yelps McDermott. "To break even on this is just the same as declaring a hundred-per-cent dividend on any other proposition. I might," he adds, dubiously, "push the boys up a notch or two—"

"Don't bother," interrupts Phil, "but I wish you'd give them a message from me."

"What?" asks the agent.

"Tell 'em," says Speed, "that I can't accept their offer, because I've no intention of placing a vacation camp on the property, incorrigible or—"

"And they let guys with brains go down in submarines!" snorts McDermott.

"WHAT," I inquires, after the Riverhead realtor leaves, talking to himself, "have you been doing about your acres of elephant?"

"Nothing particularly," returns Phil. "I've been too busy with other things."

"Other things?" I repeats. "Got another hen on?"

"Uh-huh," he comes back. "Oil."

"Boy," says I, "you certainly pick investments that are legal for savings-banks. What'd you do—buy a couple of wells from a picture?"

"It's not that end of the business," explains Speed. "Ever hear of the Troubled Waters Oil Company?"

"No," I tells him, "but I'm a stranger to the Rockefellers. Do they print very pretty certificates?"

"They haven't printed any yet," replies Phil. "It's a new concern, just hatched. It's going to engage in the storage and piping of oil."

"Not a bad game," says I, "if you've got a good lawyer. What's your connection with it?"

"Well," he answers, "it seems that the Troubled Waters concern's looking for a location on Long Island—a place where they can berth tankers and set up storage facilities. Practically all the North Shore's in private hands and highly restricted—"

"I see," I cuts in, glimpsing the light, "and Heifer's Hollow is not restricted. Have you got an offer?"

"Tentatively," says Speed; "but it looks pretty good. They're sending up a dredge next week to do experimental work in the cove, and some birds to give the land the over—"

"That's great!" I exclaims. "What's in it for you if they close?"

"A block of stock," he returns.

"That," says I, "is not so great. It seems to me you're just trading Peter for a load of Paul. Gosh!" I adds, "what a treat this'll be for Jackson and Duffus, if it goes through! They'll be practically living on a dock."

"Can't be helped," shrugs Phil. "Progress can't run out of gas and stop for mere sentiment. However, for the present, I want to be on friendly terms with my neighbors on the Island."

"Why?" I asks. "Afraid they'll throw a monkey-wrench into the electric fan?"

"It's not that," says Speed, "but I may want to negotiate for a piece of their properties."

"You may what!" I gasps.

"Buy some of their land," he repeats. "Troubled Waters isn't sure that a hundred acres'll be enough—"

"Swell chance," I grunts, "of getting any from Jackson or Duffus. They'd sic the dogs on you."

"Maybe," says Phil, "but just the same, I'm going to have McDermott make 'em a proposition. Perhaps, when they see the dredge out in the cove, and surveyors—"

"Feller," I cuts in, "something tells me you're on your way to sleeping in the streets. First you tangle up with real estate, about which you know no more than a backward flu-flu bird. Then you turn down a chance for a graceful out, and involve yourself deeper in an oil proposition that's probably as clear to you as the binominal theorem is to a newborn Bohunk. You're going to get two-timed on this deal, going and coming."

"That," smiles Speed, "remains to be seen."

"You mean," I snorts, "the remains are to be seen—and it won't be long before the autopsy, either."

SEVERAL days elapse before I hear any more of the matter. Then I happens to run across this item on the Long Island page of a New York newspaper:

> Riverhead, May 26: Another Bayonne, N. J., may arise on the north shore of Long Island near Heifer's Hollow, one of the few available spots on the Sound for an oil-refining plant and tank storage. Preliminary dredging for a harbor has already been begun.
>
> While the work is being done under the auspices of the Troubled Waters Oil Company, it is believed here that one of the major producing and refining companies is behind the enterprise. Some opposition to the project is being expressed by adjoining residents, but it is likely to prove unavailing, since the Delaney place, under consideration, is in an unincorporated area and under no restrictions.

I glances up from my reading to find McDermott beside me. He nods toward the piece in the paper.

"It looks," says he, "like your young friend may be on the trail of something hot. Did he tell you about it?"

"Yeh," I returns, "but. I didn't expect any action that quick, if ever. I still think he was a sap to turn down the Duffus-Jackson offer."

"Maybe," comes back the realtor; "but the fact remains that a number of big oil companies have been hunting for locations on Long Island, and it's also a fact there are only a few pieces of shore front available. . . . Know where the kid is? I've been hot-footing all over for him."

"Probably downtown getting lost," says I. "Got any good news for him?"

"Not very," grins McDermott. "I went to see Jackson and Duffus for him a few days ago to get an option on fifty of their sainted acres. Did they burn up?"

"I suppose," says I, "you're still running."

"Ragged," he nods. "The mere mention of Speed's name stirs 'em into a froth. I hope the turn-down doesn't crab the boy's deal. I'd sort of like to see him get Hosea and Eliphalet where the ribs float. Roland's a dunce if there ever was one—"

"He's nothing of the sort," interrupts Miss Baker indignantly. "He's made money on everything he's touched. The trouble with you men is you don't follow his imagination."

"A great thing, imagination," remarks McDermott, "but you'd be surprised at the number of children who stopped believing in Santa Claus last winter because of it."

"Not because of Phil's," avers Eunice. "Wall Street couldn't crash anything away from him."

"I trust," says the realtor, "he'll never cause you to sell your faith in him short. Do you happen to know where he is?"

"Not at the moment," she replies, "but Phil'll be here pretty soon. He's taking me to lunch."

"File my application," suggests McDermott gallantly, "in case he doesn't show."

"He'll show," predicts Miss Baker.

AND around noon, he does, with a gardenia in his buttonhole and a spray of 'em for the girl friend. The kid looks

chipper enough to declare an extra dividend on himself.

"See this?" I asks, tossing over the paper.

"Yeh," says he, without looking, "but it leaves me cold. Lovers once, but strangers now."

"What do you mean?" I snaps. "You haven't walked out on another chance to get your dough back, have you?"

"Not exactly," returns Phil. "But I've disposed of my interests in the neighborhood of Heifer's Hollow."

"Who to?" says I. "The oil folks?"

"Nope," he answers. "Duffus and Jackson."

"For how much?" demands McDermott, seeing a possible commission for himself in the offing.

"Seventy thousand," comes back Speed. "They take the contract for that, and I'm washed up."

"Fifty grand velvet, eh?" remarks the real-estater. "Not bad for a couple of weeks' suspense."

"Fairish," agrees Phil.

"Tell me," says I, "what happens to your tentative deal with the Troubled Waters gang?"

"Washed up too," he smiles. "It was decided the property wouldn't serve the purpose."

"Well," observes McDermott, "it served yours. Eliphalet and Hosea must have agreed that petroleum tanks and refining stills were fifty thousand dollars worse than slum vacation campers as neighbors. It was a lucky break for you that the company came along when it did."

"It sure was," I chips in. "At that, you've got to admire Duffus and Jackson. There's something heroic in the way these old-timers'll fight to preserve the ancestral homesteads."

"Oh, yeh?" says Speed, curling a lip. "Before you break down and grow maudlin over the pair, it may interest you to know that a couple of hours after closing with me, they offered the Delaney place and part of their own stuff to Troubled Waters—for a price."

"What happened?" asks McDermott.

"I turned it down," replies Phil.

"You turned it down!" I exclaims.

"I," says Speed, "am Troubled Waters."

"You!" gasps McDermott. "Then the whole thing was a phony to force a buy?"

"Not entirely so," comes back Phil. "Didn't I hire a dredge for a whole day? Didn't I send surveyors to potter around the Hollow? Didn't I send you to Duffus and Jackson to buy acreage for the concern? Didn't I—"

"You might've let me in on it," growls the real-estater. "They'll laugh me off the row in Riverhead."

"Sorry," grins Speed, "but I like to play 'em alone. You'll get your bit of the fifty."

"What," I inquires, "made you think of the oil gag?"

"Oh," says he, "I happened to read in the papers where certain companies were looking for spots on the Island to park their petro—"

"Yeh," interrupts McDermott, "but where'd you've been if Duffus and Jackson hadn't peeped?"

"Probably in the oil business," returns Phil. "It's a good graft; I intend to look into it some day. Do you know I get only four miles to the gallon with my bus?"

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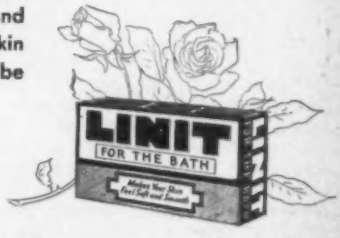

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BEFORE THE KNOCKOUT—AND AFTER

(Continued from page 98)

clear, was again sculping Dempsey's face into a bloody mask, every blow more nearly blinding the helpless Killer, preparing him for the quick plunge over the mountainside.

Another year, and Tom Heeney, former Australian blacksmith and British war veteran, had reached the top after battling his way through Sharkey, Risko, Delaney and minor figures. Tunney, whipping his body to the last, supremely unpopular and equally contemptuous, pulverized the Hard Rock from Down Under, and retired, wealthy in his own right, to marry wealth and into the social register.

THE title which Tunney threw down the hill caused a mad scramble among the group struggling for the top. Schmeling, a youthful German, gained an advantage by knocking out Risko the baker-boy and Paulino the Basque woodchopper—then lost it by abandoning his German manager for an American—and departing lonesomely for the Fatherland while the air behind him was foul with mutual allegations regarding the bestowal of the Double Cross.

Sharkey, who had become a *Jekyll-Hyde* of the outdoor stage, met on an upper ledge Tommy Loughran, a shining knight beyond reproach, a gentleman worthy of the finest tradition of the ring, a youth who had followed the path of Tunney and who went into the ring carrying the admiration, the confidence, the best wishes and the prayers of fight fans and those casuals who are interested only in important fights.

Sharkey pushed the Young Knight over the hill with a single dynamic charge worthy of a great champion; and then came to the great chance of his career in the recent fight with Schmeling before a society crowd in New York in a boxing "benefit" for "the milk fund."

He was leading the German on points, holding the advantage in the four rounds fought, when he fouled accidentally and thereby handed to Schmeling the crown which Tunney had let go by default.

WHAT fate awaits the romantic adventurer on the other side of the hill—after the knockout has plunged him back into his native valley?

The lucky ones, and these include most of the local champions, are knocked out early in their careers and return to their normal trades, sadder, perhaps, but infinitely wiser men. These are little more than amateurs.

The unfortunate ones are good enough to survive their local tournaments and embark to the larger cities, where they become a definite part of the racket and give years of their lives to it. They are constantly taking physical beatings, with their heads as the most inviting targets. Their associates are largely loose women, criminals, racketeers, gamblers and dope-fiends. It is a gay life while it lasts—when the money comes easy, it often goes easy, and it is entirely natural that many old fighters, when pushed off the hill, find comfort and support among their old associates when the voice of the crowd has turned to a new idol.

Many old fighters become criminals, racketeers, gamblers, drug-addicts, drunkards. Venereal disease is almost inevitable to men of this type. In fact, apologists for boxing sometimes declare that the "punch-drunk" boxer is more apt to be a victim of such disease than of beatings about the head. Those who survive disease and loose habits, or who have retained a working morality, usually find places where their brains are not taxed and where their once glorious bodies can still serve. Many become hangers-on in the fight racket as trainers, rubbers or small-time managers; others become newsboys, porters, taxicab-drivers, doormen, bouncers, bootleggers. They usually bear the marks of their trade—cauliflower ears, flat, shiny noses, scars of old cuts about the eyes, puffy eyelids, beetle brows which wrinkle when they think. They love the smell of resin, snatch at moments of reflected glory, and bask in occasional praise from a fight fan who remembers the good old days.

These are the pitiful wrecks lured by the music of applause, blinded by the spotlight, pushed over the hill with no place to go.

A MORE fortunate class includes those who either did not serve so long, or were scientific enough to protect vital spots and had been equipped with better mentality in the beginning. Former boxers of this type are scattered through all walks of life—writers, business-men, actors, promoters, the better fight-managers, detectives—even clergymen.

These are the smart ones you probably never heard of as fighters, but who may be known to you now as Victor McLaglen, the movie star, Humbert Fugazy, the fight promoter; Jimmy De Forest, the trainer, Reverend James McVey, a Newark priest; William Morris, a New York boxing writer; Jack Kearns, Leo Flynn and other fight-managers; and William Shearer, the big navy man. This list might develop many surprises if pursued; but after all, the men who leave boxing without having had to pay a heavy forfeit in some coin are pitifully few.

Take the champions and the contenders—the men who have heard the roar of the crowd, become intoxicated by idolatry, been rewarded with gold—what happens to them on the other side of the hill? For many reasons a champion should fare better than the journeyman fighter. Usually he is either a hitter or a boxer: if a hitter, his fights are short; if a boxer, he has been able to protect himself. Often his flight to the top has been made by leaps; and once at or near the peak, he fights seldom, and only for big purses. He should make more money, suffer less punishment; and he is up in the rarefied air where business is more apt to be on the level, because the commissions watch it more closely, and where associations should be better. He meets millionaires, plays around with them, is in a position to take advantage of opportunities which are freely offered—as long as he stays at the top, at least.

These, if any, should be the darlings of the fistic gods. So, we give you the champions—and the contenders—the idols of the crowd!

JOHN L. SULLIVAN finally won a long battle with John Barleycorn and became a temperance lecturer before his death. Stanley Ketchel was shot to death. Harry Greb succumbed to an operation—after which it was discovered that he had fought for years with one eye gone. Young Griffo, cleverest of them all in the old days, died as a paunchy Bowery drifter. Sam Langford is almost blind. Ad Wolgast is continually "training" for a championship bout in an asylum.

How does the crowd regard its fallen idols?

There never was a better crowd-pleaser than Ruby Goldstein, nicknamed the Gem of the Ghetto by admirers. Ruby, a young boy with the eyes of a poet, the detachment of a philosopher and the equipment of a great champion, was idolized until Ace Hudkins knocked him out at Coney Island and broke his heart.

No sympathy for an adolescent's broken spirit, nor understanding. Ruby is a gladiator, and a gladiator must be able to take it as well as give it. Occasionally, however, the crowd is embarrassed by an old favorite who has looked into the valley, sees nothing for him there, and refuses to jump into oblivion long after he has been crowded out of the picture.

Johnny Dundee has been fighting for eighteen years. The crowd wishes the gallant little man to retire; but Johnny has no place to go, nothing to tie to. He came back from Canada recently, claiming that his knockout there was "the works." The crowd sympathized and asked him to quit. Johnny keeps on fighting and will eventually force the mob to see him knocked out.

Mike McTigue, Jack Britton and Harry Wills, all over forty, haunt the gymnasiums and occasionally climb inside the ropes for a main bout.

DURING our description of the Rickard extravaganzas we left various headliners sprawling on the ropes or in the resin, well-greased for the chutes to oblivion; what happens to these darlings of the mob—the heavyweights?

Jim Jeffries, once the hope of the entire white race, looked upon as a savior, retired to his farm after failing against Johnson. Jeffries came out of his retreat last year to do an act in vaudeville with Tom Sharkey, his chief opponent in fighting days. They were bald, lumpy and fifty, plaintive curios of another age. Jack Johnson grew tired of exile, returned to the States to serve his sentence and was given a polite applause when introduced from the Garden ring recently, still powerful in appearance but corpulent and bald.

Willard, to whom the Caucasians were properly grateful for redeeming their honor, never captured the public. After losing his title to Dempsey he tried a come-back which was halted by Firpo, and then retired to dabble in California real estate and to grow with the country.

Carpentier was one boxer who had his tongue in his cheek while lingering at the top and going over the side. He was never a worthy adversary for Dempsey, but got two hundred thousand dollars for his share of the Battle of the Century. Later, against Gibbons, he claimed a

sprained ankle when the battle went against him; and when Tunney knocked him out, Georges loudly claimed a foul. He became a dancer in Paris and threatens to return to us any time now as a musical-comedy performer.

After losing to Dempsey, Firpo was also outpointed by Harry Wills and then returned to his native Argentine to invest his profits in an automobile agency, and if reports are true is as fat as several *Falstafs*. Boxing had no illusions for Firpo. The crowd could roar or not as long as he was paid in the largest number of American dollars available—and there were no managers to cut in on his earnings.

WHAT of Dempsey, greatest single producer of thrills in America during the last ten years,—not excepting Lindbergh. —Dempsey, the Barrymore of all of Rickard's big productions, the man who collected more than two million dollars in purses and married a movie star—surely the game has been kind to this man who was once only a rover who could use his fists? What of Dempsey? It is true he was most unpopular until he lost to Tunney and became overnight, in defeat, a greater idol than he had ever been as champion. The cause of no individual against injustice has been more valiantly supported by the rank and file of our people than the protest against the count which Tunney received at Chicago. For months after that fight there was perhaps more interest in the possibility of Dempsey returning to the ring than there was in whether Coolidge chose to run or not.

When Rickard died, Jack, as a sentimental gesture, endeared himself to the fight public by promoting the last fight which Tex had planned. But the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which had been made possible to an extent by the profits Rickard made from Dempsey's fists, refused to meet his price to succeed Tex as matchmaker. He formed an alliance with Fugazy but withdrew. The show, which starred him and his wife, indicated that people who had paid fifty dollars to see him in one of Rickard's extravaganzas were less interested in seeing him in fighting togs on the stage. He is not a great attraction in the movies.

Dempsey could have collected a half-million dollars for one more fight with Tunney—and Gene might have delayed his retirement to accept the match. Why did Dempsey refuse this easy money which he has found so elusive as a business-man?

I believe he feared that the beatings he would take in training and in another bout with Tunney might affect his mentality and his eyesight to such an extent that a half-million dollars would not begin to compensate him—which is a fair idea of the thoughts which most of them have after they are first pushed over the hill, and why so many retire definitely while still close to their peak.

The fight game was good to Jack—but Dempsey has seen too many old fighters, who did not know when to quit, spend their last years walking on their heels.

But surely Tunney—the supercilious one, the champion who fought as a business, evaded the scum, retired wealthy and married into the social register—surely Tunney has beaten the mercurial mob which will never push him off the cliff and laugh discordantly?

Time only can tell.

. . . .

Unsteady eye . . .
uncertain hand . . .
these commonly are symptoms of

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

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THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 71)

months it had been an effort. It had, therefore, been a failure, had been a further proof that he could not forget Fathma, had meant a regret for all the former years of his existence which he had endured without her.

Her coming into his life had changed his outlook fundamentally. He laughed at himself, called himself a sentimental damned fool.

The silence continued; and then, very suddenly, he spoke:

"I'm sorry, Fathma."

"What for?"

"For what I said before." He put a hand on her arm.

"When I replied," he went on, "that of course you weren't glad to see me, I—I was joking."

FATHMA looked at him. He seemed to have aged years during the last few months. His eyes were more puckered, his skin more mottled and leathery; his lower lip rolled more permanently outward. The whole man—the curious imagining came to her—seemed like a diary of the deeds he should not have done. His manner also had changed. There was little left of his light Southern frivolity.

She grew aware of a certain pity. But it was contemptuous pity—pity of the brain, not of the heart.

He felt it. He saw her, at the same time, more adorably lovely than ever, more out of reach than ever. The abyss that separated her and him, her indifference and his desire, her clean youth and his tainted age, had become unbridgeable. He knew it; and he smiled—at himself, at life.

"I seem unable to talk to you," came his soft drawl, "without making all sorts of a silly fool of myself. I reckon it's God's own irony."

She was puzzled. "God's own irony?" she echoed.

"That's it, honey! Because—don't you see?—I like you, and because you don't like me!"

She only shrugged her shoulders.

Various emotions clashed within him. He was bitter. He was hurt. And below his bitterness, his hurt, he was aware of a certain brutality, a desire to hurt *her*, that tried to raise its ugly head.

He crushed it back.

"Fathma," he began, "I told you once, didn't I, that there's nothing I wouldn't do for you?"

She drew back, a little frightened.

"I—" she stammered, "I do not want to listen—"

"You've got to!" he declared. "You—oh, what right have you to keep me from saying what I think, from feeling what I feel? I—I love you. You see, I love you—because I—I can't help myself, because there's something in you I need in my very soul! And I love you all the more because—because I know damned well that you're not meant for me, that I'll never be able to get hold of you."

And then Fathma said a very foolish, a very childish thing:

"Oh, how—how dare you? I—why, I am a married woman."

He laughed.

In the dining-room the people heard. They exchanged knowing glances, imagining he had laughed at one of his own reckless, daring jokes.

He turned on his heel, crossed the threshold, walked up to the buffet. He said to John:

"Mix me a drink—a stiff one!"

Fathma stared after him. She was furious; more furious because, strangely, she was conscious of a certain feeling of guilt.

Why *should* she feel guilty? What had *she* done? And—what should she do? Should she complain to her husband?

John would smile. He would suggest: "You mustn't take him seriously, child. He pulls that identical line of hooey on all the women he knows—between eight and eighty, married or single."

No, it would be useless to speak to John—though he would be wrong. For she knew that the Virginian had meant every last bitter word.

Fathma joined the others and went up to the buffet.

Deliberately she took her place by the side of Gordon Davies. She would not give him the satisfaction of seeing how upset she was, would prove to him that she looked on him with indifference. For there was her chilly Moslem pride, her Asiatic philosophy that, happen what may, she must save her face.

So she smiled at him.

"Be a dear, Gordon," she said, "and help me to some of that salad—and a highball—and a few black olives. I adore black olives, don't you?"

THE conversation became general and amusing—not that it differed much from any other conversation that might have been heard any other evening, or perhaps that very evening, in any of a dozen New York homes. There was the same talk of society and the stage, the same exchange of spiced scandal, the same making and unmaking of reputations good or bad, the same vying with wise-cracks, jests, epigrams, the same sacrificing of good friends for the sake of a *bon mot;* and all—the sudden morose thought came to Fathma—artificial, tricked, too subtle and polished.

But she held her own. For some reason—she was not precisely sure why—she would demonstrate to Gordon Davies how Americanized she was, how much more, these days, she belonged to Park Avenue than to Stamboul. . . .

Only Gordon Davies was silent. He drank steadily, staring at Fathma from beneath lowered eyelids. He felt old. He felt, in schoolboy phraseology, out of it.

"What's the matter, Gordon?" asked Shirley suddenly. "Got a headache?"

"No, no—I'm all right."

Again he lapsed into silence. He drank. He listened to the others.

Lothrop Standing was talking to Shukri Yar about Turkey, its financial and commercial problems. A genial, sentimental, rather pathetic simpleton with women, the banker was neither genial, sentimental nor pathetic when it came to business. He asked shrewd questions, received shrewd replies.

"Will you dine with us next Saturday, Captain?" interrupted Miranda.

"You mustn't keep the young man from attending to his official duties," her husband commented.

"You might help him, Lothrop. You are so clever, so powerful."

Lothrop Standing smiled at his wife. He was very proud of her, very fond of her. Besides, he liked flattery.

"I'll do my best," he promised. Once more he turned to Shukri Yar: "About that tobacco monopoly—"

"I'll try to explain, sir—"

OTHER odds and ends of conversation: Arthur Hunt and John Perrington talking polo, Shirley Frisby and Harriet Hackett talking fashions.

Clever phrases wandered about, looking for subjects. Laughs wandered about, looking for causes. Voices grew shrill. Nerves became frayed.

A sense of uneasiness, not altogether due to the Virginian's outburst, was in the air. There was a strange feeling of expectancy, of waiting for something to happen—"like a pause before an earthquake," Shirley Frisby described it afterwards. And not much later, it did happen.

Miranda Standing was speaking to John Perrington. Through a momentary silence her words cut clear and distinct:

"Of course your child will be brought up in the Christian faith?"

And then, before John could give Fathma a warning look, came her stark query:

"Why?"

The older woman raised an eyebrow.

"For the best reason in the world, my dear," she replied. "Because your husband is a Christian."

"But I am not! I am a Moslem!"

Mrs. Standing smiled patronizingly. To her, Islam—and for that matter, Judaism or Buddhism—was not a religion at all, but a quaint, heathenish and rather immoral fad. This fad might make the male of the species, for instance Captain Shukri Yar, more attractive, by lending him a spice of exoticism and lawlessness. But it was not to be taken seriously.

Still, if Fathma insisted on taking it seriously, on arguing the point—all right. Mrs. Standing gave a self-satisfied laugh.

"But you're living in a Christian country!"

And then the Virginian laughed. His laugh was sharp, explosive, cruel. He rose. He stood there, slightly swaying, a glass in his hand.

"Christians, are you—the lot of you?" he cried. "Like my foot you're Christians!"

He pointed a shaking, accusing finger at them. He was drunk. But his brain functioned and clicked, and he spoke clearly. There had been, among his ancestors, great statesmen, great lawyers, a famous judge or two, and a celebrated divine who had stirred the quality folk of Albemarle County with his challenging sermons. Perhaps it was this divine who, tonight, came to life in the Virginian.

He stood there, threatening and rather grotesque; and the others listened, almost spellbound, as he went on, his accents peaking a shrill octave:

"Good and bad, reward and punishment, heaven and hell—that's your creed! You don't believe in it—deep in your

souls. . . . I know! But—think about it now—suppose there *is* a heaven, and a hell? Think of where you'll be, after your death, if one little pearl is up yonder, beyond the skies, or one little red-hot pitchfork down below!" He laughed again, sharply, cruelly. He raised his arms like an evangelist, the whisky-glass in his right hand giving a ludicrous touch. "Think of it! Are you clean? Are you humble? Are your hearts pure? Could you look Christ square in the eyes, and take His hand, and not blush for shame?"

"You—oh," screamed Miranda, "what about yourself? I know you."

"No better than I know myself! I'm as rotten as the rest of you! I"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I covet—my neighbor's wife."

HE dropped into a chair. There was silence, absolute and tragic.

Then Lothrop Standing spoke, with considerable dignity:

"I think it's getting late—"

They left. Arthur Hunt, the kindly, took Gordon Davies by the arm, while Shukri Yar went in the car with his sister and his brother-in-law.

"I wish," said the latter, "Gordon hadn't made such a confounded nuisance of himself."

"Missed his vocation," smiled the other. "He should have been a preacher."

"Maybe. But I'm afraid he spilled the financial beans for you."

"I don't see—"

"Miranda—quite unfairly—will blame Fathma as the initial cause of the whole rumpus. She'll get to work on Uncle Lothrop, and he—"

"Will turn thumbs down on the loan?"

"Precisely!"

"Well, there are other fish in the sea—other bankers in the world."

They stopped at Shukri Yar's hotel.

"Dine with us Thursday," invited John. "Mother will be home. . . . I've an idea you two will like each other."

John and Fathma drove on. All the time she had not opened her lips, had leaned back, apparently dozing.

Only after they had entered their apartment did she speak—and she said a very queer thing:

"What a good man Gordon would be—if he did not happen to be a bad man!"

Chapter Twelve

JOHN was astonished. There seemed no logic to her remark, no cause or reason.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Nothing, nothing—"

She lit a cigarette. Then, almost at once, she threw it away and burst into tears.

He took her in his arms.

"What is the matter, dear?"

Fathma did not reply. She sobbed as if her heart would break. It worried him. With a man's typical ignorance in matters biological, he imagined it was the fault of the evening's excitement reacting on her delicate physical condition. What she should have, since she was going to have a child, was medical care.

Once before, several weeks earlier, he had suggested it. She had answered that she was all right, that she did not need a physician. Nor had he insisted.

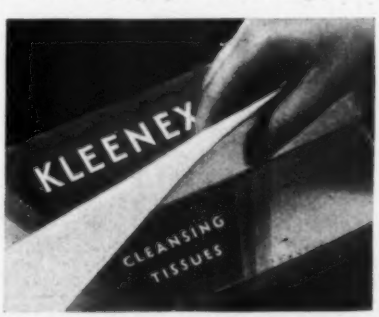
"Kleenex... the only *safe* way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man". . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!



More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

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Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up . . . not only every trace of cream and oil . . . but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

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—May we send you Kleenex—free?—

R-9

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Address.....

City .....

For she had seemed in excellent health. But tonight she was pale and nervous. He decided that he would have his way.

"I'll give Doctor Snyder a ring first thing in the morning, dear."

She shook her head.

"No!"

"Really, it's only sensible—you must have him look you over."

She sat up straight.

"I told you the last time," she said, "that I do not need a physician."

"Yes, I remember. You were in good health—"

"Other reasons too."

"What other reasons?"

"Never mind. Anyway, I do not need a physician today either."

"Perhaps you do, and perhaps you don't. Suppose we let Doctor Snyder be the judge."

"No!" she repeated. "No, no!"

"Mind telling me why not?"

"Because—" She hesitated.

"Well?"

"Oh, if you must know, because I am a woman."

"I fail to understand."

"Because, being a woman, I cannot permit a man to attend me."

"A doctor!"

"A man just the same!"

"Don't be such a child. All women have doctors."

"Not Moslem women."

"Surely," he asked ironically, "you have sickness—even in Turkey, even in your own family?"

"My father would consult a doctor," she explained. "But my family is old-fashioned. Doctors were not for women."

"Haven't you ever been ill?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did you do? Did you"—yet more ironically—"let nature take its course, and trust in Allah?"

"No. There was Gurma. She would know what to do."

He did not believe his ears.

"Gurma? You mean that savage, illiterate old negress?"

Fathma flared up a little.

"Savage and illiterate, yes," she admitted. "But she was wise, very wise in many things—things she learned as a child, in Africa."

"In Africa!" he echoed. "Good Lord!"

HE stared at her. He saw her suddenly as something alien, something barbaric, something utterly beyond his ken; and again he was sharply conscious of the sensation of distance between him and her. But this time he thought the distance was entirely her fault, not his. It was a distance based on Oriental ignorance, Oriental superstition, and he was tired of it—was tired of her harping on the fact that she was a Moslem.

After all, they were living in America; and America was modern, progressive. America knew all about science, health, proper hygiene; and the Orient did not.

"You are going to see the doctor tomorrow," he told Fathma curtly.

The very next moment he was sorry that he had spoken so impatiently.

"You see," he added, "I'm worried about you. And so won't you, just to please me—"

"Yes, dear."

She smiled. She loved him—loved him for his sudden show of temper, loved him for his sudden apologetic gentleness. She felt once more, as she had after their first quarrel, aboard ship, that somehow she was stronger than he; and this realization suffused her with a great tenderness.

"That's bully!" he exclaimed. "I'll phone to Doctor Snyder—"

"No, no!"

"But you said—"

"I shall see a—a woman doctor," she went on rapidly; and had John been a more observant man, he would have felt that she was not speaking the whole truth. "I heard of one; a friend told me."

"A good doctor?"

"Very good, I understand."

"When'll you see her?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

JOHN was very happy; would have been less happy if he had followed his wife when, the next day, shortly after breakfast, she left the house. She went first over to Third Avenue and spoke to the obese Armenian woman who was the proprietress of a corner candy-store.

"You have the address?" she inquired.

"Yes, Fathma *hanoom.*"

Mrs. Trelekian gave her a slip of paper, and Fathma hailed a taxicab. She drove south, arriving, half an hour later, in the maze and reek and riot of the tired, melancholy old streets that cluster around the Rector Street Elevated station.

Smelly, wheezy, threadbare old streets, gray, flat, dull—powdered here and there with the mottled brick-red of a once patrician house, a stable or garage that, generations earlier, had been a proper gentleman's proper home. Streets branching west and north and south, in an irregular pattern of rays; streets whose former residents would have turned in their graves had they read, above the shops, the names of the present residents: Syrian names, Egyptian and Armenian and Arab—Orientals all.

The taxicab pulled into West Street. There Fathma got out.

In front of a store stood the Syrian owner, young, prosperous, contentedly puffing at a cigar, glad to see an early customer, evidently an American and quite as evidently rich.

Mr. Khoury was not above soliciting trade. His was not the haughtiness of Fifth Avenue.

"Elegant laces, lady," he suggested. "Can I show you?"

She shook her head. She said:

"I would like to see Mrs. Zobeid."

The man's eyes narrowed. "Wrong address," he replied sulkily.

He was about to enter his shop. Then suddenly he turned back. He dropped his cigar. In wide-eyed amazement he stared at Fathma. For she spoke to him again; but this time in his native language, and using phrases she might have used to a rude Stamboul bazaar merchant:

"Wah, oudj el-khass! Wah, abu eth-nashar kalb! You lie, O face of misfortune! O father of twelve dogs!"

"Allah!" exclaimed the man. Then he laughed loudly. He bowed. "Come in!" he invited, holding open the door. *"Henna el-bedaw, wah eth-thaif aziz*—the guest is as one beloved! Come in, O moon of the world! Of course Zobeid lives here! But"—shrugging his shoulders—"you know how it is. One must be careful with these Americans—their foolish ideas, their foolish laws, their police."

He led the way into the shop; and Fathma looked and was delighted. It reminded her of Stamboul, with its carelessly tossed, motley merchandise: bolts of silk and linen; wooden boxes filled with Syrian sweets and figs and dates and raisins from the island of Greece, brittle yellow Persian tobacco tied up in bundles, slippers of flimsy red and orange leather, incense in crystal, inlaid metal work from Damascus, oil of rose and geranium in slim bottles picked out with leaf gold—it seemed like home, smelled of home; and these many weeks, ever since she knew that she was going to have a child, she had longed for home with a certain aching intensity.

Her son would be born in America, would be an American. He would be—the bitter imagining came to her—an alien to her and she to him. The thought hurt. She could not stand it. And being a Moslem, she had made up her mind to find and consult an Eastern wise-woman well versed in the ancient mysteries. It was, John would have said, Oriental superstition; yet superstition that, by mere force of repetition throughout the centuries, had become a truth as well as a necessity to millions of people—a truth and a necessity to Fathma. She believed in this truth as thoroughly as her husband believed in the truth of science. Science, to her, was Western superstition; and familiar with her husband's ideas on the subject, she would point out to him at times that in spite of Eastern necromancy and mysticism, or perhaps because of it, her own people were just as healthy and contented as his—and possibly more happy.

At all events an Oriental wise-woman she had wanted; Mrs. Trelekian had given her name and address; and now Mr. Khoury opened the farther door.

"Wait," he said. "I shall call Zobeid."

SHORTLY afterward Zobeid entered. She was an old woman, wizen and black, a pure African negress in spite of her Arabic name and her fluent Turkish, dressed in coquettish and unbecoming rose-pink.

Fathma told her what had brought her here, and the other inclined her head.

"Tawwakkal al'Ullah!" she said. "The Lord guided the stepping of your feet! You came to the right place. I know all about childbirth—all about proper magic. I myself have borne eight children, not counting the twins which died at birth; and they died because an enemy, without my knowledge, brewed powerful black medicine. Twenty-seven times was I a grandmother, and nine times a great-grandmother. . . . I know all about it."

Mr. Khoury came in, with sweets for the younger woman and a water-pipe for the older.

The negress inhaled the smoke.

"Gr-grr-grr-grrr," came the squidgy, protesting gurgle of the pipe in full blast. And Fathma smiled—it reminded her of home, of Gurma.

"My husband," she mentioned, "spoke of an American doctor."

"Cursed be all doctors! Chiefly all Christian doctors—burnt fathers of leprous dogs! The Lord His mercy! Nine

times was I a great-grandmother! Can a foreign doctor teach me how to bear children? Can a foreign priest teach me how to guard and shape their destinies? You listen to me! First of all, have you a *hijab?*"

"A *hijab*—an amulet? No."

"Allah, Allah!" cried Zobeid. "Lucky it is for you that you came to me! Almost a sending of Providence! A child below your heart, and no *hijab* about your neck! And you claim to be a grown-up woman! And, by the crimson pig's bristles, you have no *hijab!*"

"But what do I want it for?"

Zobeid was amazed. The heathenish ignorance of the younger generation!

"If you do not wear one," she explained, "your child will be accursed by the black *djinni*—the evil spirits. It is an assured thing. We must have a *hijab* immediately. I know a Moghareba, a Western Moorish woman, who will write you out the proper sort. Come here tomorrow and call for it. For seven days you must wear it next to your heart, then dissolve the ink in water and drink it. And the diet—"

"Yes?"

"You must not drink buttermilk."

"I am fond of buttermilk."

"Drink it—and you will curdle your child's brain! Your child will be insane! No—no buttermilk. Not a drop. But lots of meat, to make your child a good Moslem and a strong warrior—and twice daily a certain medicine which I shall prepare for you. And"—warming to her subject— "wear blue next to your skin to draw off the heat of the world; and sleep facing the east, and let not the full moon fall on your face!"

A pause. Then impressively:

"And the horoscope for the child! I shall cast the horoscope myself, this morning! There is not much time to be lost. Quick—*ala math iddy*—give me something that you have touched—something from the salt of your hands to the salt of my hands, to make the auspices right! Yes, your handkerchief, that will do! And"—hustling Fathma toward the door—"remember, no buttermilk! And plenty of meat! And return tomorrow for the *hijab!* Ah, the salute—the salute!"

And so, a few minutes later, while Fathma was on her way home to Park Avenue, Zobeid gathered a handful of salt, stirred it with a stick, dropped the white of an egg on it, watched how it curdled, and read the horoscope of John and Fathma Perrington's future child—calling upon Allah and the Prophet Mohammed, upon Moses and Abraham and Jacob, upon the Angels of the Left Hand and those of the Right Hand, upon the twelve Imams, the fourteen Holy Innocents, the forty Abdals, and the forty-seven True and Blessed Saints; calling too, if the truth be told, and since there was in New York no Moslem priest to threaten her with hellfire, upon the ancient African voodoo gods and fetishes of her youth.

Next month—the amazing emotional conflict when the child is born to the Moslem mother and the American father.

Vivacious, beautiful — Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effect *never.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone". Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

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Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin.* The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, shade for night — under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

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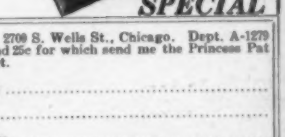

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Photo by Ewing Galloway

"G'wan! Is it to the town or to me funeral ye're takin' me, now?"

Favorite Places *of* Famous *People*

Fanny Heaslip Lea, author of "Happy Landings," and of "Fireflies" in this number, longs to go to Ireland and is on her way there now.

MY town? It slept in the crook of the arm of a great yellow river. Roses choked its gardens, and gutters fouled its streets — when I was a little girl. Mardi-Gras torches rouged its winter skies and lightning scribbled its summer ones.

When I was by way of becoming a woman, my town lay on the swell of the Pacific. A gardenia on a throbbing breast. Wilder than I knew. Sweeter than I cared. A town that was never in verity mine, because we did not belong to each other.

I belong, now, to the town I live in. Its tall towers house my yet unrealized dreams. The swan on the lake in Central Park, the sailor home from the sea —in a rowboat—are no more indigenous than am I .... But for another place that waits —

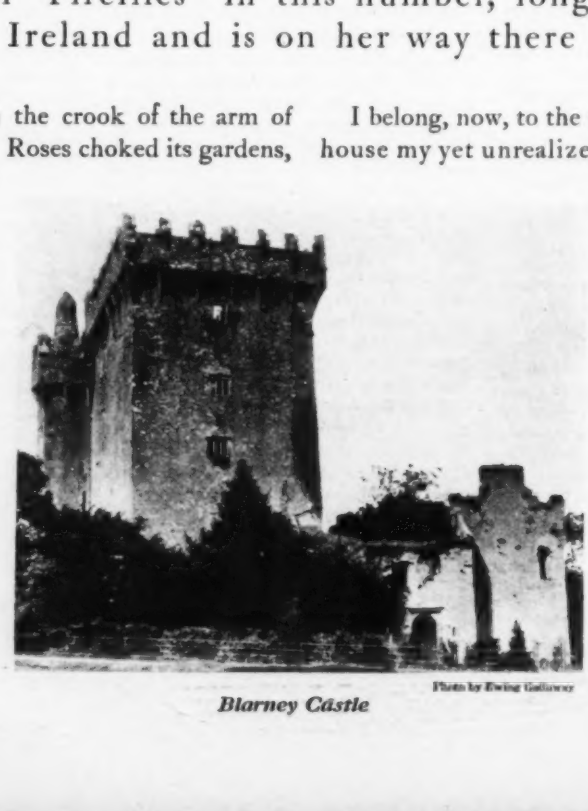

Photo by Ewing Galloway

Blarney Castle

A dark castle, dark trees, and a dark stream, going its way under a narrow bridge. Dark Rosaleen's land — and mine.

A strange way to follow, from New Orleans, to Honolulu, to New York — on the road to Blarney Castle.

BIG SHOTS AND THREE BILLIONS

(Continued from page 48)

booze trade and in its allied interests are essentially the same throughout the large cities. Chicago, always spectacular, is but a jump ahead of at least twelve other large cities, and you may be sure that the system which has proved so effective there is the model for corruptionists everywhere.

Gangstering in this country has ceased to be a matter of random "pickings" or clumsy revenge. It is, by the mildest estimate, a national enterprise with a three-billion-dollar turn-over from a single facet of its multiple operations. It has become a crime structure never before approached in world or underworld history.

In no stratum of life does the knock of opportunity fall upon more alert ears than in the underworld. American crookdom has not missed a trick in the ten years of Prohibition clover. Its operations have constantly increased in scope and daring; it has attained political power and resources of defense unheard of a decade ago; and through the rich rewards and decreased risks assured by organization and wealth, it has attracted over the border people of a caliber never before active in underworld operations. By the thousands; be sure of it!

Perhaps the activities of Rothstein in New York—and they are national activities—will give as good an insight as any available into the purposes for which the burden of crook-gained money in America are utilized. He was aped by lesser crooks throughout the country. He was the largest banker of bootlegging operations in the metropolitan area. The few papers concerning his affairs which the police found after his death uncovered seven million dollars' worth of smuggled narcotics. He also wrecked bucket-shops, fixed horse-races, backed the only five-million-dollar bond theft in history, was in the fixing of the 1919 World's Series which nearly wrecked baseball, provided bail for criminals of all types and boasted to his intimates of his major bribes to police and civic officials, lawyers and judges. His particular pride was to call up persons of supposed power and prove to his cronies how powerless he could render them with a word. The returns from anything honest interested Rothstein not in the least—they were too slow. Everything dishonest—but with large and quick return—instantly won his interest and adequate support.

THAT attitude is typical of gangsters. They have nothing but contempt for people of integrity anyway, with their slow plodding efforts to get income in conventional ways. In the last ten years of vast returns from booze, the gangsters have entered upon projects of such size that it has been necessary in countless situations to corrupt and take in people normally honest. For these people—worrying about their reputations—the crook has an especial contempt.

Scarface Al Capone in discussing them once said:

"A crook is a crook, and there's something healthy about his frankness in the matter. But any guy who pretends he is enforcing the law, and steals on his authority, is a swell snake. The worst type of these punks is the big politician. You can only get a little of his time, because he spends so much time covering up so that no one will know that he is a thief. A hard-working crook will—and can—get those birds by the dozen; but right down in his heart he won't depend on them—hates the sight of them."

LONG ago "Big Jack" Zelig, a gangster who vanished in the gun-smoke of another gangster in New York, remarked to this writer at a trial: "In my game, the only guys you can depend on are those that you got murder on." That is exactly the attitude throughout the underworld.

Even in the old days of crime when a foolish guard or bank-messenger would decide to tip off crooks so that they might rob him and split the proceeds, his life was almost invariably forfeit. They couldn't trust him! So after he had given all the details about how to do the job, expecting a "cut" of the money stolen, the crooks would kill him, just for safety, as part of the job. Men with records could not depend upon such tipster's restraint under third-degree abuse or trickery. It explains many a hold-up, many a time, which seemed needlessly brutal, in that the supposedly innocent guard or messenger, instantly complying with the demand for "Hands up," would be shot down regardless. That's underworld stuff, hideous but practical.

So in a business stratum which at least theoretically holds alternatives of wealth and luxury, or prison or death, the booze and racketeering gangster of today is plenty nervous about these strange new "pals" of apparent social or political importance. It is a necessary but fretful element in the powerful and systematic operations of the gangs today.

The first gesture of gang corruption is almost always a request for passive favors. Once granted, the demand for active favors is a certainty. Those who become entangled know a type of social torture and vicious blackmail which compares with any condition ever imposed by the Mafia or Camorra. The alternatives of disgrace or death constantly face the victim. It's an infinitely wider cycle of fear and subversive action than is generally recognized.

The deliberate effort to bribe a notably honest candidate for the mayoralty in Chicago is indicative of the ambitious attitude of the present-day gangster. As early as 1924 Dion O'Banion remarked to the writer: "Just because a police captain looks dignified, guys get the idea that he don't need anything. That's crazy. Gold badges look swell, but you can't eat 'em. Cops need money like anybody else. They're in a spot where they can earn some, and they're nuts if they pass it up. Damn' few do."

On another occasion when a slayer was on trial in Chicago, a policeman who had previously identified him was becoming very doubtful in verifying that vital identification. A well-known beer baron of Chicago on coming out of the courtroom grinned contentedly.

"Laws are just tricks," he said, "and

"Mello-glo stays on longer," says beautiful Miss Wynn Terry, musical comedy star, 25 W. 55th Street, New York. "No more shiny noses with this new French process Face Powder."

"This new wonderful face powder will not enlarge the pores," says lovely Miss Doris Maye, Ziegfeld beauty, of 39-40 59th Street, Woodside, L. I. "It never causes that pasty, flaky look."

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FROSTILLA
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cops need dough. The stupider that guy seemed to be, the smarter he was."

THE gangster, governed by no laws, rules or morals has today more money and infinitely craftier brains than most of the forces opposed to his activities. Under present conditions his particular prey and specialty are people with power of every kind. He *assumes* that everyone is dishonest.

It was long a matter of amused comment that when Rothstein rode through Manhattan, salutes were exchanged, whistles sounded and contrary traffic halted. A newspaper friend of the writer, interviewing Rothstein more than a year before his death, got into his automobile and was astounded by the police deference he encountered.

As the car stopped at one point on changed lights, a policeman walked over to the car and handed an envelope to Rothstein. "I'll save me a trip," said the policeman.

When the Rothstein car shot ahead again, Rothstein beamed.

"There's a great guy," he said, "That man is actually honest! No kidding! I loaned him twenty-five hundred dollars and he told me he'd pay it back at the rate of forty dollars a month with interest. He's never missed a payment or been a penny shy. Can you beat that! I never expected to see a dime of it. Believe me, I'm nervous about it. I wish it was all over, not because of the money, but because I've figured that cop absolutely honest and I don't want to find I'm wrong."

Bootleggers who need highway or urban police for the continuity of their efforts have seldom had any serious difficulty in getting their truckloads to destinations. Hymie Weiss, known in Chicago as one of the most adroit beer-delivery "big shots" in the racket, said long ago: "I never saw the country cop yet who wouldn't go truck-blind for a month for five hundred bucks."

One of the most menacing factors in the corruption of police is that there is a general feeling—a sincere feeling—among gangsters and police alike that "nobody wants Prohibition." Full cooperation of police executives with Prohibition enforcement officers is a rarity, and since there is hesitancy at the top, there is a tendency to weakness at the bottom in the matter of accepting gratuities.

But to express it in the briefest possible way, the acceptance puts the policeman in the power of the crook, and the money earned by the booze-operation subsequently backs every kind of criminal activity.

Gangsters invariably refer to an honest policeman as a "wrong cop." They insist that "wrong cops" are rare, and they have no respect for them whatever. They merely regard them as inordinately stupid, particularly if the bribe refused is merely to forget some matter of bootlegging. Knowing that their own supply of liquor, however large, is promptly sold to the "best people," and reading newspaper attacks on the conduct of Prohibition officers,—in especial the killing of nearly two thousand persons during the enforcement years,—the gangster in the booze racket actually feels that he has every right to supply liquor. In fact, Capone has expressed it in this way:

"I'm just in business. All I do is supply a public demand. I do it in the best and least harmful way I can. I can't change conditions; I just meet them without backing up.

"No one wanted Prohibition; this town of Chicago voted six to one against it. There were seven thousand five hundred saloons in the old days, and a hundred million a year spent for booze at the old rates.

"Somebody had to throw some liquor on that thirst!"

This misguided notion of righteousness has a vital influence on the morale of the gang hordes. It's bad enough in the "big shots," but the minor gangsters, dependent entirely upon instructions from their superiors in the underworld, have developed a fanatic impatience with anyone who gets in the way of gang procedure. And most of these underlings, by actual test of psychopathic authorities, are defective mentally, averaging from ten to twelve years in intelligence. Anything required of them can be asked and attained by the gang bosses. In brief, they are sharpshooting imbeciles.

How twisted their point of view and reactions are can be quickly gauged from one example reflected in a dinner held at Chicago. Capone has for years sought to bring about peace instead of the carnage which has brought death to eighty top "big shots" in Chicago gangland in ten years. He made a particular effort on October 22, 1926, and the quality of the gathering which resulted may prove illuminating.

Hymie Weiss, whose North Side gang was subsequently to be further depleted by the St. Valentine's Day massacre, was shot to death with his bodyguard, Patrick Murray, on October 11, 1926. Three other companions were wounded by the machine-gunners stationed in a second-story window, but the wounded recovered.

At this juncture Capone made energetic efforts to bring about a peace. "Hymie Weiss is dead because he was a bullhead," he explained. "Forty times I've tried to arrange things so that we'd have peace in Chicago and life would be worth living. Who wants to be tagged around night and day by guards? I don't, for one! But you couldn't tell Weiss anything. I suppose you couldn't have told him a week ago that he'd be dead today!

"There are some reasonable fellows in his outfit, and if they want peace, I'm for it now, just as I always have been."

ONLY gang-leaders of the stature of Capone can admit that they want peace. The entire structure of Gangland is built upon threat and defiance, and the background for some of its most atrocious performances is actually based on fear, with trimmings of doubt.

The unimportant gang "punk" can be inveigled into doing literally anything to prove to his canny associates that he has "guts." He always proving it, even though he is stark with fear. It is one of the elements in crime organization which accounts for crime after crime. Ribbing! "Are y'afraid?" In countless slayings, the killer has been urged on only by the contempt of a superior. What a

simple incentive to obtain results with the twisted-brain killers of Gangland! Between gangster and gangster it is more provocative than any sum of money.

Weiss, also a big shot, once talked frankly to a young newspaper hustler who felt that he was wasting his time and wanted an "in" in the beer racket.

"Forget it, kid," Weiss said. "You don't want any part of this game, and if you do, I wouldn't do it to you. Leave it alone. You're r'arin' to get into it until you're in; and when you're in, what have you got? Trouble! Take your time. Wait and see if what I'm telling you aint aces."

Within two weeks Weiss was dead.

The booze game with its opportunities, rivalries and constant dangers absorbs the gangster mind to the total exclusion of perspective regarding the law-abiding elements in any community. The ordinary citizen is considered harmless, if not dumb, and the police—despite all exceptions—are regarded as amenable to money control in a crisis.

Thus we have examples of mad ego such as was evidenced by Louie Alterie, a gang associate of O'Banion's while the body of the latter was lying in state awaiting a one-hundred-thousand-dollar funeral. Alterie, enraged at the deft killing of the supercautious and fearless O'Banion, openly challenged the Capone gang to fight it out. He was widely quoted.

"Our outfit," he announced, "will shoot it out tomorrow at the corner of State and Madison Streets."

State and Madison Streets, Chicago, form an intersection credited with being the busiest in the world. When Alterie's ambitious defi was published, Mayor Dever had this to say:

"I am staggered by this state of affairs! Are we living by the code of the Dark Ages or is Chicago a part of the American commonwealth? One day we have this O'Banion slain as a result of a perfectly executed gang plot, and now his followers openly boast of retaliation in the streets. There is no thought of law or of the people who support the law."

Alterie, though, was simply typical in his intent interest in vengeance, and indifference to authority and public opinion. Gangsters are direct, not considerate.

EVENTS of this sort of course give the public the idea that a gangster is an amalgam of madman and gorilla. The fact is that the atmosphere in which gangsters dwell is likely to make anything of anyone. When not active in that atmosphere or under the stress of conditions which mean acute danger, great financial loss or a possible "rap" on a murder charge, the gangster relaxes and becomes somewhat reminiscent of what he was before the worst possible associations and ideals made their impress upon him.

O'Banion, for example, was as hard a man, actually, as Chicago Gangland ever knew. Yet this writer, certainly not defending gangsters as such in vaguest measure, was taken out of the midst of a murderous race-riot in a motorcycle by O'Banion at a time when infinitely finer characters might well have hesitated at the task—and favor. Furthermore, when he died, hundreds of persons who hadn't the vaguest knowledge of his gang activities, or that side of his nature, attended the indecently costly funeral.

He had unquestioned traits of leadership, and was—in his leisure moments—a most attractive personality. He had an excellent voice, having long sung in a choir. He was good-appearing, had an infectious smile, and his generosity was prodigious. His flower-shop, a necessary blind for his more vital activities, sent flowers gratis to every kind of funeral involving tragedy or unusual misfortune.

A COUPLE of years ago Capone found himself host to many people in Florida who out of curiosity sought to meet him. Some of them were important people. They liked him. That is possible in personal contact, for aside from his widely publicized business activities, he has traits that are acceptable in almost anyone. For example, no one can deny his executive ability under such stress as few executives in the world have to face. There is nothing petty about Capone. He is intensely loyal, has a remarkable memory, and is appreciative. He has a faculty of saying nothing, or something of interest. And the best way to indicate his weird freedom with money, is to set forth that when a machine-gun was turned on him in Cicero by an enemy gang, he sent five thousand dollars in bills to a woman who was taken to a hospital with an eye destroyed in the fusillade. He had nothing to do with her injury, had simply happened to share some danger with her.

Decent traits—aside from the business in hand—are as valuable in the underworld as they are anywhere. The sheerly vicious gangster is never important, but the gangster who cannot be vicious on occasion—within the requirements of the code—attains no position, either.

So far as the families of gangsters are concerned, they usually know less of the man's activity than the ordinary housewife expects to know. Talk is no asset in the underworld, anyway, and there is no particular sense in burdening dependents with fears that may never be realized. There are exceptions to this, but in many, many instances gangster families are astounded, with the coming of death to the head of the family, to learn that it had been at his elbow for years. Most of the families live not only in comfort but in prodigal luxury, incidentally.

The easiest explanation of that fact is that the gangster, at heart, knows that he lives by the day. It is natural that he show unusual kindness to those whom he actually loves. The quality of that kindness may be measured by the fact that of sixty "big shots" slain in Chicago since 1924, a total of more than three hundred thousand dollars was found in their pockets. Angelo Genna, one of three brothers slain within eighty days, was the best heeled, with thirty thousand dollars. Many others rivaled him. The sums had nothing to do with business holdings, bank deposits or investments; it was merely pocket money!

That is the type of financial athletes who attended the aforementioned Capone peace dinner.

BUGS MORAN, who succeeded Weiss as leader of the North Side gang, was willing to listen to peace proposals.

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Blue-jay has a new team-mate . . . Protect-O-Pad. The name describes it. A satin-smooth, trim, oval, adhesive shield . . . hollow-centered, impregnated with mercurochrome . . . it covers and guards tender tissues while nature restores them to health. Lifts pressure . . . ends friction . . . stops pain and irritation at once. Invisible and comfortable under thinnest slippers or sandals.

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Schemer Drucci, representing the North Side outfit, and Tony Lombardo, representing the Capone gang—both of whom have since been shot to death—met and arranged for a truce during which a peace dinner was to be held. The dinner became a reality.

A newspaperman of my acquaintance, accustomed to the peculiarities of human conduct, attended that dinner, and declared it to be the most hideous experience in his career. The thugs shook hands all around, and reached an agreement that all that had gone before was forgotten. There were to be no more beatings or killings, no more "muscling in" on each others' customers, and no more "ribbing."

It was settled that both sides were to punish their own members for any transgression of the treaty. Then they settled down to the pleasures of the evening. Thugs who had lain in wait or taken a shot at each other with murderous intent admitted the effort, with loud laughter. The most frightful events in violence were discussed and grinned over. Details of previous killings were related, and the necessity for them explained.

The truce lasted less than three months, and many a gang killing resulted from the confidence of that night.

ONLY in volume of crime does Chicago lead in such activities; the system is obviously related in its parts, and nation-wide in its operations. When the racketeer Frankie Yale was shot to death in Brooklyn, his slayers were in a car bearing an Illinois license. John Scalisi of Chicago was arrested shortly after for a murder resulting from the Yale killing.

Upon his release in fifty thousand dollars bail, he was promptly slain with two companions, Albert Anselmi and Joe Guinta, and the police announced that the Purple Gang of Detroit had committed the crime. When Frankie Marlow, New York racketeer, was taken for a ride, the men taken into custody were both of Boston.

On March 20th last, the body of a slain man, shot and burned in a destroyed automobile on the Newark city dumps, was identified as that of Eugene Moran, a thousand-dollar-a-week killer on the payroll of Arnold Rothstein.

Deputy Chief Frank E. Brex of the Newark detective bureau had devoted himself to the case since the preceding August 9, when the unidentified body was found. He had this to say:

"Moran and Frank Devlin went out to Denver to kill Eddie Diamond, a gangster who had won the enmity of Rothstein. They went after Diamond with a machine-gun two days after Rothstein's death, but were caught, jumped five thousand dollars bail each and came East. Devlin was killed first. His body was found at Somerville, N. J., March 1, 1929, with three bullets in the head. Three days later Fat Walsh, Rothstein's bodyguard, was killed as he sat playing poker at the Miami Biltmore, Miami, Florida.

"Mortimer Schubert was taken for a ride in Jersey November 14, 1929, as a direct result of the attack on Diamond in Denver, and Daniel Ahearn was shot in Cleveland after he had beaten up a gangster suspected of giving information about Rothstein's friends to the Denver gang. The last killing in this sequence was the killing of Harry Veasey at Woodside, L. I., on January 10."

The type and diverse location of some of the pillars of the gangster organization has been fairly well established. Their effective methods are obvious to every prosecutor and police executive active in any case involving the operation of gang enterprise or revenge. Every brake is set against arrest or conviction.

IT is to be hoped that the previously quoted estimate of five per cent of our population includes all the police, Prohibition officers, coast guardsmen, truckmen, watchmen, landlords, bondsmen, lawyers, officials and others who have been bought or frightened into either passive aid or active coöperation with the gangs—and that the estimate of three billion dollars in booze profits for the gangsters still remains an impressive figure when compared with the returns, unannounced, from the two hundred nationally active rackets which, as early as 1926, cost the city of Chicago alone one hundred and thirty-six million dollars.

WOLF PASS

(Continued from page 65)

wanted to be talking. He seemed as starved for human company as for human food. She reflected: "It's been months since he's spoken to a soul. It's probably been far longer since he's sat and talked with a white woman."

The man's nature was a puzzle to her. She could not quite make him out. Without jumping to any conclusions, she believed more and more that he was at least not the criminal that Lorn considered him. He might even be a very decent sort.

Out on the Packhorse, the cry of a great Northern diver interrupted him. Breaking off, he scrambled to his feet, searched up and down the river, saw nothing suspicious, then turned to her.

"Get up! We got to be moving."

"We?" Sylvia echoed, startled. Did that mean he was going to take her along with him?

Again he studied her with that curious gaze. It was plain he did not fear her. There was a half-amused glint in his eyes. Was he laughing at her fright?

"Why sure, us both," he answered. And when a fear spread over her winsome face, he added: "How the devil could *you* foot-slog back to Bighorn? I was thinking. See here, I got to have your boat, aint I? You come, go along peaceful-like, go on up the Packhorse. Up there, about four miles this way from Wolf Pass, there's a good trail leading over east to Beaver Valley. Old Thunder Crow and his band live there. Only a couple miles across to Beaver. Old Crow'll see you get home safe. I wouldn't let a girl afoot, place like this, would I?"

His words set Sylvia to thinking, to wondering more than ever about this man. His glances at her face, his appraisal of her vigorous young body, did linger longer than she liked. But he hadn't touched her, hadn't spoken a wrong word; and now he was actually taking thought for her! Hunted, half-starved in a desperate situation himself, he was taking thought for her.

She thought: "I'm going to get his version of that formidable record. Lorn never gave any 'criminal' the benefit of the doubt."

As Behrdal picked up the rifle and pack, she rose and went with him, unwilling but not frightened, back to the path and along it under the great pines, to her canoe.

NEAR mid-afternoon, thirty miles on up the Packhorse, they came to a tiny wooded islet in the river. Driving the canoe in to the bank, Behrdal laid aside the paddle, and said:

"Only ten miles to Wolf Pass. We'll stop here a minute." He scooped the sweat from his brow with a forefinger. "Pretty hard work dogging a canoe upcurrent like this. Usta could do it all day 'thout feeling it, but now—"

"I know, I know," Sylvia agreed in sympathy. "It's a wonder you lived through these last few months."

She was facing him, sitting in the prow of the canoe. She knew he had put her there so he could keep a sharp watch on her actions; but to offset that, he'd made her a comfortable seat with the white fluffy H. B. blanket.

Very thoughtful, Sylvia sat with chin cupped in her small hand, bare-headed, with the slant sun tangled in her golden-reddish hair. Behrdal had been staring at her, but now he was looking on up the mountain-cradled Packhorse at the wilderness of ranges which he had trapped in years ago. Freedom was so very near for him now. If only he could get through Wolf Pass—but there Lorn was waiting. Sylvia was in panic at the thought of a rifle fight. Glancing at the high-power weapon there beside Behrdal, she pictured Lorn shot, wounded, dying, and her passion for him welled up. Lorn was her husband, her lover. . . .

But then she reasoned that Behrdal would never try to shoot his way through the Pass. He would surely land this side of it and circle up against the mountain and hit the Packhorse above.

She asked him rather abruptly: "If you don't mind a personal question, Mr. Behrdal, what was it that started you to —that made you—"

"Made me a bush-sneaker?" he completed. "Well, you see, I stole some furs. A trader, he cheated me four years handrun. Jickered the auction-sale figgers. So I busted into his storage-shed one night and evened things up. But I had to cut for Alaska."

"You have several charges against you there," she suggested, leading him on.

"Them's damned lies! They knowed I was on the jump, so everything that went wrong, and I was near enough, they hung it onto me. Nothing could happen but what I got blamed for it. I did pull off a couple tricks, when I had to—like with you this morning; but that wasn't my fault. I'd gone straight if they'd let me."

Sylvia nodded. In her criminology

texts she had studied many cases like his. "Undeserved increment of criminal reputation," her professor at Berkeley called it.

She pursued: "But that robbery of the Orphan Angel Mine? You were identified—"

"Don't deny that. But if you knowed the facts. . . . Look here, I staked that claim myself, years ago. My partner, he euchred me out of it. How? Well, I sent him in to the assay office with the ore, to have it tested. He doctored the figgers. Brought back a sheet saying the ore was worthless. After I left, he filed on it hisself. So I tried to even up that old score."

Sylvia forbore asking him about that more serious offense.

It seemed to her that here was a man who was a living refutation of Lorn's stern uncompromising attitude, and a living proof of her own beliefs. Society had hounded him, branded him with the stigma of "criminal." If he could only escape, he would become an honest self-respecting man. Once through Wolf Pass, he *would* be safe, for he had rifle, boat and pack now. Back in the Lodestars he could never be tracked or found. Sylvia remembered those beautiful Lodestars, for she and Lorn had spent their *lune de miel* far back in them. Recalling those innumerable cañons and beaten game-trails and dry caves, she knew Behrdal could easily live through the winter there, and then make good his escape.

But what would Lorn say when he found out that Behrdal had secured those desperately needed things because of her disobedience? She visioned her return to Bighorn, visioned Lorn's silent anger; and she knew that this adventure today was going to be fateful between Lorn and her.

BEGINNING twilight in the mountain valley—almost within sight of Wolf Pass. . . . Something was wrong, all wrong. Sylvia was keenly alarmed, and more frightened with every passing moment.

The sun an hour ago had inched down behind the western Lodestars. The twin peaks, lordly, snow-crowned, through which the Packhorse flowed, towered up so high, so close, that she lifted her head to see their summits. But Behrdal hadn't set her ashore, as he had promised. He didn't show any signs of intending to set her ashore.

The valley had narrowed to half a mile, with mountains rising steep and huge almost from river edge. A short "squaw-winter" which had passed last week had turned the hardwoods of their lower slopes to brown and golden and flaming red. All day the migrants, flock after flock, had passed overheard, winging south; and Sylvia had the feeling that around her in the mountains animals were laying by their store for the frozen months or seeking out warm caves against the winter to come.

In this last mile she had noticed a marked and alarming change in Behrdal. He was nervous now—with fatal Wolf Pass so near. And he had become surly and heavy-handed with her, snapping her off if she started to say a word. He had reloaded her rifle and dropped a handful of loose cartridges into his pocket. He had said he was going to try to get around Wolf Pass by slipping up along the windfall slope, but now it looked as though he meant to shoot his way through. The suspicion had grown on her that he didn't mean to put her ashore till he got through the Pass—that he meant to use her as protection against Inspector Hastings' rifle.

If that was true, then he'd hoodwinked her, he'd been friendly in order that she would "go along peaceful." It was galling to suspect that this rough boorish man had been playing on her credulity and sympathy—secretly laughing at her all day.

TWILIGHT was deepening in the valley—a soft impalpable purple, though high overhead the clouds were still roseate from the sun. The heavily timbered shores, dark and formidable, awed Sylvia; and the memory of the lonely mountain fastness ahead, where Lorn and she had spent their honeymoon, filled her with prophetic fears.

Unable to bear this terrible uncertainty any longer, she asked tremulously:

"We—we must be close to Wolf Pass; aren't you going to—aren't we about to the place where you'll put me ashore?"

Behrdal glared at her, and his answer was fairly dazing.

"You shut your trap and mind your own business!"

Startled, she shrunk back against the thwart as though he had struck her. He meant to take her on through Wolf Pass! He meant to use her as protection against her husband. How could Lorn battle him—with her in that canoe? This man would kill Lorn—

Silent, panic-stricken, with the canoe carrying her on into Wolf Pass, she sat there helpless, praying that Lorn would not come out at Behrdal. But she knew he would. He'd never let a criminal escape; he'd never let Behrdal take *her* through Wolf Pass. The prospect of Lorn getting wounded, maybe killed, killed by her own rifle, killed because she'd defied him and gone away alone, frightened Sylvia as nothing in her life before had ever done.

Watching, she saw Behrdal suddenly start, ship the paddle, seize the rifle. From the east shore, from behind the cover of a cypress whose branches swept the water, a canoe had glided out, a canoe with a straight stern figure in it, driving it with powerful strokes, his rifle muzzle sticking up above the gunwale.

It was skirling directly out athwart the current, out into mid-stream, to block their path.

The last vestige of Slith Behrdal's pretense dropped away from him.

His eyes were fixed on that canoe. There was fear in them, a craven fear that made him jerky in the manner of a cornered animal. And there was a vengeful light in them, too—a murderous glare at the officer who had hunted him for months and flung out the wilderness dragnet for him, and now blocked his path to safety.

As Behrdal cocked the rifle, Sylvia rosé up, wild with fright, nearly tipping over the frail canoe, and pleaded:

"Don't! Don't shoot! You mustn't hurt *him*. I'll tell him to keep away—"

Behrdal swung the gun back behind his shoulder, like a heavy club against her, menacing her; and he snarled:

"Get down! Damn you, get down there! You make one move, you just try

Watch your husband slick his hair

..you can tell if he is going to be bald

DOES he lean over the wash basin and slosh water on his hair? Tell him to stop while he still has some hair left! Wildroot Hair Tonic does this "slicking" better than water—and does his hair *good* instead of *harm*. Have him try it a month. See how much better his hair looks. No dandruff—no itching—no harsh dryness. Get this reliable Hair Tonic at any drug store, barber or hairdresser. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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to help him to take me, you damn' little softie, and I'll— I aint aiming to get taken!"

Shrinking back from him in quivering panic, Sylvia helplessly watched him lift the rifle—*her* rifle—and level it, and draw a bead on that canoe.

In that instant Lorn's voice, sharp and clear, came ringing across the water, repeating the formula of arrest:

"Halt! In the King's name, I warn you against resisting!"

BEHRDAL shot at him. In her terror for Lorn, unmindful of the bullet that screamed past her head, Sylvia turned, looked. Again and again and again, till the magazine was empty, Behrdal shot at her husband. The bullets, kicking up tiny spurts of white, hit all around Lorn. Two of them, striking almost at the wind-water line of Lorn's canoe, ricocheted and tore through his fragile craft.

She saw Lorn lean forward, stuffing a blanket corner into one of those spouting holes. But he did not shoot. He had recognized *her;* though a bullet at any moment might kill him, he would never jeopardize her life. Cool and steady, he was driving his canoe on, on out into mid-stream, to block the path.

She cried out: "Lorn! Lorn! Shoot at him!"

Behrdal swung his reloaded rifle upon her . Had she not been his protection, he would have killed her.

"Shut up!"

He seized the paddle, drove the canoe frantically on with powerful grunting strokes, till less than two hundred yards of water lay between the two crafts. Dropping the paddle, whipping up his rifle, he poured a stream of bullets at Lorn's canoe.

One, ricocheting, tore a gaping hole through the wind-water line. Another knocked Lorn's paddle out of his grasp. And then that fatal bullet! In her terrified anguish, she did not clearly see what happened, but Lorn's canoe suddenly caved in, as though the middle thwart had been splintered, and the craft, collapsing, plunged him into the water, boatless, his rifle gone.

He reappeared, treaded water, then started swimming strongly—not back to the safety of the shore, which likely he could have reached; but on out into mid-stream, toward a flat granite rock that reared above the water. With belt-gun in his teeth, he headed for that boulder in a last magnificent effort to make his arrest and save his wife from this man.

Behrdal shot twice at him—at a helpless man swimming—but his bullets missed. Checking himself, he watched Lorn reach the rock and climb out. His nervous jerky fear slowly ebbed now. As his narrowed eyes studied the boulder, an expression of gloating sureness twisted his mouth. He knew, and Sylvia knew, what chance a man with a belt-gun stood against a long-range rifle. He could edge up closer, could stand off beyond belt-gun range and pour a magazine of bullets into his enemy. Lorn was caught, doomed; he and she too were at Behrdal's mercy now.

FOR perhaps half a minute Behrdal held the canoe where it was, stroking a little against the current, studying the rock where Lorn knelt on one knee, waiting.

Beneath his breath he snarled: "That yellow-striped devil won't hound me any more! Nor he won't get back home to tell where I faded to, or boss any more hunts after me!"

He dipped paddle to drive the canoe within deadly rifle-range of the rock. Sylvia's glance went to her little belt-ax loosely tied in the pack within arm's reach of her. She started to lean forward, to seize it and hurl it with all her strength at that brutal face. Her movement caught Behrdal's eyes; he whipped back the paddle, swung at her; and the thin blade struck her across the arm she flung up to protect herself.

He grabbed the belt-ax and thrust it safely beneath his leg.

"Didn't quite, did you? Pretty cocky now, ain't you? You'll tame down. You and me—while them men of his are kiting around wondering what happened to him—we'll be looking up a nice place back in there to den up in."

IN the horror that swept over her, Sylvia had a livid memory of Behrdal bolting her food with an animal's hunger, of his hunger for human company, of his overbearing, lordly-male attitude, of Lorn's significant hint that this man had been alone in the bush for many long months.

He taunted her, as he drove the canoe on toward the rock:

"You're the softest one I ever met up with. Swallowed everything I told you! Come along peaceful-like, you did—no trouble at all. And you thought I was going to set you off, after catching you out here like that, no one knowing what happened to you. You, by God, thought I'd let you go! *And you wanted to help me escape!"* He laughed throatily. "You sure need a husband—sweet little coonie like you—or need *somebody* to look after you—letting a fellow string you along like I did!"

He laughed again; and in that horrid laugh Sylvia seemed to be hearing Lorn's warning, and caught a glimpse of all his long years of hunting men, all his hard-earned knowledge of criminal nature, all his bitterly learned experience and beliefs.

A moment later Behrdal was ignoring her, as a helpless and inferior creature to be noticed or scorned at his fancy. The rock was within good rifle-range; but Lorn had crouched down lower, to offer the smallest possible target to that sharp-speaking gun. Estimating distance, Behrdal shoved the canoe on closer, closer, till at the deadly range of a hundred yards he shipped the paddle and rose up, and lifting his rifle, deliberately took aim.

As she watched that rifle come up, Sylvia grasped the gunwale with both hands, and her body tensed for a swift desperate attempt to save Lorn's life. A minute ago she had thought to leap forward and struggle with Behrdal and try to wrest the rifle away from him, but she knew he could shoot her before she reached him. There was one other way.

Too swiftly for Behrdal to lower the rifle and shoot at her, she flung herself over the gunwale of the canoe, still gripping the edge of it, dragging the gunwale down by the force of her plunge. She saw Behrdal stagger, lose his footing and topple backwards. As the water closed over her, she felt the canoe suddenly lightened, and knew he had fallen bodily out of it. With a plop that drummed in her ears, the craft overturned, twisting loose her grip on it, plunging her down and down.

For a few moments that seemed endless she struggled in the dark cold depths, fighting upward to the light. When she broke up out, dashing the water from her eyes, tossing the shock of her hair from her forehead, she glimpsed the upturned canoe a dozen yards downstream; and looking again, she saw Behrdal clinging to its prow, clawing frantically for a hold on its keel.

From his frenzied struggles that repeatedly pushed the craft under water, she realized that the man could not swim, and would weaken and sink and drown in this swift icy current. But that sight did not move her; there was no mercy in her heart now.

Turning toward the boulder, she peered through the twilight for sight of Lorn. The rock was bare; he no longer crouched on it. She called to him tremulously; then she saw him, swimming down-current toward her, with long clean strokes.

He bore down upon her, stopped a couple of yards away; and with his eyes on Behrdal's weakening struggle, he demanded sharply of her:

"Can you get ashore by yourself?"

"Y-yes, but Lorn—but what are you—"

"If you're certain you can, then get on out!"

"But Lorn! Why don't you let him *drown?"* In a flaming pitiless anger against Slith Behrdal, she cried: "He tried to kill you! He was going to take me—me with him! Let him drown!"

LORN did not even answer, but went on past her. As she started for the west bank, swimming easily at a diagonal down the current, she looked back and saw him overhaul the drifting canoe, and saw the swift finale of it all. Behrdal, a drowning man in a blind crazed frenzy, clutched at Lorn and would have pinioned his arms and dragged him down. But Lorn held him off at arm's-length, and smashing the butt of his revolver against the man's temple, knocked him limp. And then, towing him, swimming one-handed, he too headed for the west bank of the Packhorse.

When she reached shoal water and her feet touched, Sylvia stopped and waited, to help Lorn with his burden, to help him retrieve the canoe and paddle. But she dreaded to face him, to speak to him. That steely hardness in his voice—he knew she had disobeyed his orders. And that was not all, not the half of her guilt. Today she had been traitress to him, disloyal to all he stood for—had wanted Behrdal to escape.

OVERHEAD the two o'clock moon, riding through a gossamer mist of clouds, silvered the clear cold waters of the Packhorse and dripped its molten fire from Lorn's wet paddle-blade. A stiff chilly wind, pouring down the valley, had set the waves lap-lapping against the shores, and was crooning in autumnal tones through the great pines and cedars.

With the current sweeping them along, with Lorn's rhythmic tireless paddle-strokes hastening them, they had passed the portage where Behrdal that morning had lunged out of the windfall upon Syl-

via. A dozen easy downstream miles stretched on to Bighorn.

Bound hand and foot, Slith Behrdal lay in the prow of the canoe, a huddled and spiritless heap, his arms over his face, being carried back to the justice he for years had escaped. He was Lorn's prisoner; Lorn was taking him in. More than once in the long silent hours since this return began, Sylvia had reflected on that stern unswerving quality in Lorn Hastings which had impelled him to save this man when she herself—she with the humane theories and sympathetic attitude!—had wanted to let him drown. What had Lorn once told her about her theories and wisps of smoke?

FOR the last half-hour she had been looking up at him, studying his face in the moonlight; but scarcely once had he glanced down at her, and then he had not smiled. In abject silent misery she had inched nearer and nearer him, till her head brushed his knees. He had not noticed her. When she thought of him swimming through the water with a belt-gun in his teeth, she realized that in such a man forgiveness came not lightly.

Across the moon a flock of migrant cranes flapped slowly southward, a weird and macabre procession down the night sky—token of a summer dying and a winter to come. From high above timberline the mournful cry of a wolf floated down, unwordably lonely and sad. As though the sound had its echo in Sylvia's heart, as though the silence had broken her heart, she stirred and rose a little, and crept nearer and nearer, till that head of golden-reddish hair which had tossed so defiantly at Lorn Hastings, lay now in his lap, beaten, miserable, begging forgiveness.

The rhythmic paddle missed a stroke, a single stroke; then it dipped again, took up its relentless tempo again. The tears came blindingly into Sylvia's eyes; she was shaken with silent sobbing, but she fought it down.

As though Lorn had felt her sobbing, that relentless tempo slackened; it missed a stroke, two strokes. . . . As she raised her head, as she started to creep back, it stopped altogether! Dimly through her tears Sylvia saw him looking down at her. He seemed to be bending lower.

"Sylvia!"—a whisper, his whisper, above her. His hand was on her wet cheek, his hand caressing her hair. "You got us into that fix, girl, *but you got us out!*"

The tears, that came more blindingly than ever, kept her from seeing his face. . . . It couldn't be, it couldn't be that he'd forgiven her.

"If you want to admit you were a bit wrong in our—our arguments, I'll meet you halfway. I'll never remind you of today."

Her heart ceased beating as she saw him bending lower still, and felt him lifting her lips to his for a moment that blotted out all this endless night of unbearable misery.

Then the rhythmic strokes again. Behrdal the criminal a huddled heap in the prow, the sleepy sounds of this mountain wilderness, above her, between her and the star-sprinkled heavens, a beloved face that smiled now with that former one-ness between them—her head still lying upon his lap, on and on and on, homeward under the moonlight.

BASEBALL'S BAD BOY

(Continued from page 75)

embarrassedly. "Maybe I better explain it a little. Now, just supposin' a man, he had certain—uh—weaknesses. See? And supposin' two fellers like Mr. Dennis and the Colonel had promised solemn they would sort of overlook a man's little weaknesses jest so long as the man, he pitched good ball. Do you reckon they'd keep their promise?"

I SAW that he was worried and dubious. "Morrie and the Colonel are pretty good scouts," I said. "They generally stick to their agreements. If they told you they aren't going to expect you to keep training rules—"

"That's just what they done!" he broke in eagerly. "They said would I win twenty games for their ball club this year, they didn't care how much I dr—well, how much I sort of overstepped training." He became confidential. "You see, Mr. Jones, when they told me they was gonna buy me from Wiltse, I told them fair and square about my little weaknesses. I ast them did they expect me to set an example. If they did, I couldn't work for them. I aint never been able to set an example. But they give me their word solemn that they wouldn't ast me to do that."

"They ought to keep their word, then," I said.

He jumped up and paced the floor. Jerkily he began to talk: "All the trouble I had with Pat Clark was on account of that. He didn't keep his word—and neither did Mr. McGonigle when I was with the Mastodons, and neither did Johansen when I worked for him on the Red Stockings. They said all I had to do was pitch good ball. But every one—they ended up by asting me would I set an example. Pat Clark, he even brung a lady friend of mine into it—a lady friend who I have been engaged to for thirteen years—"

Breaking off, he scowled darkly and wandered about, muttering to himself.

I said: "They all wanted you to—er—reform. That the idea?"

He halted, nodding. He rolled back the sleeve of his undershirt and held out his mighty right arm.

"See this?" he said. "Feel it! Good and solid, aint it? Hit me on the chest. Hit me hard. Here—listen—" He hit himself. "Good wind, aint I? Look at my eyes. Aint bloodshot, are they? I aint missed a signal in sixteen years. Look at my finger. It don't tremble, does it? I got control, aint I? I've always had control. Everybody knows I got control—"

"You've got control, all right," I said, remembering his last year's strike-out record.

HE went on: "I aint denying I got my little weaknesses. But I got my strength too, aint I? You ast any manager I ever worked for if I ever missed

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my turn to work. You ast Pat Clark. That feller, he was always riding me. He'd find me in some place where I hadn't ought to of been. He'd find me where I'd give way to my weaknesses. He'd say: 'Bill, jest aint you a sight? Aint you ashamed of yourself? How you gonna pitch tomorrer in such a condition?"

"Well, I'd have to admit I looked bad. I'd have to admit I done wrong and set a poor example to the youth of this great nation, let alone all them fool rookie pitchers that tries to blame a better man for their own whisky-nerves. But I'd say to Pat: 'My weaknesses is on me, now, but they aint got me down. Wait till you see my strength on me in the box tomorrer.' And I'd always make it a p'int to bear down extry hard the first inning."

I said: "Don't you ever feel the effects of your—er—weaknesses when you get in the box, Mr. Wagstaff?"

Bill nodded.

"Sometimes I do when I'm walking out there for the first inning. But as soon as this"—he tapped his right arm—"feels the ball, my strength comes onto me. This arm, it knows I got to conquer my weaknesses. Every time I pitch, I got to conquer them. If I ever give in and let 'em get me down—why, I'd be a bum!"

I felt I knew Bill Wagstaff much better after that speech. I said: "Well, I hope Morrie and the Colonel let you go on conquering your weaknesses in your own way, Mr. Wagstaff."

The Birds' new pitcher sighed.

"Sure hope so too," he said. "If they stick to their word, I'll pitch good ball games and not make no trouble."

At the door, he thought of something. His manner became rustic, bumbling.

"A certain lady was mentioned," he remarked with ponderous casualness, "a lady who I regard as a kind friend. You aint gonna put none of that in the papers, are you, Jones?"

I glanced at his shoeless and sockless left foot. His toes were wriggling like a hick schoolboy's.

"The lady won't be mentioned at all," I said.

Bill stuck out his hand. His boyish blue eyes, which looked so oddly bright in his brown homely face, shyly tendered friendship. "Thanks, young feller," he said. "If you want any balls autographed, jest send 'em over!"

BEFORE I returned to the office, I hunted up Morrie Dennis, manager of the Birds. I found him in his office at the ball park.

"Morrie," I said, "I've just interviewed your new pitcher. He says you and the Colonel are going to let him have his own way so long as he wins ball games."

"You're not going to print *that*, I hope?" Morrie grunted, alarmed.

"Oh, I'm not going to print it," I assured him. "I just wanted to make sure you gave such a promise so I can compliment you and the Colonel. It's the only way to handle Wagstaff."

Morrie beamed.

"Sure it is," he said. "I've had the idea for years. Bill aint the ordinary baseball player. You can't make rules for Bill. He's the only one of his kind. Any other man would be a bum after living the way he's lived. He's the only real iron man I ever saw."

THE season had just opened. Morrie and I chewed the rag awhile about pitching assignments for the week's games. He said he was going to start Bill in a day or so against the Puddlers.

"By the way," I remarked as I was getting ready to leave, "did Bill tell you the straight story about his row with Pat Clark?"

Morrie laughed.

"Sure. Aint you heard it? It seems Bill has been engaged to a girl in Kansas for thirteen years. Every time he makes up his mind to go back and marry her, he gets drunk and winds up in St. Paul or New Orleans. Well—poor Pat developed the idea that if he could get Bill married to the girl, she'd reform him. So he started a report that Bill's girl was running around with a shoe salesman, figuring he'd get jealous and rush out to Kansas and marry her. Instead, Bill socked Pat on the jaw for damaging his sweetie's reputation!"

I said to Morrie: "Well, don't you make the same mistake. Bill doesn't want to be reformed."

"Never worry," said the Birds' manager. "We'll get along all right."

FOR six weeks everything went fine. By the middle of June, Bill had won ten games for the Birds. He was the sensation of the league, and the Birds were within striking distance of first place. On the last road trip Bill won five of his seven starts. He shut out the slugging Puddlers; held his old team, the Bears, to two hits; and he chalked up thirteen strike-outs in the game that decided a series with the league-leading Mastodons.

I was writing my second-day story of this game in my hotel room when Bill shuffled in.

"Great game today, Bill," I said.

Bill nodded gloomily. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I thought I done right well," he remarked. "But Mr. Dennis, he aint satisfied. He's getting nervous about me."

I stared at Bill.

"Nervous? That's nonsense. You're going great guns, and Morrie knows it."

Bill shook his head mournfully.

"Trouble always starts thataway, young feller. Mr. Dennis, he's held out better than the others done, but he's getting nervous. I know he thought I hadn't ought to of played pinochle so late last night. When I come in to the bench in the eighth, he says: 'Feeling sleepy, Bill?' I knowed it was because I'd mixed a couple of floaters into my cross-fire. So in the ninth I didn't use nothing but the fast ball jest to show him I wasn't sleepy."

I laughed.

"Forget it," I said. "Morrie's strong for you." Then to get his mind off the subject, I said: "Heard anything from the lady friend lately?"

Bill blushed.

"Heard yestidday. She always writes me twicet a week. The wheat's comin' along fine, and she's got eighty-six late fryers."

"Great. She must be expecting you for a visit after the series."

He looked frightened.

"She couldn't be expecting that, do you reckon? I aint never said nothing about it. Pshaw, you're jest kidding me, aint you?" He peered at me worriedly, then grinned as I laughed. He made his escape, saying: "They's some fans in my room."

That night on the train going home Bill was plastered and had to be put to bed in a stateroom. I cornered Morrie in the club car.

"Bill pitched a great game today," I said.

Morrie chewed at his cigar.

"Yeah—he did," said Morrie. "But Joe booted a couple at short."

"You don't blame Bill for that, do you?"

The little manager twisted uneasily in his chair.

"Joe was in that pinochle game in Bill's room. I fined him twenty-five." He scowled. "Joe thinks I ought to fine Bill too."

"You benched Jimmy Corrigan for getting drunk, and you fined Pete O'Hare for disobeying field orders in Philly. Did Jimmy and Pete think Bill should have been punished along with them?"

Irritably: "I don't know whether they did or not. But it's a cinch— Oh, I'm trying to stick to my promise to Bill. I aint a welsher. But just the same—well, you know yourself, Ray, how hard it is to keep discipline with one man on the team doing as he damn' pleases."

"He's winning ball games for you, isn't he?"

Morrie grunted. "He'd win more if he took care of himself."

I didn't have anything to say to that. I hadn't worked it out in my own mind. But even then, in the face of logic, I doubted that better behavior would make Bill Wagstaff a better pitcher. There was that strange element of self-compensation in Bill. Didn't he pitch so well because on the mound he was overcoming his "little weaknesses?"

POOR old Bill was headed for trouble again. The first big blow-up came during the home series with the Skippers.

Bill had an off day; and the Skippers, an erratic and chronic second-division outfit, started on a seventh-inning batting orgy. Clausen, first up for the Skippers, doubled to left. Bill walked the second batter. Lomas got hold of one of Bill's cripples and socked it into the left field pavilion for a home run. When the next man bounced a single over third base, the cries of "Take him out!" commenced. The Birds still had a two-run lead, so Morrie left Bill in, figuring he'd settle down. But he didn't, and three slightly inebriated box-seat fans began yelling: "Stew-bum! Stew-bum! Get the foam outer yer eyes, yuh big stew-bum!"

From the press box we could see Bill burn. He spotted the three fans, and his jaw set. They kept up the razzing as he walked the next two Skippers. Then Morrie yanked him.

Bill shambled slowly from the mound. One of the fans cupped his hands and called: "Meet yuh at Frankie's, Bill!" Bill marched straight to the box where his critics were and jumped in with his fists working. Cops and players pulled him off.

The fans demanded his arrest.

It couldn't be kept out of the papers. There was an uproar all around the circuit. Morrie Dennis suspended Bill for a week and fined him five hundred bucks. One of the fans sued Bill and the club for twenty grand, damages.

Here is a sample of the moralizing put

forth by sports-editors. It appeared in my own paper, the *Post:*

> Baseball has been lenient with Bill Wagstaff. Many of his transgressions have been forgiven, and his more serious offenses against club discipline have been dismissed with lectures or petty fines. But instead of displaying a decent gratitude and a desire to mend his ways, Wagstaff has responded with still more disgraceful escapades such as his recent ill-tempered physical attack on three loyal supporters of the home team. Matters have come to the point where those who have the best welfare of the game at heart wonder how long the Bird management intends to tolerate "baseball's bad boy."

I was ordered to get a statement from Bill. I found him almost in tears.

"Listen, kid," he said, "it won't be printed in Eola, Kansas, will it? I mean—what them fellers called me? My lady friend, she don't know nothing about my weakness. Aint there some way I could buy all the papers that goes out to Eola?"

"Nobody printed what they called you," I assured him, "and maybe the lady friend won't even see the A.P. stories. You've got tougher things than that to worry about. What'd Morrie Dennis say to you?"

Bill's wide shoulders sagged hopelessly.

"It aint gonna be long, now," he said. "Mr. Dennis has put me on training rules. He says if I don't keep them, Colonel Bryson is gonna sell me. I bet he'll sell me to Boston, too."

"Don't be sil'," I told him. "They won't sell you in the middle of this pennant race. They need you too much. How's the arm?"

THAT question snapped Bill out of it. "I still got my strength," he said. "I jest got absent-minded out there the other day. Wasn't nothing wrong with my strength. Every once in a while I get absent-minded. Those fellers—I know I done wrong to clout 'em. But they hadn't ought to of insinuated that I'd lost my strength. I don't let no man insinuate that!"

I found Morrie Dennis almost as dejected as Bill had been.

"We'll be sunk without Bill," Morrie said. "He's the only pitcher we've got who can beat the Puddlers and Mastodons regularly. But the Commissioner is on the warpath. Says he'll run Bill out of organized ball if he socks any more fans."

Said I: "Bill won't sock any more fans, and the Colonel won't sell him, no matter how many rules he breaks."

Morrie spat a mouthful of tobacco juice. His eyes had a desperate light.

"Then, Bill will crack on us in the home stretch. No man can stand the pace he's traveling. If there was only some way we could get Bill to quiet down!"

This time I had my mind made up about Bill.

"You don't want Bill to quiet down, you damn' fool!" I said. "That's the one sure way of ruining him."

I walked out and left him to think that over.

In the next month, Bill Wagstaff was fined a total of eight hundred and fifty dollars for infractions of rules. And during that time he won six straight victories, one of them a no-hit, no-run affair. His pitching, coupled with good work by Lefty Sullivan and Poke Thomas, and adding in a team batting-streak, put the Birds only a game and a half behind the Mastodons.

Bill took his fines stoically, refrained from socking any more fans, and I began to hope that all was well.

Then, the night before an important series with the Bears in Birdtown, I got a telephone call from Bill at the Clavering. He asked if he couldn't come out to my apartment for a talk. He said it was very important.

"My gosh, Bill," I said when he appeared, "you hurt? Did a taxi bump you?"

"Naw. Read this!"

He shoved a letter at me. It read as follows:

Dear William:

I have heard indirectly through friends of yours that your lonely life with the baseball club has made you very unhappy and is affecting your health. When this information first came to me I could not believe it to be the truth, as you have said nothing on your postcards or in your letters. But your friends explained that you did not want to worry me.

I am very much ashamed of myself for my selfishness in postponing our wedding so long, but as I told your friends, I have been obliged to stay on the farm to look after Mamma and Papa, who are poorly. Will you please forgive me? I am so worried, dear William.

My second cousin, Mrs. Alice Fentrup, and her husband, Mr. Fentrup, will be driving to Cairo, Illinois, next week. I have decided to come with them and stop off in the city to see you. If it is convenient to your plans, we could be married at that time. Mamma and Papa would prefer a home wedding, but I do not want to interrupt your work with the baseball club.

Trusting this meets with your approval, I am

Your fiancée,
Linda M. Schroeder.

I suspected some trick. I thought I saw Morrie Dennis' hand in this.

"Whose writing, Bill?"

"Hers," said Bill. "It means she wants her and I to get married. N-next week!"

"Come in. We'll write her a letter saying you're all right, and you can't get married just now."

Bill blinked. He shuffled after me into the den.

"Hold on," he said, as I started to draft a letter for him to copy. "I can't write her that. It aint true."

"What of it? You don't want to m—"

I saw his face and stopped. He had recovered his poise and his rustic dignity.

"She's my lady friend," he said gently. "If I thunk up any excuse why I couldn't marry her, it'd hurt her feelings. I can't hurt her feelings. If it was any other girl—that'd be all right. But not my lady friend."

I apologized. He ducked his head in acknowledgment and stood as if stricken, changing his weight from one big foot to the other. Finally he blurted: "Why I come to see you—it's thisaway. Couldn't you sort of arrange to bum around with me for a few days before she gets here? You see—uh—she don't know about my little weaknesses. If she was to find out—that would hurt her feelings too."

WELL, I've attended some odd weddings in my time, but Bill's took the prize.

They were married by a justice of the

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peace in a little town across the river. Bill was cold sober. And the bride—colder than cold sober. They call Helen Wills "Poker Face." She ought to hand the title on to Mrs. William Wagstaff.

Bill's lady friend was just the sort of woman who could wait thirteen years for a baseball-player. She was almost as tall as Bill, lanky and thin-lipped, with veiled, dark, enigmatic eyes. She wore a cheap brown suit, five years behind the style, and an outlandish hick hat growing a crop of artificial daisies. She called Bill "Mr. Wagstaff." During the whole business she spoke just three sentences that weren't required by the ceremony.

The sentences were: "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Jones," and "Where do I stand?" and "I had Cousin Alice check my trunk to Union Station." This last, after the ceremony.

Bill spoke only one unnecessary sentence. He said, with desperate pleading in his eyes: "You're gonna ride back to the hotel with us, aint you, Mr. Jones?"

But I'd had enough. I said I had to cover the game that afternoon. I put them into a taxi, feeling like a cur, and said: "Congratulations and best wishes to the newly-weds!"

I thought I saw Mrs. Wagstaff's eyes soften just a little as she nodded. Bill sat straight up on his side of the seat, looking like some poor guy being taken for a ride.

Right here I've got to make a strange admission: I think Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff loved each other.

WHEN I got out to the park, I hunted up Manager Morrie Dennis. We'd been all over the matter three times before, and I'd cussed Morrie plenty. But I wanted a word or two more.

"It's all over," I said, "and I hope you're satisfied."

Morrie never has admitted the part he played in getting Bill married.

"Oh, did they get married?" he said. "That's fine. The club is going to give the bride a set of china."

"You so-and-so," I said, "you think you pulled a fast one. You've ruined the best pitcher on the team, and I hope it costs you the pennant!"

He just grinned.

"Wait and see, Jonesy. Wait and see!"

Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff didn't take a honeymoon trip. The next time I saw Bill, he was over in the bull-pen at the park, warming up to pitch. And Mrs. Wagstaff, still wearing the same hick outfit, was sitting in a box seat on the third base side. The daisy-field bonnet bobbed with every motion of Bill's arm. Regular Darby and Joan stuff.

Bill pitched like a fiend that day. He shut the Red Stockings out with three scattered hits. Manager Morrie Dennis was jubilant. . . .

The team went on its last road trip. They were seesawing in and out of first place with the Mastodons. We master minds in the sporting departments figured that if the Birds broke even on the road trip, their home stand against the Mastodons the first week in September would tell the tale.

One night in Cincinnati—about two A.M.—my phone rang. I dragged out of bed. A crisp voice said: "Mr. Jones? This is Mrs. Wagstaff. Have you seen Mr. Wagstaff? He hasn't come in, and I'm worried."

I thought fast.

"Why, I left him in conference with Mr. Dennis," I told her. "They may be still working on—er—strategy. I'll look him up, though. It may be Bill decided to bunk with one of the boys so as not to disturb you."

Her, "Thank you!" betrayed neither suspicion nor belief.

I dressed and scurried around, finally locating Bill in a speak-easy near the Gibson. He was pie-eyed.

The moment he saw me, he stopped talking and tottered through a side door to the street. I followed him.

"Your wife is worried about you, Bill," I said.

He nodded. There were tears in his eyes.

"She knows about m-muh—li'l—weakness, kid," he said. "She found out the second night." He drew himself up with dignity. "Mrs. Wagstaff-sh—a bright woman. A very bright woman."

"Don't you think you ought to cut it out, Bill?" I said.

Bill stood weaving solemnly on his feet. Then he turned and slapped me on the shoulder.

"You're f-feeling sorry for Mrs. Wagstaff, aint you, kid? You're feeling sorry for her, aint you? Well, don't feel sorry for Mrs. Wagstaff. She's seen my little weakness, y'understand? But she's seen my strength, too." He held up his right arm. "Mrs. Wagstaff knows I got my strength. She's a very bright woman."

"Come on home now, Bill," I said, not able to think of anything better to say.

I felt sorrier for Bill than Mrs. Wagstaff until the next day at lunch in the hotel dining-room. They were at a side table, and Bill was seated facing me. Mrs. Wagstaff hadn't seen me come in. As Bill leaned over to wave a greeting, I chanced to notice Mrs. Wagstaff's hand steal out and drop something into Bill's coffee. Then I felt sorrier for Mrs. Wagstaff.

Bill didn't reform. His marriage seemed to have no effect on him whatever. But the pennant race got too hot for the Bird management to do any further objecting to Bill's derelictions. The Birds returned from their swing around the circuit a game and a half out of first place. If they won three out of their four games with the Mastodons, they could clinch the pennant.

They lost the first game. Morrie decided to send Bill against them in the second. He won it in ten innings. Pete Dale pitched the third and was pounded hard in a slugfest which the Birds won 11 to 8. The next day it rained.

I WAS in Morrie's office trying to get him to name his pitching selection for the fourth and crucial game, when in marched William Ebenezer Wagstaff. He didn't look as if he'd had much sleep; his clothes bore all the marks of a hard bat.

"Mr. Dennis," quoth Bill, "I wanta pitch tomorrer. The fact is, I gotta pitch tomorrer."

"With only two days' rest, Bill? And not much rest at that, is it?"

"I gotta pitch tomorrer. I gotta pitch."

"Nothing doing, Bill. I'm saving you for the series."

Bill set his jaw.

"Then I reckon I'll have to resign here and now, Mr. Dennis," he said.

That put Morrie in a bad hole. He and I began to argue with Bill. After a twenty-minute session the truth came out:

"We-ell, you see, it's thisaway: Mrs. Wagstaff, she's begun to doubt my strength. I got to pitch tomorrer, that's all. I can beat them Mastodons tomorrer. You got to let me pitch."

I gave Bill the high sign to beat it. Then I had a little session of my own with Manager Morrie. It took me almost an hour to make him see the point.

Morrie let Bill pitch.

The game got under way with every seat in the park jammed, and overflow lines stretched. While I was sending in copy on atmosphere and crowd stuff, I made a point to locate Mrs. Wagstaff. She sat in her usual place in the box near third base. I think she'd changed hats in honor of the occasion; at least the new crop of flowers looked more like black-eyed Susans or goldenrod than daisies. She held a score-card with both hands on her lap as if it were a hymn-book.

My report for the first two innings went like this: "(Mastodons) Beckwith grounded to short. Harley struck out. Glendon popped to center field. No runs, no hits, no errors. (Birds) Turner fouled to catcher. Willis walked. Corrigan hit into double play—Rainey to Beckwith. No runs, no hits, no errors. SECOND INNING: (Mastodons) Cosgrave out on infield fly. Miller grounded to pitcher. Pappas struck out. No runs, no hits, no errors. (Birds) McCassett singled over second. Deane threw out Shunk, advancing McCassett to second. Gruger struck out. Malloy popped to third. No runs, one hit, no errors."

FROM this it can be seen that the game quickly settled into a pitching duel between Bill Wagstaff and Long Tom Deane of the Mastodons. And what a duel! By the fourth inning the crowd was yelling with every ball Wagstaff threw. Not a man had reached third on either side.

Bill struck out two men in his half of the inning. Long Tom came right back with a strike-out to start off, made Archie Hall pop feebly to second, and teased Cy Turner, slugging catcher of the Birds, into reaching for a floater. Cy sent a high fly to right field.

In the press-box we said to each other: "This can't go on. Something's got to break." We looked at old Bill as he marched sturdily out to the mound. But there wasn't any weakening in Bill. Not that inning or the next. He had a bad moment in the seventh when Beckwith scratched a single past Jimmy Corrigan's glove and took second on a bad throw by Willis. But McCassett made a phenomenal catch of Harley's liner and turned it into a double play as Beckwith had started for third. Bill pitched to Glendon, the third man up, and made him break his back dribbling a grounder into the first baseman's hands.

Jerry Brown of the *World* sighed as old Bill left the mound.

"The whisky-drinking son of a gun," he said, "he's pitching and getting support as if he'd gone to Sunday-school all his life! You'd think that team would be wabbly behind Bill. Instead they've given him

twenty per cent better support all season than any other pitcher."

I said: "They're strong for Bill. They want to see Bill get away with it. He's a balm for their consciences every time they break training."

"Shut up and watch this!" some one growled.

OUT on the field Long Tom Deane had faltered momentarily. He hit Willis and walked Corrigan. The crowd was in an uproar. Little Joey McCassett stepped up with his big bat. He slammed the first ball into short left field for a neat single, and Hap Willis beat the throw to the plate by inches. One run! It was all the Birds could get. A strike-out and two grounders halted the rally.

But it was a one-run lead.

"Now," we said, "if old Bill can only hold 'em for one more inning!"

We watched Bill closely when he came out for the ninth. Was that his natural gait? Didn't he look a little tired? Why was he fiddling around so long getting set? Silence fell upon the crowd. The fans were worried.

Bill's arm flashed in that high, spectacular overarm motion. Ball one! And again Bill wound up. Ball two! Aw-aw, Bill! Steady there, old boy! The third was a strike. Everybody cheered. But the next two were balls. Cosgrave trotted to first.

I was sitting behind the plate, and high above the field. Bill walked up a little to get the ball from Cy. He was fumbling with his belt. He looked sick.

Bill *was* sick. He pitched four wide ones to Miller. Consternation seized the fans. Two men on and none down, and only a one-run lead. Out on the field the Birds were stalling. Cy Turner found something wrong with his mask. McCassett had an untied shoestring. Gruger came over from first and Malloy from third. They were talking to Bill. He was still fumbling with his belt.

"There goes your ball game," some one in the press box said. "Bill's cracked. Morrie had better yank him."

The Mastodon manager came out of the dugout to squawk about the delay. Klem pulled out his watch.

Old Bill straightened. He motioned the Birds back to their positions. There did not seem to be a sound in the park. Bill pitched to Pappas. A ball. A called strike. Cheering started. A ball. A ball. A strike. And then—another ball. The bases were full.

I saw Bill sway in the box. He turned and followed Pappas to first with his eyes. He looked stunned. In that moment something drew my eyes to the figure of Mrs. William Wagstaff in her seat back of third base. She was leaning forward a little, staring at Bill. I don't know why—but that scene in the hotel flashed before my eyes—the scene in which she dropped something into Bill's coffee-cup.

Out on the field Pete Dale, who had been warming up in the bull-pen, started toward the diamond. Bill stiffened. He shook his head and motioned him back. Morrie jumped out of the dugout to enforce his ruling. The crowd was yelling: "Take him out! Take him out!"

Morrie hesitated. And as he did so, Bill seemed to get a grip on himself. He wound up and hurled a ball. I never saw

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a speedier ball. It cut the heart of the plate. Strike! Again Bill wound up. This time a dazzling curve that streaked across the outside corner. Strike two! Then, a fast one. Strike three!

The crowd went wild. Then things got very quiet. Morrie had decided to leave Bill in. And he yet had to face Beckwith, Harley, Glendon and Cosgrave, the "murderers' row" of the Mastodons. With the bases full!

But Bill was coming back. He slipped two strikes over on Beckwith, who had orders to wait him out, and then slammed in a ball that Beckwith never even saw. He swung at it, but he didn't see it. Two out!

Up in the press box we couldn't believe our eyes. Where was that speed coming from? I stared at Bill. His face looked heavy-lined and drawn under his cap visor. I watched him as he raised his arm. There was a grimace of agony on his face as he wound up.

"My God," said Maschen of the *Tribune*, "he's throwing his arm away!"

Write those last three balls Bill threw to Harley on the record as the fastest ever thrown by a pitcher in any league. That doesn't except Walter Johnson or Amos Rusie, either. They were three flashes of white, and they cracked into Cy Turner's glove like pistol-shots. We saw Bill's arm rise and fall; we heard the ball hit Cy's glove, and then we saw Harley swing! Strike one—strike two—strike three—you're out!

In the tumult I turned to my telegrapher and dictated: "Birds win game and pennant 1 to 0. Wagstaff struck out three straight in ninth inning with bases full. Note to desk: Think Bill badly injured arm. Will confirm."

Then I went to the clubhouse to see Bill.

HE was sitting on a bench in the shower-room when I fought my way through fans and cops and attendants. Manager Morrie tried to buttonhole me, saying: "Now, Ray, there aint a thing to this. Bill's just got a kinked muscle. You tell the fans for me that Bill's gonna start the series and—" But I shoved by him.

Bill sat there stripped to the waist. He sat there staring at his right arm. I had the feeling that a father was looking at a dead child.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked inanely. "Hurt the arm?"

His dazed smile was terrible. "Yep," he said, "it seems like I did—bad."

Teammates gathered around. The sweat and dust of the diamond was on them; the bond between them and Bill was very strong, as it is with men who have fought a good fight together. They said: "Aw, that arm aint throwed away, Bill," and, "Wait till Bone-setter Reese sees that arm," and, "It don't look to me like that arm's throwed away."

Bill got to his feet. He shook his head. "It's throwed away, all right." He licked his lips. "I got sick in the ninth. I'd ought to of quit. . . . I never got sick before. . . . It seemed like my weaknesses was getting to me. . . . I couldn't quit and give in to my weaknesses, could I?. . . . But it begun to loosen when I throwed that curve to Davis. . . . Each time I throwed, it give a little more. . . . When I throwed three fast ones I knowed it was gone—plumb gone."

He stumbled toward the door into the locker-room. Cy Turner and Joey McCassett hurried in with a bottle of whisky. They said: "Here, Bill, take some of this. You need it."

Bill's right arm hung limp. He started to reach for the bottle, winced and took it with his left hand. He looked at it a moment. Then he smashed it on the floor, and without a word lunged from the room.

I went after Bill. I couldn't find him right away. After some minutes I ran across him and Mrs. Wagstaff in the shadows outside the clubhouse door.

She was showing the first emotion I'd ever seen her reveal—not crying exactly, or even tearful, but almost agitated.

"I didn't think it would make you sick, William," I heard her say. "The man said it was tasteless and wouldn't have any effect except to help you conquer your weakness."

Old Bill raised the arm, the great right arm that would never pitch again, and placed it about her bony shoulders.

"Forget it, hon," he said gruffly. "Forget it."

THE GOAT OF PRIVATE HIBBS

(Continued from page 39)

on the A. E. F., Sarah had taken on also something of its belligerent character. For a nanny goat she was willful, opinionated, mischievous and imbued with the spirit of the offensive. Also, she was a one-man goat—and that man was Hibbs. Hibbs could do anything with her. She would come to him when he whistled, or scurry out of his way when he bade her begone; and to him only would she let down her milk, which latter peculiarity further operated to induce the Captain to keep Hibbs always in the wagon lines where he could milk her night and morning.

Of course this pleased Hibbs immensely. The battery was having a normal percentage of casualties, and since Hibbs had long since been disillusioned about war and knew there was no glory in it, he was far from clamoring for work where the shot and shell fell thickest. Indeed, his sole worry was Sarah, for the beast insisted on standing guard at the forage dump when forage was being drawn, and butting every soldier who came to remove a bale of hay or a sack of grain. Providentially, being a she-goat and short of horns, she accomplished no serious damage on a cheerful soldiery, although many a time and oft she flattened men on their faces in the mud, it being her invariable practice to charge from the rear. When not busy at the forage dump, she wandered through the horse lines, under the bellies of the animals and in juxtaposition to their heels. Hibbs, who had grown very fond of Sarah (perhaps because, being a military nuisance, she was sister to him), lived in fear she would be kicked into Kingdom Come.

Strangely enough, however, the horses liked her and were patient under her aggressive visitations. Whenever the battery moved, Sarah watched Hibbs and his fellows loading the wagon; when it was half loaded, she would leap aboard and keep climbing higher as the load mounted higher, until at last there being no greater heights to conquer, she would bleat pleasantly, dance around a little and lie down.

ONE day Hibbs was horrified to see a brigadier general prowling around the arena of his activities, making an inspection. Hibbs could see, from a distance, that the brigadier was not at all pleased with what he was finding; but then, what brigadier ever is? Also, Hibbs knew that brigadier, having met him once before; so he hurriedly sought to hide Sarah in the basement of a ruined house hard by.

"Come, Sarah," he said, and held out his hand with a small plug of eating tobacco in it, he having no other tidbit handy to stimulate her curiosity and abnormal appetite at the time. Now, of course, low as he was, Hibbs had never proffered Sarah tobacco before, because he knew, from bitter experience, that the next production of milk would savor strongly of tobacco juice. Other soldiers had fed it to her before, however, and it had made her ill, in addition to bringing down upon Hibbs from the battery commander a complaint as to the quality of Sarah's milk. So Sarah cocked her ears at him now and said, *"Mick! Mick!"* meanwhile backing away, the while she cast upon Hibbs the cold eye of suspicion. So Hibbs advanced upon her; and as he advanced, Sarah retreated; he made a rush to grasp her by the collar, and she evaded him and fled to the horse lines, where the brigadier was busy inspecting.

Hibbs decided not to pursue her, since pursuit would indicate possession and draw upon him the attention of the brigadier. "Maybe he'll think she's just some loose Frog goat that's wandered in on us," he decided, and retreated to the forage tent to watch developments.

They came with terrific suddenness. Sarah had never seen a brigadier before, and she resented strangers. Perhaps she resented the manner in which he was bawling out Lieutenant Holly, in charge of the echelon, for she lowered her head and charged, swiftly and silently. Fairly and squarely she took the brigadier right under the six-inch split in the tail of his blouse (a split, by the way, in defiance of United States Army Uniform Regulations at the time) and catapulted him forward on his face into a pool of filthy mud, water and stable refuse. Having flattened him, she danced an instant on his prostrate body, then leaped off and stood on guard, daring him to rise.

THE brigadier rose. A moment before, he had been an extraordinarily neat brigadier, but now he was something to write home about. He had a heavy leather riding-crop in his hand, and he cursed aloud and flew at Sarah and struck her across the neck. Instantly Sarah charged and got home a direct hit on the brigadier's solar plexus; he went over backward, and the ruin and disgrace to his uniform was completed. Before Sarah could dance upon his midriff, however, the

stable sergeant captured her. Lieutenant Holly assisted the brigadier to rise; when the latter could get his breath he said:

"Who owns that hell-anointed goat?"

Lieutenant Holly, being an officer and a gentleman, and hence, debarred from lying to his superior officer, cast a dead-fish eye at the stable sergeant. "Sergeant," he said severely, "who owns this goat?"

"She belongs to some infantry mob that was in rest billets here yesterday, sir. She's their major's goat, and he keeps her to get fresh milk. Seems like he can't stand the army field ration, sir, on account he's got ulcers o' the stomach an' fresh milk's about all he can hold down."

"What's she doing here?"

"The infantry major asked us to look after her until his outfit got settled in their trenches. He said he'd send a soldier down to milk her night and morning and bring up the milk until his rolling kitchen got settled somewhere and his cook could look after her."

"It is no part of the field artillery's duty to care for infantry officers' goats. What does that major think he is? A pet? If he can't eat the army ration, he can go to hospital where he belongs." Thus the virtuous Lieutenant Holly. "Tie that goat up, and the first time a man comes down to milk her, tell him to take her out of here and keep her out. She's dangerous."

"This is all," said the brigadier, "a damnable lie, calculated to deceive me and safeguard the possession of this—this *capris hurricanus*. I have seen this goat before, riding on the top of a load of forage on a fourgon wagon, and the artillery soldier driving that wagon was pert almost to the point of impudence. I remember the fellow well. He wore half a dozen campaign ribbons and the D. S. C. with oak-leaves. I ordered him to give my adjutant the name, rank, battery and regiment of the officer who owned the goat, and he lied to me. Gave my adjutant fictitious information, causing him to waste the better part of a day in a futile search. I hate a liar."

"Sergeant," said Lieutenant Holly, "you have been in this battery ever since it came to France. Have we a soldier who answers the description the General has just given?"

THE sergeant decided the general might know more than he pretended, and that it would be very unsafe to tell any more lies.

"Hibbs might be the man, sir," he said.

"Send for him at once," said the general.

"I'll go myself, sir, and bring him back with me."

Arrived where Hibbs was lurking, the stable sergeant acquainted the latter with the situation, and Hibbs agreed with him that it might be better to face the music. He met the brigadier's penetrating scowl with a look of serene innocence and profound respect. "Where have I seen you before?" the brigadier demanded.

"Since the General's tone seems to me to imply that he has seen me previously under circumstances not to my credit, I must respectfully decline to answer on the ground that I might incriminate myself."

"I can well believe that. You have

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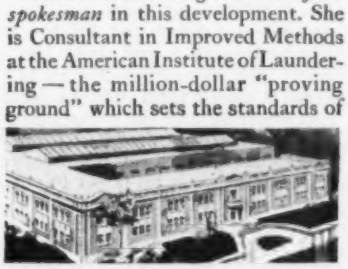

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served at least twenty years, and you're still a private. I believe this is your goat."

Hibbs had been too long in the service to be awed by pomposity in a superior officer. He knew his rights, knew how to be insulting to an officer without being tried for it. Said he:

"Yes sir, that's my nanny; and oh, I'm so proud of her. Any goat that knows how to put a brigadier general in his place ought to be made a corporal."

THE general choked with rage. "Where did you acquire this goat?"

"That's my private business, sir, and I respectfully decline to answer the question on the ground that to do so might tend to scandalize me."

"I knew she was stolen. Take her out in that field and shoot her. Shoot her dead," the general ordered. "I'm too busy to bother court-martialing you, but I'll find other ways of teaching you not to play horse with your superior officer. Shoot that goat—kill her!"

"Yes sir." Hibbs saluted. Then he got a piece of rope, tied it to Sarah's neck and jerked her savagely across the field. He passed out of sight going down-hill; the moment he knew himself to be unseen, he threw Sarah, bound her swiftly and expertly, stuffed his dirty handkerchief in her mouth so she could not bleat, and dropped her kindly enough into a new shell-hole. Then he pulled his pistol and fired a shot into the shell-hole as, out of the tail of his eye, he saw the brigadier appear on the hill above him. "Watching to see that I perform, eh? Dirty old dog!" Hibbs growled. He walked around the shell-hole, peering into it, then fired twice more into it, after which he commenced scuffing into the hole with his feet quantities of the loose dirt on the lip of the crater. He worked very industriously at this for five minutes and then went sadly up-hill again.

"Now that you've killed that goat," said the brigadier, "and partially buried her, go down, dig her up, skin her, dress her and have your battery cook make a stew of the carcass. There's no sense wasting her."

"Nobody would eat her. She was due to kid in a week, sir, and the men would rather feed on iron rations than eat a pet. The general wanted to take out a grudge on a private soldier, and he succeeded. I've been through some stormy passages in my day, but the saddest sight I've ever seen was them big brown human eyes pleading with me after I'd given her the first shot. Them eyes'll haunt me for a week."

"Button up your lip and don't give me any of your silent insubordination. You are acting in a most contumacious manner, for an old soldier."

"Yes sir. But if I may say so, sir, with all due respect, even a brigadier should realize that goats will be goats. I don't suppose the misfortunate animal ever saw a white collar and silver stars before. She was a French goat and plumb ignorant o' military etiquette."

"I shall send a communication to your battery commander, requesting that he discipline you," the brigadier roared. "Out of my sight! Double-time!"

Hibbs saluted and strolled away at a slow walk.

"This," said the brigadier to his aide, "is the most insubordinate, contumacious and ill-disciplined outfit in the A. E. F. —*Double-time!* Are you deaf?"

Hibbs continued his leisurely stroll.

"Double-time!" the brigadier yelled.

Hibbs hurried not one iota.

"Halt!"

Hibbs halted.

"About face! Report!"

Hibbs about-faced, approached within six feet, saluted and said in honeyed accents: "Sir, Private Homer Hibbs, C Battery, Steenth Field Artillery, A. E. F., reports to the brigade commander."

"Private Hibbs, did you or did you not distinctly hear me give you the command 'Double-time'?"

"I heard the General most distinctly."

"Then why in blue blazes didn't you obey?"

"The General only gave me the preparatory command 'Double-time!' I was waiting for the command of execution, which is 'March!' That is, unless they've changed it lately, and if they have, we haven't heard nothin' about it, sir."

The brigadier choked. His face grew turkey red. First he had been humiliated by a she-goat, and now an additional humiliation had been heaped upon him by the goat's owner. "Forward! Double-time! March!" he ground out, and Hibbs fled like a roebuck. Indeed, he wished he had a swift horse. The brigadier followed back to the horse lines, where the sympathetic Lieutenant Holly wiped the fool off and suggested that he stand around the rolling kitchen until he dried. When at length he climbed into his car and departed, Hibbs went down into the shell-hole, released Sarah and led her pridefully back to his forage tent. He was a hero! That night he risked his precious person to drive a team up to the firing battery, where he told the captain all about his adventures with the brigadier, whereat the captain declared himself desolate because it was not in his power to eradicate Hibbs' dreadful military record.

UNDER Hibbs' loving care and heavy feeding, Sarah was dry only three weeks. Then she presented Hibbs with two kids, which in due course were eaten by the officers' mess. This being her second adventure in maternity, Sarah had an abundance of milk this time, and out of the excess Hibbs got sufficient cream to make one good brick of fresh butter weekly, much to his captain's delight. Hibbs was not a dog-robber, but this captain had been good to him, and Hibbs was a firm believer in the old army principle that rank has its privileges. Moreover, because of Sarah, the captain overlooked or forgave four splendid one-day sprees in which Hibbs indulged himself; nor did the captain evince the slightest disposition to take Hibbs out of his comfortable and comparatively safe job in the echelon and send him up to the firing battery for a flirtation with death. As Hibbs confided to the stable sergeant:

"I'm too old to die. I been long enough in the service to know my rights and earn a few privileges. I aint lost no Germans. I'll go where I'm sent, but volunteerin' and me had a fallin' out fifteen years ago."

HE was a gold-brick unashamed, until the morning the Germans stole his goat. It was open warfare in the Argonne at the time, and Hibbs was a busy man, what with the field artillery wearing itself to shreds striving to keep up with the infantry, and the echelon, with the forage and rations and ammunition striving to keep up with the field artillery. During the night Lieutenant Holly had made a dump a few hundred yards back of the battery position, under the lee of a hill. It was much too close, but Holly figured the battery would be pushing ahead at dawn; hence the closer he was to it, the better. During the night, however, a battalion of German infantry infiltrated through a gap in the flank and got into dead ground in front of the battalion of which Hibbs' outfit was a part. As the gray light was showing in the east, they attacked, and although the batteries employed shrapnel, with the fuses cut to zero, sweeping the terrain through open sights as one sweeps with a giant shotgun, the charge got home. The gun-crews fled, carrying the breech-blocks with them; the Germans pursued and came down on the echelon; Hibbs and his fellows cast the horses and mules off the picket line and stampeded them toward the rear before following—and in the excitement Sarah, who was industriously ripping the corner of a sack of oats in the forage dump, was left behind.

IT was a barren, footless victory, put over in the hope of silencing a battalion of field artillery. With the breech-blocks gone, the enemy could do nothing toward the destruction of the guns, for had the breech-blocks been left on the pieces, the Germans would have thrown mud or dirt in the tubes, rammed a shell home, fired it with a long lanyard from a place of safety, and blown the guns up. Deprived of this dearly bought privilege, they contented themselves with burning the dump and retreating off on the flank whence they had come. And they took Sarah with them. . . .

When the fire in the dump died down and the shells had ceased to explode, the survivors of the battery returned with the breech-blocks and went into action again with the reserve ammunition in the limbers and caissons. Hibbs went prowling around amidst exploding shells from a German battery and machine-gun bullets that were dropping in at very long range, when some German machine-gunner got nervous and fired at the zenith. Not a fragment of Sarah could Hibbs find, so at length he came to the conclusion that she was, indeed, part and parcel of the spoils of war.

The knowledge irritated Hibbs exceedingly. As a mere goat he had placed no great value on Sarah, but as his goat, she was priceless. He discovered now that in his heart there had been engendered a peculiar affection for Sarah; further reflection convinced him that this affection had been born the day the goat had butted the brigadier. Hibbs decided he could outlive the sorrow of having Sarah killed in action; but that she should survive, to furnish milk to the enemy, was unbearable. . . . He made his way up to the firing battery, ascertained the general location of the observation post, and crawled up there to break the sad news to the captain.

"Of course they've got our goat," the skipper agreed bitterly. "That retreating

bunch of goat-thieves are holed up in that patch of woods yonder. They're lost, I think—can't get back through the hole in our flank where they came through. They've lost contact, the crazy devils. And they have Sarah. A little while ago I saw her break out of the woods, but a Heinie ran out and recaptured her."

"For God's sake, sir," Hibbs pleaded, "don't plaster them woods. You might ruin Sarah."

"I'm putting down interdiction fire beyond the woods, my boy. They'll stay where they are if they're not disturbed. We'll have to get up more ammunition before I can wipe out those woods, and I'm in hopes the enemy will begin to realize presently the jam he's in, come out and surrender. They'll show a white flag as soon as they realize they're pinched off and can never rejoin the rear guard they're a part of."

"It takes a long time for a German to get an idea into his head," Hibbs complained. "An' it takes more time than that for him to get the notion in his head he's licked an' had better save funeral expenses. Then Germans are always hungry, and I'm all in a sweat thinkin' they'll kill Sarah an' eat her while she's smokin' hot. I remember once, in Luzon, I helped eat a hog fifty minutes after she started across a bridge. It was up on the Lumbang River. . . . Where's our infantry, sir?"

"About half a mile beyond the woods where the Germans are."

"But they won't come back to wipe this crowd up?"

"Certainly not. They have dirty enough work in front of them. This bunch must fall to the field artillery. How the devil they got themselves in that jackpot is more than I can figure."

"You certain they're still in that patch o' woods, sir?"

"Absolutely."

"That's all I want to know," said Hibbs, and crawled away from the observation post, down-hill. He found dozens of German dead in the field he had to cross, so he frisked a number of them and found hand-grenades.

"Good," Hibbs murmured, trudged back to the desolated dump, and presently found a nose-bag. This he swung over-shoulder and went prowling back among the German dead. When the nose-bag was filled with hand-grenades, Hibbs studied the infernal things, decided he knew the *modus operandi* of exploding one, and tried it while crouching in a shell-hole. It exploded at the range he had anticipated it would, so he helped himself next to a late model Mauser rifle from another dead German, filled two belts with ammunition, put fifty rounds additional in various pockets, and sneaked away through the shattered trees, proceeding behind the firing batteries and parallel with them.

PRESENTLY Hibbs found a gap of about a hundred yards between his battalion and the next; in front of him and extending down the slope and thence across a level stretch for half a mile, a dry old watercourse, lined with a low growth of willows, wound its way to the little patch of woods in which the raiders had taken shelter.

Suddenly a burst of machine-gun bullets whined over him. "They got some . . .

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machine-guns down in them woods," Hibbs decided, "an' they're shootin' at me. This is dangerous." He jumped into the bushes and made his way into the watercourse, along which he proceeded cautiously. From time to time he raised his ingenuous head to the level of the bank and surveyed the terrain before him, then continued his slow and exceedingly cautious progress, reconnoitering each bend of the old stream-bed before rounding it.

He had half a mile to go, and the journey occupied an hour's time. But then, time was nothing in the life of an old soldier about to be retired following thirty years of continuous service. . . . He came at last to the point where the dry watercourse debouched into the woods. He had been getting closer and closer to the *tat-tat-tat* of a machine-gun; perhaps a hundred yards away, on the other side of the woods, two heavy machine-guns were firing intermittently, so Hibbs estimated the situation.

"Light machine-gun on this side peppering the artillery, and heavy machine-guns rakin' our infantry in their rear. Some soldiers, these Germans! They sure know how to sell out dear."

He crawled along until he knew he was abreast the light machine-gun and not more than thirty yards from it; so he set down his nose-bag filled with hand-grenades, poked his head up a few inches above the rim of the watercourse and studied the terrain. He saw little puffs of dust rising in a small open space in the woods and knew them for the dust tossed up by the blast of a machine-gun set low on the ground. So Hibbs took three bombs and crept up and out to within twenty-five or thirty feet of the hidden machine-gun. He could not see the crew because of the foliage, but he knew it was there; he lobbed over three grenades from behind a huge oak tree, then drew his pistol and charged.

There wasn't much left to charge, but Hibbs finished that and then looked about him for Sarah. She was not in sight, so he went back to get his nose-bag of bombs and the Mauser rifle. Then he stripped a blouse and a cap off a dead German, donned them and proceeded boldly through the woods in the direction of the heavy machine-gun firing. There was plenty of metal flying around among those trees, but not enough to sway Hibbs from his objective. He passed a group of German soldiers standing under a tree and bombed them very effectively. He proceeded, and came at last, observed frequently, but unsuspected, to a point in rear of a machine-gun in action. Through an open space he could see them about seventy-five yards in front of him, so he picked the crew off briskly and efficiently with the Mauser rifle, for was he not the champion rifle shot of the old Regular Army?

STRAIGHT through the trees Hibbs went, and performed a similar service on another machine-gun. Then he went wandering through the woods very boldly. He saw plenty of the enemy, who mistook him for one of their own, nor did Hibbs toss any bombs among them. He was seeking Sarah—and presently he found her. Two Germans were holding her; a third was milking her, and an officer was looking on. So Hibbs slid out of his large German blouse, replaced the German cap with his own overseas cap, got out a hand-grenade and announced himself.

"Any o' you Krauts speak English?"

The officer whirled, reached for his Luger and then thought better of it. "My dear fellow," he demanded coolly, "how the devil did you get here intact? Consider yourself a prisoner."

"Sure," said Hibbs, "I'm a prisoner, but that don't stop me from prowlin' around with this sack o' bombs and usin' 'em. Still, I aint lookin' for any argument. All I want is that goat. She's my goat, an' you dirty scuts stole her this morning."

"You have come for your goat? You are here alone?"

"Abso-doggone-lutely."

"You are a remarkable, an amazing fellow."

"Always have been. But never mind that. Am I your prisoner or are you mine?" And Hibbs waved his hand-grenade carelessly. "I'm not hidebound about this thing," he continued. "Whatever suits you suits me. I can stand for anything while my ammunition lasts and I have the strength to use it. *Ach, du lieber Augustin!*"

"What .do you propose?" the German parried.

"I propose that you boys get onto yourselves and save funeral expenses," Hibbs replied. "The only reason my battery hasn't sprayed these here woods is because the old man just didn't have the heart to do it; and besides, he might kill my goat. Your people can't get back through the hole in our infantry flank where you sneaked in. We've reëstablished contact. There's a battalion o' field artillery half a mile back o' you, an' our infantry's in front and on both flanks of you, and I've cleaned out three of your machine-gun crews. There aint no water in these woods that I can see, an' you're short o' rations. Bet you was going to milk my goat first, an' then kill her and eat her."

AS the German officer nodded, Hibbs went on: "I always heard you guys was efficient. Common-sense fellers, too. Do you think you can do the Fatherland any good by settin' around in these woods until my skipper gets tired waitin' for you to come out an' shells you out? Myself, I aint ashamed to make a sacrifice, but I sure do hate to make one that's unprofitable. Boy, if I was you, I'd get my gang together an' surrender!"

"To a single private soldier? Never. I could not survive the disgrace."

"Seein' as how you aint goin' to survive anyhow, I'd can that 'disgrace' line if I was you. Come on, Herman—forget the war, and I'll take you back to my battery and feed you some ham and eggs and real coffee and white bread."

"And if I refuse?"

Hibbs stepped back behind a tree. "If you refuse, I'll lob this egg over on you. Then I'll touch off a rocket, an' my battery commander will know I've put the buck up to you and you wouldn't listen to reason, so right away there'll be sixteen shells lighting in these here woods every three seconds."

"Your battery commander sent you here to demand my surrender!"

"Sure. He's that kind. He don't relish killin' Germans that aint got a Chinaman's chance to fight back. However, don't let me influence you. Think it over calm an' deliberate, an' if you decide to surrender, just pass the word through the woods for all hands to form up in column o' twos. Then I'll walk out into the open with this here goat, and you and your gang follow me. I'll ask you to have your men bring along with them the three machine-guns I put out of action. If you decide not to surrender, that's jake with me, and we'll go to it and may the best man win."

THE ceremony of retreat roll-call was one formation Private Homer Hibbs always regretted missing, for to him it was a nightly revival of the religion of loyalty. Always, when the massed bugles sounded "To the Colors," when the band played the national anthem and the flag came slowly fluttering down, Hibbs felt a little thrill run through him; always he wished he had been a better servant to the flag than he had been. On the evening of November 18th, 1918, he felt unusually sad, for he had made formal application to be honorably discharged from the service, following thirty years of continuous service, and on the morrow the battery commander was going to give him his sheepskin; the quartermaster was going to furnish him with transportation and subsistence back to the place of his enlistment. He would go from the battery as a stray dog leaves a house where he has not been made welcome; the regiment was going up on the Rhine, and Hibbs had heard that the beer was good on the Rhine—and cheap.

He wondered what was going to become of him—poor homeless, futile wretch! What a hash he had made of his life! He had never even been a corporal. He was retiring on the three-quarters pay of a private with five fogies—about thirty-five dollars a month. For the first time it dawned on him that he was unfit for the competition of civil life, for of civil life he knew nothing. At sixteen the magic of the drums and bugles had claimed him, and he had been their slave ever since. He shuddered as he thought of saying farewell to his old comrades. . . . No, he wouldn't do that. He'd just sneak away and hide his shame and his full heart.

The first sergeant was speaking:

"Attention to orders!" he barked. "'Regimental Order Number umpty-bump. At his own request Sergeant Donald Campbell is hereby reduced to the rank of corporal. Regimental Order Number humpty-hump. Upon the recommendation of his battery commander, Private Homer Hibbs is promoted to the rank of sergeant, vice Campbell, resigned. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By order of rub-de-dub, colonel Steenth Field Artillery, commanding, Official um-m-m captain Steenth Field Artillery, adjutant.'"

Hibbs was quite certain he had gone insane and was hearing strange voices. But the top droned on:

"'Battery Order number blah-blah. First sergeant Slattery's resignation as first sergeant of this battery is hereby accepted. By order of the battery commander, Sergeant Homer Hibbs is hereby promoted to the rank of first sergeant, vice Slattery resigned. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By order of, etc., etc.'"

HIBBS' world was falling about his ears. There had been a vacant corporalship, and Campbell had kindly stepped down into it to leave a vacancy as sergeant for

. . .

Hibbs! Then the top had resigned, and the old man had made Hibbs top cutter. *He was going to be discharged a top sergeant—with three-quarters of the pay of that rank—the rank he would hold the day he retired!* Oh, they were so good to him—and he had been so unworthy! He commenced to blink; through his tears he saw Slattery, no longer top sergeant, walk down the battery front and take post as chief of the first section. . . . A battery, at retreat, had to have the first sergeant out front. . . . Somebody in the rear rank gave Hibbs a gentle shove, and he walked out front, saluted the battery commander, about-faced, and in a trembling voice commanded:

"Call rolls!"

THE rolls were called. One by one the section chiefs saluted him and reported. Hibbs about-faced and reported: "C Battery present and accounted for, sir."

"Post!" said the old man, and Hibbs walked down and took his place as right guide, while the skipper drew a paper from his pocket and read:

"'Excerpt from General Orders Number—

"'Citation. Upon the recommendation of the Commanding General, A. E. F., the President is pleased to award to Private Homer Hibbs, C Battery, Steenth Field Artillery, the Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished gallantry in action over and beyond the call of duty. While his battery was in action before Marigny on November 3, 1918, Private Hibbs, on his own initiative, crawled half a mile to a wood in which the enemy had taken shelter. With surpassing coolness, courage and judgment he stalked and bombed and put out of action three machine-guns which for more than an hour had been inflicting casualties upon our forces. Private Hibbs next boldly presented himself before the German officer commanding, convinced the latter of the hopelessness of escaping capture or annihilation and induced the surrender to him of seventy-three of the enemy. Private Hibbs also brought back with him the three captured machine-guns.

"'Continuation of citation. The exploit of Private Hibbs was accomplished with the coolness, precision and preparation that mark the ideal soldier; he has set for the army an example unprecedented of unselfishness, heroic courage and devotion to duty which will help in the creation of a sublime tradition in a regiment that will not survive long enough to have many traditions.'"

The skipper folded the order and read another.

"'First Sergeant Homer Hibbs will, on the 15th inst. report to the chief of staff, at General Headquarters, Chaumont, to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Order of the British Empire, and the Medal of the Legion d'Honneur of the French Republic. The quartermaster will furnish transportation and subsistence to this distinguished soldier.'"

FROM his post as right guide Hibbs spoke up very rudely: "That's all plain damn' nonsense, sir. Every man in the battery knows I only went after them Heinies to get my goat back."

. . . .

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The skipper ignored him. "'Tenshun!" he ordered. "Parade, rest!" And then the bugles sounded retreat. A momentary pause while the outfit snapped to attention again, and the old man's hand went up to his brow, saluting for his outfit while the bugles sounded "To the Colors." Somewhere the flag came fluttering down, and Hibbs' last day of soldiering was done. He stepped out front and dismissed the battery. . . . When he had shaken hands with them all, he turned and found the old man waiting to speak with him.

"What's left of the regiment will be paraded for you tomorrow afternoon, Hibbs, old son," he announced. "You'll take the review alone. The colonel swears he'll not be there."

Hibbs' usually merry eyes were sad.

"I—I can't leave, sir; I just can't! The army's home to me now, sir. I'd die alone—in civil life—no friends, you know, sir, no pride in the job. I want to withdraw my application to be discharged upon completion of thirty years' service. Just make it a discharge upon completion of enlistment, and I'll go over to the medical officer ten minutes later and hold up my hand again. Oh, Captain, I want to stay until I'm too old and crocked up to get by the poultice-wallopers. I—I want another chance to be a good soldier. We'll go back to cavalry again—and you'll be left, sir, with just a handful of us old men. We'll be recruiting heavily—and I'd like to help the captain tell the rookies where to head in. Sir, I never thought it would happen, but—I got non-commissioned fever."

"I hope it's a bad case, Hibbs."

"Bad enough to put me on the water-wagon and keep me out of the guardhouse, sir."

"There's good bock beer on the Rhine, Hibbs."

"Sure. I'll sample it. What I meant was the hard stuff. Never again, sir. The captain has been too kind to me, and I'll never forget it."

"Very well, Hibbs. I'll discharge you tomorrow, but don't bother to remove the diamond. Slattery's going to. Some political pull at home, and he's to be demobilized here, so I'll need you almost immediately to help me run the outfit. With the let-down of discipline following the armistice, they'll be going hog-wild on me."

"Hum-m-m!" Hibbs grunted. "They aint seen nothin' yet!"

OVERDUE!

(Continued from page 45)

"You are going to eat here until you're all set," Bette had said, "and no nonsense about it."

She was very happy, Emily. It was in her eyes, in her smile; it sang in her voice. Malcolm had made up in the market not only the spent thousand, but more besides, and had come home and put it all into Emily's hands. And he was so pleased with his exploit, and so securely justified of his own wisdom, that at Emily's plea to leave the hotel for a place of their own, he had made but slight objection. He had been harder to convince that they should go out of town, but at last he had agreed to try it for a year. He was not content to have a smaller apartment than Bette's; so, since there was no other six-room available, he had rented two three-rooms and had then flung them together at his own expense. Bette begged Emily to move with the times and go modern, but Emily would have only furniture of the sort she'd been brought up with, simple old shapes of mahogany, cherry and pine.

COUSIN Louisa approved her course. "Your highboy will be beautiful and valuable long after Bette's silver gaspipe stuff is junk," she said; and she had brought over and presented to Emily a delicately outlined pie-crust tip table to emphasize her words. On that great occasion Emily had opened her heart to the other woman as she could not do to Bette.

"It's like home, Cousin Louisa. It's like the houses at home. I know it's not the fashion up here to have any sentiment about—well, about anything much; but I want my home here to be like my people's. The city's so big and hurrying and careless, and so insecure, I've got to have something established to stand on and be steady. D'you see?"

An intangible quiver in the atmosphere indicated that Cousin Louisa saw; yet Emily had the sensation of always standing between her relatives and Malcolm, a buffer, a guard.

Today, at luncheon, Bette had been sharp about Malcolm again, and though Emily had answered without rancor, she had not liked it. So she did what she had learned was the easiest way to get along with Bette—she changed the subject.

"You can't imagine how bright and cheery all my wedding presents look to me," she said. "I found things I'd forgotten entirely."

"It's amusing to hear you, Emily. The day of wedding presents is past. People ought to give money and nothing else. I made everybody give me money."

"You didn't make Mac and me do it," replied Emily placidly. "And you certainly acted pleased with what we gave you. Was all that gratitude put on for effect? If so, give my present back to me, for I can use an Italian lace set myself."

"Nothing doing; it looks gorgeous on this table. But that was just one thing that happened to be right. Almost everyone else sent me a check."

"You're a cold-blooded mercenary lot, you Northerners. No sentiment about the great moments of life. And then you've got more money to give, than we have down South. If I'd told the people at home that I wanted them to give me money, there'd have been a horrid local scandal."

"All the same, didn't you tell me long ago that Malcolm's mother gave you a check?"

That everlasting check! Emily wondered what Bette would say if she knew its whole story. "Yes, she did; but she also gave me the pearl pin you go green with envy over every time you see it. And the check was for furniture which she couldn't buy for us herself. Sentiment was therefore properly represented by the pearl pin, and practical generosity by the check. See?"

"And of course you couldn't have accepted the check unless she'd given you the pin also?"

"Certainly not!"

"Liar!"

"Sure I'm a liar," admitted Emily. "I've got to be a liar to keep up any kind of back-chat with you."

They laughed together. "Now that's all settled," said Bette. "Listen here: We want to pull a party for you and Mac, sort of celebrating you as a neighbor. How about next week Saturday?"

"We'd adore it. Aren't you sweet?"

Bette was talking on: "I was planning to have twelve or fourteen to dinner, and about twelve more to come in for cards and dancing and supper. That makes just a nice-sized crowd. And I'm going to turn it all over to a caterer—"

"Oh, but Bette—"

"What's the matter?"

"It's none of my business, of course, only you do sound so—so expensive with your caterers. I don't think—for Mac and me—"

"But it's my first big party since Andy and I got married, and I want to splash a little. Besides, I've got to use up my allowance somehow. Andy piles it on, and my motto is to take all I can get and then some more."

EMILY thought about this speech of Bette's as she went down to her own apartment, two stories below. She and Malcolm had never discussed the subject of a personal allowance. Before they left the hotel, she had found her small supply of pre-marriage pocket money running down to a few scant nickels and dimes, and she had not asked Malcolm for more; whenever she had tried to, the words stuck in her throat. Then he had so carelessly, so lavishly turned over to her the—to her—immense sum he had made by his lucky turn in the market, and she had been so bountifully supplied that she could hardly believe in the reality of it. At Malcolm's suggestion she had opened a bank-account in her own name, and checked against it for her purchases. The bills for enlarging the apartment were paid from this too, and the consequence was that she had left only a small balance, and the expense of housekeeping loomed before her.

There was not a great deal more to do in the apartment, and because she wanted to do the last things herself she sent away the woman who had been helping her. Emily thought of her husband as she worked. There is something peculiarly satisfying in working with the hands for one who is much loved: the hands touch this, and this, and this; the heart goes with them joyfully in their creation of order and cleanliness and beauty. This is for his use, his comfort, his pleasure—and such reasons glorify the humblest, most menial service. Emily felt it so. This home, she had so much wanted.

And now they were really in, they were really settled. Tonight they would have their first dinner in their own home.

When Malcolm came dashing in at half-past six, the table was set, and the dinner was almost cooked. Emily had taken off

. . . .

her pink-gingham simplicity, had bathed and powdered and set the wave in her hair with careful fingers, and dressed herself in a chiffon frock. She had waited for the sound of Mac's key in the door, and when she heard it, she came running to meet him. He seized her and kissed her a dozen times, buried his face against her neck. "M-m-m, how good you smell! And how gosh-darned pretty you look! I've been away fifty years since this morning, and yet you've only changed for the better, if possible. How do you work it?"

"And look at the house," said Emily, her arms around him.

"*Je m'en fiche* the house! *À bas* the house! Darling girl, are you glad to see me?"

"Crazy! Yes!"

Now he looked about him. "It looks swell, simply swell! Say, lamb, when I think of that madhouse poor old Andy has to live in upstairs, I could dance in the streets and sing carols. How on earth did you get it all done? I didn't suppose we'd be to rights for days and days."

"You do like it? It is better than the hotel?"

"Angel, if it suits you, it suits me. And honestly, it's sort of—sort of—well, it's got an air, if you know what I mean. It makes me think of my mother's house—sort of quiet, and peaceful, and well-mannered. Lots of apartments I've been in—and this certainly goes for Bette's and Andy's wild joint—look like rooms on the stage, but this one doesn't. This is real."

"That's good enough. Now wash your face and hands and be a tidy child. Dinner's ready. And I cooked it."

"I don't want you to cook."

"You will when you eat this dinner."

BUT at table he returned to his objection. "I won't have you slaving in the kitchen. Now that's flat, Mrs. Crayn. Observe me looking masterful, putting the foot down, broadcasting dominant head-of-the-house stuff."

"It's wonderful, and scares me nearly to death. But we'll talk about it later, for I've got a lot of housekeeping matters to go over with you, and you needn't try to squirm out of them. But not now. Think, Mac: this is our first dinner in our new home. Isn't it thrilling? I suppose every young couple is a sort of Adam and Eve—a new world, a new life and so on."

"We're hardly as important as Adam and Eve."

"We certainly are to ourselves. I don't imagine they knew how important they were, anyway; they simply loafed about the Garden of Eden, a couple of good-looking young vegetarians without any news to tell one another. Which reminds me that I have some news: Bette and Andy are going to pull a party for us."

"That's an idea, only I hope Andy'll find a better bootlegger. But say, I don't see why they give a party; we ought to do it ourselves."

"We will as soon as we know enough people. I'd love to give a party."

They looked across the table at one another, and speech left them. They forgot to eat; they could only sit still and feel the marvel of their nearness and possession. At last Malcolm gave a long sigh. "It is like Adam and Eve," he said, "with Paradise thrown in." He dropped from the height. "And you, woman," he went on severely, "see that you keep away from the serpents."

Emily dropped also. "Too late—we're going to have apple whip for dessert."

Whereupon they both giggled. "We're very silly," said Malcolm, "but it's grand."

"You're very silly. I'm a very, very sensible person."

"Says who?"

"Says me. And don't you dispute it."

"Well, don't overdo the sensible racket. There mustn't be too much contrast between us."

"MAC, listen, d'you like your dinner? Am I a good cook?"

"I'll give this restaurant three stars. All the same, I can't let you do so much work around here. Who, for instance, is going to wash these dishes?"

"Our new maid, in the morning. She's an elegant high yellow, and wears earrings and her name's Rendivoo."

"It's not. You made that up."

"Rendivoo Taylor. Honest. She is to come at seven and leave at eleven, every day except Sunday. We pay her ten dollars and carfare."

"The name alone is worth more. How much would she charge to be here all day and every day?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask her."

"Bette has a maid all the time, hasn't she?"

"But Bette's not my standard, Mac. I don't want things simply because she has them. I must do some of my own work—why, what else is there for me to do? I can't laze about the way I did in the hotel; it would kill me. Besides, I'd get fat, and you'd stop loving me. Don't you sit over there with your ears laid back looking harsh and stubborn. If woman's place is in the home, here's one woman who means to stay there part of the time, at least."

"Your mother has servants, hasn't she?"

"She's got Matie, a funny old soul who's been with us nearly all her life."

"But I saw more than one—"

"We got in Matie's daughter and another girl for the wedding on account of all the visitors. But it's different with Mother. When she was a girl, Grandfather had lots of money and she never had to do anything except fine sewing and embroidery, which were considered to be ladylike. And when she married, Dad was pretty well off, too, and naturally they had servants, three or four. Then Grandfather died and didn't leave anything but mortgages, and Dad got stung by signing a lot of notes for one of his brothers, my Uncle Foster, and we've been poor ever since. Matie stayed on because she was just like one of the family, but she only gets five dollars a week, even now, and she does anything and everything. As soon as I was old enough, I learned how to help out—I had to."

"Emily, you are the most darling girl who ever lived. And yet—I do think you ought to have a maid all the time."

"Let's try the part-time Rendivoo, and if I find I'm tired and have too much to do, I'll take on a full-timer." She gathered up her courage and went on quickly: "I'll have to have an allowance for our monthly bills, Mac."

"My gosh, how much?"

"I don't know yet, but I think a hundred and twenty ought to cover it—ex-

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cept the rent. How about you paying the rent?"

"If I don't, I won't be popular with the landlord, I imagine."

"Smarty! What I mean is, you take care of that expense yourself, after this. And give me enough for the marketing and Rendivoo's wages and the laundry and gas and electric bills and so on. I shan't need anything for a while; I've still got something left of the money you gave me for the furniture—"

"Oh, have you?" Malcolm became visibly interested. "Old Tory—"

"What's Tory got to do with it?"

"Why, the old scoundrel wants back the loan he made me when we got married, you remember, and I was broke."

"Mac—haven't you paid him?" She was horrified.

"Why should I? He didn't need it; he really doesn't need it now, the old tight-wad. But he asked for it, so I thought I'd surprise him by giving it to him."

"How—how much is it?"

"Practically nothing — hundred and fifty."

EMILY took her checkbook and pen out of the table drawer, and Malcolm lounged over by her side. "Give me a look," he said. "Hum—three hundred and sixty-five dollars and seventy-two cents. You'll have to keep a couple of hundred balance; even these little trust companies out here will hardly stand for less, even though you are an awfully pretty girl. Maybe you'd better let me have just the hundred and fifty. I thought you'd have more."

"It's all on the stubs; you can see how I spent it." It humiliated her queerly to see him going over each entry so carefully.

"Gosh," he said at last, "I wish I'd put this into a hot baby I heard about the other day. The Sindell Company, on the curb at only seven and a half, and a few of the big boys are all set for a sweet little bit of manipulation, they tell me. I've a great mind—" He picked up the check Emily had written, and put it in his pocket, laid down the checkbook.

"But if you'd speculated with it, we wouldn't have had this apartment; we'd have still been in that deadly hotel." She could not keep from saying it.

"Oh, come, the hotel wasn't so bad, and—"

"I hated it."

Something had changed and poisoned the air. Emily took the checkbook and flung it back into the drawer; and as she did so, she realized that if she kept a balance of two hundred and fifty, she had only enough left to pay Rendivoo for her first week's work with a very few dollars over. She started to say this, but changed her mind. "Let's go out to a movie," she suggested. Anything to stop thinking about money and feeling this queer stifled discontent with Mac.

Chapter Five

BETTE'S party was going with a bang. She was an energetic care-free hostess: she kept things stirring and obviously enjoyed herself. The caterer had done himself proud; the dinner was good and well served; and the fantastic apartment looked at its best when arranged for entertaining. It seemed far more suited to festivals and guests in gala mood and dress, thought Emily, than to everyday living. Emily was enjoying herself also. She was wearing her wedding dress, and she would have had to be deaf and blind not to know that she was an enormous success with the men. They had jammed round her in the cocktail and canape period before dinner; and now, at table, they kept looking at her where she sat at Andy's right hand, with Tory Birch at her other side. Bette had asked Tory Birch; and at the last minute, when one of her men guests had been called out of town and she had to fill in quickly, she had invited Barton Hale. He was down the table at the other side, but by dodging a mass of flowers he could—and did—look at Emily too.

The women were not so admiring, but they were not unfriendly nor resentful; they were willing to concede something to Emily because she was the guest of honor, and, better reason, that creature of romance, a bride.

Emily's chief concern was to remember all the names. The original twelve had expanded to sixteen, and it was hard to keep so many in mind. The man with the prematurely gray hair was Paul Hardingé, the woman with the green necklace was his wife. Mrs. Ryland was the stout young thing with the very red, very moist mouth; her husband was small and had an astonishing black pearl stud. The girl in bright blue Emily had met before; she was Ruth Elstir, one of Bette's great friends and amusingly like her in type. After dinner Ruth would sing, slightly risqué and foolish songs, without much voice but in a diverting clever way. The tall head-up woman, handsome and frowning, was a Mrs. Gover who lived next door to the James house, in an elaborate establishment. Her husband was handsome too, but his good looks were marred by baggy flesh under the eyes and a livid color; he had taken too many cocktails and was already not sure of his words, the more noticeably because he talked all the time. The last woman was Mrs. Marshall, whose husband was the man who had dropped out and given Barton Hale his place at the party. Mrs. Marshall was pretty and pink and silly; everyone called her Babe, and the name suited her wide eyes and her way of talking, which was an almost lisp, trickily done. Emily listened to her and decided the lisp was a careful affectation and wondered why she bothered.

Andy turned—he had been talking to Mrs. Gover at his other side: "Having a good time, Emily?"

"Grand. It's a lovely party."

"You've certainly devastated the men, but Bette and I knew that would happen."

"Andy! This from you!"

"It's a fact, isn't it, Birch?"

Tory leaned forward: "You've not told the half of it. Emily's a knockout."

"Go ahead," said Emily. "Don't stop. This is my favorite topic of conversation." She smiled, thankful that Mac had paid his debt before this party, so she could be quite at ease with Tory.

"It's the kind of conversation you hear the most of, I'll bet a hat," said Tory, smiling back at her.

"How are you and Lucy getting on?" she asked him. "She told Mother you'd written to her."

"I've written to her half a dozen times, but she doesn't answer."

"Tory, I can't believe it, you made such an impression on her."

"You're spoofing me, lady. I'm such a fool I always fall for the blondes, but it never gets me a thing."

THE talk slipped away from personalities, to Emily's relief. Ruth Elstir at Tory's other side began to scold him for neglect, and Mrs. Gover again claimed Andy. Emily was left to look round the table and painstakingly run through the list of names again. It was, she thought, very kind of Bette and Andy to give this party; it would provide her with a number of agreeable acquaintances, perhaps even a friend or two. She liked Mrs. Gover and Ruth Elstir. She wasn't specially taken with Babe Marshall or Mrs. Hardingé, and she thought Paula Ryland almost comic. But her opinions didn't matter; at least they would be people to speak to on the street, to ask in for a game of cards or a cup of tea, to sit with and talk with on the train going in to town. It was a great satisfaction to know that she would once more become a social being, for she had missed painfully the easy familiar talk, the coming and going, the well-defined interwoven pattern of the life in her girlhood home. She had not known how much she would miss it; she had always taken it for granted and never even known how much it meant to her until she found herself away from it, and isolated in a city.

The coffee and liqueurs were served at table, for the servants had moved all the furniture from the living-room except chairs against the wall, and in the little library two or three card-tables had been set up. The after-dinner guests were arriving as the last service ended, and the music began at once. Emily danced first with Andy, then with Mac and then with Ted Gover—a perilous proceeding, for he was now almost too drunk to stand. Tory cut in and rescued her; some one chivied Gover out of sight; his wife disappeared too; and presently everyone knew that she had taken him home. "She has to do it pretty often," Bette told Emily, in a pause between dances. "It's a rotten shame. I'd beat Andy if he made a fool of himself like that."

"I don't think beating would do any good. But I wouldn't live with a man who got drunk all the time," said Emily. She was whirled away by an eager partner before she had time to say anything more, but she could not get Edith Gover's proud head and tragic eyes out of her mind. That too was marriage!

SHORTLY, however, she had something else to think about, for one of the after-dinner men (named Flood, she thought, but wasn't sure), a most inoffensive-looking youth who danced beautifully, began to make sudden violent love to her, and held her so tightly that she could hardly breathe. Also he kept putting his cheek and lips against her hair. Emily looked for Mac, but he had

gone into the library for contract. So at the edge of the floor she stopped and detached herself. "I'm tired," she told Flood. "Please go and finish this with some one else. I must speak to my cousin." She moved away without waiting for him to answer and found herself facing Barton Hale.

"What luck!" he cried. "I've been trying to get somewhere near you all evening. But—aren't you dancing?" He looked past her at the dashed and subdued Flood, not understanding what had happened.

"Of course," said Emily, "if you ask me."

"Was that chap annoying you?" asked Hale as they dropped into the tide of the blues.

But Emily did not care to complain of one of Bette's guests to another. "Oh, no—we just didn't seem to get on."

"Then he must be a very poor dancer."

"He wasn't very good." That was a harmless admission. "I haven't seen you since that day on the beach in the summer," she went on. "You don't live out here, do you?"

"No, in town." He wondered what line would go best with her. She was even lovelier than he had remembered, and there was something about her that was different, unusual—he tried to name it, and at last it came to him so suddenly that he blurted it out. "Now I see why you're not like other women," he said. "You're not restless. Yes, that's it. I felt it the day I met you; and now—Mrs. Crayn, do forgive me! I was thinking out loud."

"I don't mind, exactly. It's diverting. And you're right, I'm not restless, but I didn't know it was unusual."

"But it is. And I'd somehow formed a different picture of you; at least, I'd wondered—" He paused, amazed at himself. "Snap out of it, Barton," he rebuked himself silently. "The next thing you know you'll be telling the truth to a pretty lady. And what'll that get you? Especially when her husband's a customer. Or perhaps—that last might be useful."

SHE thought he seemed confused and embarrassed, and she couldn't imagine why. It confused her, too, and she hunted for something to say. "I've always heard that restlessness was a sign of ambition," she brought out at last. "D'you think that's true?"

"There are ambitions and ambitions; but most ambitions have an aim, while restlessness merely means that the person wants something and doesn't know what it is, and at the same time doesn't want what he or she has."

"And you think everyone here is restless except me?"

"I only said, all the women. Look at them—you can see it in their eyes. But not in yours. And I'm not going to tell you what there is in your eyes, for you'd think I was impertinent, even though I wasn't. . . . Hang it all, this gets us nowhere, dancing in this crowd and men waiting to snatch you. Will you let me come and see you sometime? And will you come on a party with me, you and Crayn, soon?"

Emily nodded and went to another partner. Hale looked after her thoughtfully. "I could make a great damn' fool of myself over that woman," he thought. "And maybe I'm going to."

IT was half-past three before Emily and Malcolm, the last to leave, went downstairs to their own apartment. "I don't feel a bit like going to bed," said Emily. "And I'm hungry. I wasn't a bit, when they served supper, so I didn't eat much. Let's go out to the kitchen, and I'll scramble some eggs and toast some rolls and maybe you can find another bottle of that beer."

"Swell! I didn't eat much supper either, and I don't like salads."

"I'll just take off my dress—"

"And I'll hop into pajamas."

Soon, in informal array, they sat at the kitchen table, each with a filled plate, a glass, a fork and a paper napkin. Emily had scrambled eggs, fried bacon and made a stack of toast. Mac had routed out the last two bottles of beer.

"Gosh, this is good," he said, with his mouth full.

"Isn't it. I do love bacon and toast. Mac, why were you so high-hatting the crowd tonight?"

"Me! That's a libel. I wouldn't high-hat a worm."

"I don't mean to their faces. But you said 'not so bad for the suburbs' as we came downstairs, and it sounded like a slam. I thought they were all right, barring the Babe woman."

"They were all right. But—I don't know exactly—they seemed to me just a little dull and stodgy. You know, the eight-ten in the morning, the five-twenty at night, a romp with the kiddies, steak-and-rice-pudding dinner, the next door couple over for a game of bridge, and a little chat about how hard it is to keep servants and what are the best schools for the children, and maybe a little dirt about how Mrs. Whoosis is carrying on with Mr. Blah, and poor Mr. Whoosis doesn't suspect a thing. Or maybe they turn on the radio—well, there's their day and the next day they do it all over again, and on Sundays they ride in the car and read the funnies. Now if that's an exciting life, I'm a Chinaman. As a matter of fact, it's no life at all."

This was her opportunity. She dropped her fork and leaned forward eagerly. "What do you want of life, Mac? What sort of life are you planning for? I wish you'd tell me."

"Now, listen, darling girl; I'm not overbright at four in the morning. And you look so serious."

"I am serious. I've thought about it a lot. Here we are, the two of us, starting out in this marriage business. If it was any other sort of partnership, we'd both know what we expect out of it; we'd organize it and develop it and work it up. I think we ought to do it with marriage. What do we want, where are we going, what's it all about? I don't know, except in a vague way. I'd like to find out. I think we ought to find out."

"By George, that's true. I never thought about it before."

"But you've thought enough about what you don't want—you described all that a minute ago when you were talking about the people at the party. And yet, so far as I can see, we're headed in exactly the same direction as they are—you know—

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with our own individual difference, which we probably kid ourselves is greater than it is. So you see, Mac—if that's what you don't want, tell me what you do."

"I can tell you the main thing, right off—I want to make you happy. That's my principal aim in this marriage business as you call it. I want to give you everything other women have, luxuries and ease, and good times. I'll have to make a lot of money."

"Luxuries don't make women happy, but I suppose men all think so. However, we won't argue about that now. After I get all these grand things, where do you come in—what do you want for yourself?"

"I want you always to love me and be near me. And then—well—I want to be a solid citizen, one of the big men, prominent, picture in the gravure sections, name in the headlines: 'Mr. Malcolm Crayn, the well-known financier, returning from abroad, gives his views concerning the stability of our foreign loans,'—you know how they go on. And I want to do lots of different things, interesting, unusual things. I don't want to stay put; I want to keep out of ruts and grooves; I'd like variety—and change—and taking big chances—"

HERE she felt she had reached something of the truth of him, here he was revealing himself at last. Variety, and thrill, and excitement, these were what he wanted—the picture of himself as a big man was no more than a passing whimsicality, tossed out without reflection, or significance. But he had broken off: "I'm doing all the talking. What d'you want, Emily darling? Tell me and I'll get it for you."

"Oh, Mac, you're such a dear. And you're so dear to me. I want us to keep on this way, I think, more than anything else in the world. I don't want our love for each other spoiled and gnawed away by hateful little things, quarrels and getting offended and being sulky and snappish, giving raw jabs at one another. And though I'd like you to be one of the proud captains of finance and all that, it doesn't matter a bit to me if you're not. And you said you want to make lots of money and give me heaps of things; but truly, I don't want rings and bracelets and ermine coats and haughty motor-cars and servants and ceremony and such stuff. But on the other hand, I don't want to be poor, I assure you. I'd like enough to live on without skimping, and I want to feel safe, and established, not bothered about money and not expecting the poorhouse to loom up before me almost any time." (He could hardly fail, she thought, to see what she meant. Oh, she was glad they were having this talk; it would clear up all her difficulties.)

"You don't need to worry about the poorhouse, so long as I'm alive and able to dig ditches or mix concrete."

"I'm not worrying; it was only a figure of speech. Being poor's a comparative state, anyway; we were always poor at home, but it wasn't mean and ugly, for if we couldn't go places and buy a lot of things, we could still ask friends in and have a game of cards or music or dance, even if we hadn't a thing to serve except a glass of dandelion wine. You know, Mac, I want our home to be like that, living within our means and not ashamed of it, but everything kindly and easy and peaceful, not rushed and hard—and not getting up competition with other people who have more, either. And I want us to do things together, to have the same interests, the same friends, to understand and have confidence in each other about *everything.*"

"But Emily darling, don't you think we have all that now?"

SOMETHING uneasy flickered in the back of Emily's thoughts. "Yes, but let's keep it," she said vehemently, and at the same time wondered if her *yes* was honest. "You know," she went on with less emphasis, "you don't tell me much about your work; I hardly know a thing about what you do—"

"But it's so dull, Emily. It's the stupidest sort of work. I sit there all day long fussing with details of mortgages and titles and such stuff, and my boss goes over what I do and always finds something wrong with it; he can find flaws in papers prepared by the Chief Justice of the United States—that's where he shines, the old crab! Now what is there to tell you about that? You'd be bored to death. But I'm not going to stick there; there's no chance to get on. I'm only waiting for a break, and they'll see my dust. Life's too short to spend in grinding away on 'whereases' and 'parties of the first part.' My gosh, look out of the window. Came the dawn!"

It was true, the sun was rising, and they heard the clumping steps of the janitor bringing up the milk to the service doors.

Emily piled the few dishes together. "We may as well pull down the blinds and go to bed, though I'm not sleepy now. I hope the phone won't ring."

"I'll take off the receiver and let the heathen central rage."

"Mac, you were sweet to tell me all those things about your work and what you want to do. It made me feel so cleared up and peaceful and close to you. We've got some sort of foundation to go on now." They had reached the bedroom; she threw aside her negligee and slipped into a wisp of apricot voile. Mac had already got into his bed, his dark head deep in the pillow. It made Emily drowsy to look at him. But she said one thing more, aimlessly, yawning as she spoke: "Don't forget to ask Tory to dinner some night this week, will you? I was so glad you'd paid him back that money; I'd have felt very queer sitting there beside him in my wedding dress thinking we owed him for part of our trip."

She slid into her own bed, serene and content with the world. She pulled up the cover and slowly closed her eyes, ready to drift off into the pleasantest of dreams. Then she opened them suddenly, wide, her peace shattered, her security cut away. For Mac was saying, jerkily, huskily, like a sleepy little boy: "But I didn't pay him. It seemed so foolish to hand it back to him when he doesn't need it, and I do."

Men with money are quick to offer aid to the beautiful wife of an incompetent—as you will see in next month's installment.

FIREFLIES

(Continued from page 35)

Joan said: "She thinks France snubs her—you know that quiet indifferent way France has. Mrs. Johnston thinks it's put on just for her benefit—to keep her an outsider, on the River."

"It's not—is it?"

"Don't be silly—France doesn't know my stepmother's living."

"Then why— Your stepmother's been here three years now. She ought to feel sort of at home."

"Darling," said Joan, "in three hundred years she'd never be at home here, and she knows it. We aren't her kind. Nobody knows who she is. Here on the River we've all known who we are—since before we were born. Only Daddy's different. He's been all over the world and met all sorts of people. He loves living—and she's very life, if you see what I mean. So he's crazy about her. . . . I love living too!" said Joan abruptly and oddly, violent for all the brightness and softness. "So while I don't like Mrs. Johnston, while really I almost hate her—still—no good denying I understand her. She's like something in a cage—clawing at the people who keep her there. You see, Buck?"

BUCK only scowled. "Maybe if France knew what Mrs. Johnston is saying about her—"

Joan said: "Why do I love you when you're so simple? France is the proudest woman that ever lived. That's why she's outside the cage and Mrs. Johnston's in. France is so proud that if she knew people were saying things like that about her and Louis, she wouldn't open her mouth to deny it."

Buck said: "Looks to me like somebody better open his mouth. . . . No telling what Doctor Forster might do. Those dried-up looking men, they're apt to fool you."

"What do you know about husbands?"—a mocking whisper.

Buck said: "What do you know about wives?"—huskily.

Their young faces drew together in deep shadow. They laughed together, low and unsteadily. As another two might have laughed—under another tree—in another dusk of the world.

He said: "Let me tell 'em, sweet!"—lips on her young throat.

"Do you want us annulled?" said Joan. "Do you want me put in a convent? You don't know my father!"

"But France," he said, "and Louis—we've got to think of them, haven't we?"

Joan said: "I'm thinking. . . . Let's go, darling!"

The roadster went down the lane like a stone from a sling. Coming up the lane, something in the manner of a tortoise encountering a hare, another car, large and dark and dusty. The large car drew aside as the roadster passed it. The man driving the large car cursed quietly, from one corner of a not overgenerous mouth.

"Young fools!" he said. "Where do you think you're going?"

As if young fools usually thought of their destination in terms intelligible to other travelers!

"I suppose," said the driver of the large car to Harry Johnston ten minutes or so later, "your girl's gone over to the dance at my place, tonight?"

He and Harry Johnston were by then seated on the porch of the white-pillared house, with juleps at their elbows, with cigar-ash peacefully defiling their lapels.

"Got a little matter I thought I'd like to talk over with you, Harry," the visitor had said. So Mrs. Johnston, just inside the sitting-room window, rocked and listened to the radio, turned low.

HARRY JOHNSTON said: "What is it, Doc?" with his deep-throated chuckle. He said: "Yes—Joan's over at your place—with Buck Macaulay. But I've told her that's to be the last of *him*." He added a profane category of Buck's ineligibilities.

"Goes by what you say, does she?" asked Doctor Forster dryly.

"You bet she does!" blustered Joan's father. "If she knows what's good for her."

"Women always know what's good for 'em, of course," said Doctor Forster, twisting thin lips about his cigar.

"You got any reason to doubt that?" asked Harry Johnston shrewdly.

Doctor Forster hitched his chair nearer, frowned in silence for a moment, then abruptly laid a hand on Harry Johnston's knee. "Came back a little early from Richmond," he said, "on purpose to stop in here and see you. Thought I'd like to find out if this talk that's going round had got to you."

"What talk?" asked Harry Johnston slowly. "I don't know if I know just what—"

"I see you've heard it," said Doctor Forster. He blew a long plume of smoke. He sat back and reached for his julep.

"I don't mind saying to you, Harry, that it's been on my mind for some time to say to Ames I had an opportunity to lease the cottage by the year—not just from month to month, the way I've let him have it since April."

"You say you got another offer?" asked Harry Johnston with interest.

"No," said Doctor Forster, "no. . . . I said I was considering telling Ames that."

"Well, now—"

"His room," said Doctor Forster, suddenly incisive and bitter, "appearing better to me than his company."

Harry Johnston said with weak geniality that Ames, coming down the River, from New York, would naturally be suspected of lally-gagging and philandering. Any man that wrote music for a living—

Doctor Forster said: "Having him right there under the nose of the big house, day in day out—"

"Well," said Harry Johnston soothingly, "France is younger than you and me, Doc—not much over thirty, is she?"

Doctor Forster snapped out with amazing resentment that his wife had been twenty-nine last May.

"And women," said Harry Johnston, "—they take an awful lot of attention. You're a pretty busy man—you haven't got time to run around the country keeping up with a young wife."

"No sign," said Doctor Forster, "that I need another man to do it for me. Not yet!" he said, a dull scarlet rising beneath the stubble of grayish beard on his lean cheeks. "I'm not blaming Frances, you understand."

Harry Johnston said rather hurriedly that he understood.

"Women," said Doctor Forster, "can't tell an honest man from a scoundrel."

"I wouldn't exactly call Louis Ames a scoundrel, Doc—"

"You wouldn't?" said Doctor Forster, his thin mouth twitching unpleasantly. "Then what's this story the Macaulay woman's peddling about somebody seeing him and my wife—"

"Don't you take any stock in that!" said Harry Johnston briskly and heartily.

"I see you've heard it," said Doctor Forster—as he had said once already.

"Let me sweeten your julep!" urged Harry Johnston.

"Do very well as it is," said Doctor Forster. He waved Harry Johnston back into the chair from which he had half-risen.

Harry Johnston said: "Lizzie Macaulay ought to have her mouth sewed up. She's made more trouble, she's upset more homes, with that snake's tongue o' hers! Why, I wouldn't any more believe anything that came from her—"

"Where'd you hear it?" asked Doctor Forster grimly.

Harry Johnston said that he couldn't say for certain.

"Maybe it was the bank," said Doctor Forster, "or it might have been the post office—heard it more than one place, haven't you, Harry?"

IN the deep lines furrowing the lean cheeks from nostril to lip, in the pale eyes caught in wrinkle-mesh—suffering, suddenly come into the open.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Doc—I'm afraid I have," said Harry Johnston soberly.

"That's what I thought," said Doctor Forster.

"We've been friends a good many years," Harry Johnston said simply. "Boy—I can't lie to you." He added: "But it's most likely a lot of poppycock cooked up by the women. I wouldn't take any stock in it—not for a minute."

Doctor Forster stood up slowly. He straightened stooped shoulders, flung the stump of his cigar out onto the grass.

"As you say—we've been friends a good many years," he admitted. "Makes it pretty damn' difficult for me to tell you I understand the Macaulay woman backs up her dirty lies with—" He wheeled, plunged down the steps like a man hounded. Over his shoulder he flung back a barbed suggestion:

"Get your wife to tell you what she knows about it. I'll see you later."

While Harry Johnston stood stupidly staring, eyes beginning to bulge, Doctor Forster's car rolled out from under the mimosas, into the lane. And inside the sitting-room window, something stirred.

"Bet!" bellowed Harry Johnston instantly. In the interval before Mrs. Johnston appeared, he drank the last of his julep in a deep draft, like a man needing reinforcement.

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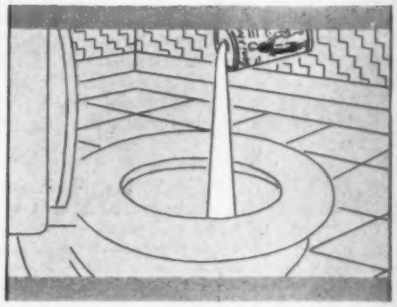

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When he said "Bet!" the second time, she was already in the lighted doorway coming toward him.

"Well—for pity's sake," she cried with sprightly innocence.

"Bet!" said Harry Johnston. "What's all this about France Forster and that Ames chap?"

The young moon had slid from sight. The river was a darkness beyond the darkness of the lawn—with its fireflies.

"Don't tell me it's got to Doc!" said Mrs. Johnston. "I must say, that's too bad. Usually the husband's the last to learn."

"You talk like it was so."

"Well," said Mrs. Johnston, "I always believe in giving anybody the benefit of the doubt—still and all, when anybody's as brazen as France Forster—"

Suddenly Harry Johnston took her arm between his big soft fingers and shook her violently.

"Have you been talking—about France—or Louis Ames—or both of 'em together?"

"You hurt me, Harry! Let go of me!"

"Have you been spreading gossip about the wife of the best friend I've got on the River? If you have, so help me—"

"What'll you do—you big brute! You let go of me!" She wrenched herself free. "Who says I've been talking?" She was rubbing her arm. She put her cheek down against it. She knew her man. He stretched out a hairy hand and drew her close.

"Come, here, Bet—I didn't go to hurt you. Only Doc seemed to think—"

"He's pretty late about it!" She couldn't resist that dig. "Anyhow—what's his thinking got to do with me?"

He brought it out reluctantly—in the face of her warm plump nearness unable to go on being as bitter as his best friend. "Seems Lizzie Macaulay—"

"You'd believe Lizzie Macaulay sooner than you would your own wife!"

"Now, Bet, don't go off at half-cock like that! She's been spreading a report—maybe you've heard it."

"I guess maybe I have."

"But you didn't have anything to do with starting it—did you?"

"Well, Harry Johnston, of all—"

He withdrew even a half-charge precipitately. "All right—all right! Nobody said you did." Her half-sniff of furious distress, her inarticulate denial melted him utterly. "I'll tell Doc you didn't have a thing to do with it! I'll see him first thing in the morning."

SHE sniffed again, straining the quality of mercy, as he dragged her into the circle of his heavy arms, rubbed his mustache across her smooth firm cheek to her mouth.

Far and faint and fine, through deep gray gauzes of the night, fiddles singing—barely to be heard, clearer to be felt, like the throb of the motorboat, the throbbing of drums.

"Listen," said Harry Johnston, "—that the dance at Greenways?"

Mrs. Johnston said: "It's just a little ways down the river—"

In his arms she quivered her shoulders slightly, slightly quivered her hips; her feet stirred on the porch floor.

"You old devil!" said Harry Johnston.

"Much good it does me," said Mrs. Johnston, a trifle sullenly.

"Now, Bet!" said Harry Johnston.

She said, "It's all very well for you—" a subject not new between them.

He drew a sigh of humorous defeat. "Look here—stop talking about parties! You knew when you married me I'd have nothing to do with 'em. What do you say about going into Richmond tomorrow to have a look at the new car?"

"You going to get me a coupé?" she demanded.

" 'Pends on how good a girl you are!" said Harry Johnston fatuously.

"You don't know how good a good girl can be!" said Mrs. Johnston. She flung both arms up about his neck.

WHERE the Greenways wharf made a streak of shadow running out into more lucent shadow of the river, Harry Johnston's daughter said, "Hear that whippoorwill, France?" and laid her hand on the white arm beside her. Joan and France Forster, Buck and Louis Ames—sitting at the end of the wharf, smoking and talking while fiddles and drums in the Big House kept other people dancing. Ames was a long shadow at France's shoulder, lighting her cigarette for her, putting his coat about her shoulders when the wind off the river made her shiver.

France said: "Is it really a whippoorwill—or only Tschaikowsky, trying out a new *Pathetique?* What do you think, Louis?" Her voice saying his name, velvety, laced with question and caress. In the small sharp flame he snapped for her cigarette her hair showed cloudy dark, her eyes too large for a thin face, high cheekbones, a sweet wide mouth.

"But listen here, Louis," drawled Buck, going on with what he had been saying when the whippoorwill suddenly cried.

"Shut up a minute, will you," said Ames, pleasantly arbitrary. The whippoorwill cried again, over and over through the soft summer dark, his three-noted phrase, beginning sweetly, dropping sadly, rising to wild illimitable question—dying unanswered, with the sighing chuckle of the river running under.

"France," said Ames—when he spoke her name, he seemed to touch her, "there might be something to that, you know."

"You mean you can hear—"

"A French horn, a harp—a lot of muted violins—"

France said: "Really something, Louis?"—hungrily, strangely humble.

"God—I don't know!" said Ames. "Tell you later." He shifted as if about to stand up. "I hadn't thought of it—until you spoke. It has possibilities. Sort of a *'Warum'* thing. Crying in the wilderness—whistling in the dark—"

"Want to go over to the cottage and try it out?" asked France.

"Think they'd hear the piano up at the Big House?"

"Who cares?"

"France, darling," said Joan, nudging Buck, unseen.

"Listen here, Louis," said Buck, and once more abruptly stopped short of his objective.

"All right—what's on your mind?" said Ames, rising. He helped France to her feet.

Joan said: "France—did you know that Buck's mother—"

"And Joan's stepmother," said Buck grimly.

"Saw us coming out of the cottage—the other night—night of the Brainerds' party—"

"Oh, Joan," said France, "not really? You poor kids! I'm terribly sorry. Does your father know too?" She put an arm around Joan.

"No, darling—he doesn't," said Joan.

"Oh—then maybe it isn't too late to stop your stepmother—"

"And my mother?" said Buck. "Not a chance!"

He laughed shortly. He came out with the truth in a hammer-stroke.

"They think it was you and Louis—"

Ames said, "What the hell!"—but very gently.

"Me—and Louis?" said France. Unaccountably she laughed—a soft bewildered sound. "They *would* be pleased with that!" she said.

"Seems the story's got around already," said Buck.

"France, darling," said Joan, "we feel like dogs—Buck and I. We can't keep quiet and let everybody think it was you. But the minute my father knows we're married—"

"Joan thinks he'd try to have it annulled," said Buck. "I say—let him try."

"You ridiculous kids!" said France. "Aren't they delicious, Louis? Well, darlings, just you sit tight! Talk dies. Everything dies," she said, strangely wistful. "Joan'll go back to school. In four months Buck'll be twenty-five; then he'll have the money his father left him. . . . Surely, Buck, when you're able to take care of Joan, Mr. Johnston won't go on disapproving of you so violently."

"If I could just have more time—to get him used to the idea," said Joan. "I can do anything with him if I only have the time."

Buck said: "I made her marry me—she was going to wait."

"You can't make me do anything," said Joan coolly. "I always do what I want to—in the long run."

Ames whistled the whippoorwill phrase so suddenly that France started and laughed. He whistled it again, with a variation in curious minors.

She said: "You've got it running in your head now, haven't you, Louis?"

"Whose fault?" said Ames.

"Louis," Buck insisted, "what do you think we'd better do?"

"Keep your mouth shut," said Ames. "France is right. Talk peters out."

France said: "I don't mind being talked about with Louis." She slid her hand through his arm and laughed. "He's going to be famous some day. I may even be mentioned in his biography as the woman who inspired the Whippoorwill Symphony."

"At that—you may," said Ames. "Amusing as it may seem to you now."

"I'm not amused," said France. "It's been some time since I was—amused—by you, Louis." She caught Joan's hand: "Don't you and Buck want to run along?"

"Then you won't say what you think we'd better do, France?"

"I have said, Joan. Don't do anything. Things happen. Nothing you can do makes any difference really. Will you two clear out?"

BUCK and Joan went back to the house. France and Ames stood on the wharf in the dark; she put up her hand and turned his face to hers. "Have

I really made you hear something—about that whippoorwill, Louis?"

Ames said: "Can't be certain. . . . Think I'll go over to the cottage and play with it a bit. See what happens."

"May I come too?"

"After what you've just heard? Better not, France—you never have been in the cottage at night alone with me—this is no time to begin it. What's the use of giving those old women any more to go on?"

"You care what they say?"

"Of course not. I'm thinking of you."

"If I could only be sure—"

"What else?" he asked with caressing impatience.

"Your piano," said France. "You're already fingering B flat—aren't you?"

"You sweet child!" said Ames. He put his arms around her. As simply as a child, she put up her face and he kissed her—but it was not a child he kissed. "How did you know?" he said.

"About B flat? I hoped I didn't. . . . But I was quite sure I did," said France. She laughed her throaty whispering laughter. "If you'd come out of your cottage at four in the morning with anything at all—it'd have been a sonata."

THE wind was cool on their faces. It dried France's eyes. "Not," she said, "that Mrs. Macaulay and that horrid Johnston woman would ever believe it."

Ames said: "Is your—husband—apt to be—unpleasant?"

"Doc?" said France. "I don't know. I don't think so. I hope not. I don't want to make him unhappy. He's rather sweet to me, Louis. In his way."

Ames said: "Fifty-five—to your twenty-nine! Why wouldn't he be sweet to you? What can he give you?"

France said: "Just what he gave me when I married him—ten years ago. The difference in our ages is the same as it always was. It isn't his fault that you happened along." She turned away blindly. "It's—if anything—just my hard luck."

"France!" said Ames.

She told him: "Go along to your piano. My whippoorwill's waiting."

"France—if there were a chance in the world—of your ever leaving him—"

She said: "No good talking."

But she waited just a moment—if Ames had tried to talk, she was still listening.

He said, "I suppose you're right," with a sigh. Too soon persuaded! He said: "You've got all this—of course; women like to be safe."

All this—the Big House, white-pillared in the starlight. With light streaming out of its tall windows, with fiddles and drums hid away in the heart of it, throbbing and thudding. The cottage was dark, on the edge of the River. A squat shadow with a great tree at one side. In the cottage was Ames' piano—with a low lamp, with loose sheets of music all about, with a wide pillow-strewn couch—with darkly-curtained windows.

"Safe! Is that all women care to be?" said France.

Ames said: "I swear—I think I've got an andante, from that damned fowl! Play it for you in the morning—maybe. Let me take you back to the house, France. Then let me get along over to the cottage. . . ."

. . .

"I—let you?" said France. She went before him through the grass. He left her at the steps of the Big House. "You don't mind?" he urged, burning with a vehement inner flame. "If I don't get it down now, I may lose it."

His face was thin and restless and brown—in the light pouring out of the doorway. Fire in his eyes—that came and went. His smile had sweetness—inattentive, mostly.

"Good luck!" said France. She leaned over him—he was standing a step or so below, to give him her hand. Her pale gown clung to her slender body, molded by the freshening wind from off the River.

Doctor Forster had come out of the house, was at France's elbow before she knew him near.

"That you, Ames?" he said. "Wish you'd come into my office for a little talk in the morning." Ames and France looked at each other in silence. Innocence may lie as uneasy as guilt—to all appearance.

"Why, Doc—" said France.

"Afraid I'm going to have to lease the cottage by the year—had a very attractive offer," said Doctor Forster. The lines about his mouth drew deep. He watched Ames unsmilingly.

"In that case, of course—" said Ames politely, from a sudden but considerable distance.

"In that case," said France with a laugh—when did she not laugh?—"you'd better get the damned fowl on paper at once, hadn't you, Louis? We sha'n't hear you and your piano—way up here, what with all this—" She flung a hand toward the lights and the fiddles and the drums and the dancers. . . . "Good-by," she said—not good night.

Her husband, when Ames had gone, put an arm about her imperceptibly withdrawn shoulders. He said, apologetically almost—apology from those tired wise eyes: "Sure thing, Frances, is usually better than an—uncertainty—however pleasant. I mean about the cottage."

France looked across the grass to the River. Midway of its dark windings, a red spark showed a buoy. She thought: "If life only had buoys too—to mark the current! There's nothing you can't tell till you're being swept away." Her husband's arm was insistent. Not a hard *young* arm—it lay about her shoulders without tightening; but it remained.

She thought: "The only way I could go would be to break his heart. He wants—even the little he has of me. . . . Strange!"

FROM the cottage huddled beneath its tree came the call of a whippoorwill—in one key, then another. Slowly fingering first quiet, then despair, then rising crying question. . . .

Doctor Forster said: "Hear that, Frances?"

France thought: "After all, have I been asked to go? Then what's it all about?" She felt a cry more hopeless than the hidden bird's struggling to her lips. She laughed instead. She said: "Shall we join the county, Doc?" She went in to the high white-paneled hall of Greenways, with a husband's arm around her waist.

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unclose till the sun is up. The ghostly fire of the morning star burns in a nacreous sky.

Buck, sliding his roadster to a perfect landing before the steps of Joan's unlit dwelling, cast an eye at cloud and water and cocked a black brow in humorous apprehension. "About a quarter to five, I reckon. . . . Think you'll catch the devil?"

"Not if you run fast enough," said Joan, blissfully weary with a whole night's dancing. "Kiss me and go!" she murmured. "Before I go to sleep right here!"

Buck kissed her. Kissed the sleep from her eyes and her mouth—for the moment.

He whispered: "Wish you were going home with me—where you belong."

"Don't be greedy," sighed Joan. Then she clung to him fiercely and whispered: "Wish so too!"

Buck said: "Doc Forster's told Louis he's got another tenant—for the cottage."

"Oh, Buck—*not* because of—the other night?"

"Dunno. Louis doesn't know. Doc Forster's cagey as hell. He told Louis before France." That looks as if Doc Forster knew."

"When did Louis tell you?"

"I had a drink—over at the cottage with him—about three o'clock, maybe. He's been working all night on that whippoorwill thing—piano's all covered with music he's written; reckon that'll be a big thrill for France. He says he's got something."

"Whatever he's got," said Joan, "it means a whole lot more to him than France does."

"Oh, I don't know," said Buck.

"France knows," said Joan. She pushed the soft red hair off her forehead. She made a little moan of impatience and helplessness. "We've got to do something, Buck, and do it quick. I'm too sleepy to think straight now—but we can't let France get mixed up in this cottage thing."

Buck said: "I don't believe she cares, so long as she has Louis."

"That's just it," said Joan. "She hasn't—and she knows it."

"My Lord!" said Buck. Somewhere above the porch, a window opened softly.

"*Now*, will you go?" said Joan. She said, "Love you!"—lips against his ear—before she slid out of the car. From the steps she cried softly, "Call me tonight!" from between her cupped hands.

BUT it was she who called him about dusk—once more on the river, with the fireflies weaving their nightly saraband, between moon and mimosa.

"I want you," she told him. "I want you to come right over. I've found something—I think it's the answer." She wouldn't tell him more. "Just you do as I tell you," she said. Buck was to be doing as she told him for the rest of his life, but the knowledge did not yet oppress him.

"I'll be over in the sailboat," he promised. "Got a good breeze tonight."

Joan said: "Nobody here but Mrs. Johnston and me. Father's in Richmond. She came home, and he stayed there on business."

"That's all right with me," said Buck. He said: "Missed you like hell today," before hanging up.

When he tied the sailboat to Harry Johnston's wharf, there was a light in the sitting-room of the house, but none in the dining-room—which meant that Mrs. Johnston and Joan had finished dinner and were sitting on the porch.

Mrs. Johnston was in a deep willow chair with a cushion behind her head.

She said, "How are you, Buck?" rather stiffly. It was Joan who asked him to sit down.

"Mr. Johnston's in Richmond," said Mrs. Johnston. As if to see Mr. Johnston was the only reason Buck could possibly have for coming!

"Buck knows that," said Joan. "We wanted to talk to you."

"I'm sure I don't know about what," said Mrs. Johnston. "If you think I have any influence with your father—"

"Of course you have," said Joan, "but we're not interested in that. It's about something else—quite."

"Maybe I'm not interested in your affairs," said Mrs. Johnston, a bit crudely perhaps; but Joan had got her on the raw, already.

"This isn't my affair," said Joan. "It's France Forster's affair, but we thought—Buck and I—that you might be able to help."

"What's Buck got to do with it?" inquired Mrs. Johnston. More tardily, she thought to demand: "What have I got to do with Mrs. Forster?"

"That's just it," said Joan. She leaned down and put a hand on Buck's shoulder—a charming little hand, fragile but not fluttering. Going straight to its mark. "Buck," she said, "tell Mrs. Johnston what your mother told you."

Buck stiffened—even under those fingers, and said bluntly, not liking his job in especial: "Yesterday evening. My mother told me, Mrs. Johnston, that you had told her," (confound women—confound gossip, he thought. Nice business for a man—still, as Joan had asked it), "well—that you had seen France and Louis coming out of Louis' cottage, about four o'clock in the morning."

After a sinister, unpleasant silence—"What if I did?" said Mrs. Johnston.

Joan said: "We thought you might be willing to call up Mrs. Macaulay and tell her she's misunderstood you."

"Is that what you thought? You and Mrs. Macaulay's son?"

"My mother told me she got it from you," said Buck doggedly.

"And I say, what of it!" said Mrs. Johnston. "I believe in frankness," she explained loftily, crossing her legs, swinging a conquering foot. "If you've got nothing to hide, then you don't care what anybody has to say about you. That's the way to be! It's not my fault if certain people along this river choose to fly in the face of decency. You can get away with murder just so long, but sooner or later—"

"You mean you won't telephone Mrs. Macaulay?" said Joan.

"I don't see any earthly reason why I should," said Mrs. Johnston. "Mrs. Forster's no friend of mine. I don't feel called upon to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. I'm sorry for Doc Forster, of course. But he might have known what would happen—letting a good-looking man like Louis Ames, without a moral to his name, settle right down there on his doorstep. Mrs. Forster with nothing to do but make a fool of herself—"

Joan said, "What makes you think

Louis hasn't any morals?"—in a small icy voice.

Buck said, blunt with disgust: "Anyhow, Louis is not on the Greenways' doorstep any longer, Mrs. Johnston. He went to New York this noon."

"Buck!" said Joan. "Oh, no!"

"Yeah!" said Buck. "He told me to tell you good-by for him."

Mrs. Johnston laughed, a peculiarly disagreeable sound.

Joan said, "Is that the way you feel about it, Mrs. Johnston?" choking a little over the words, very young in her unhappiness for France—strangely old in the deepening intention of her anger.

"That's the way I feel about it, young lady," said Mrs. Johnston. "And I can't see that it's any of your business—either."

BUCK suddenly flung himself round. "You're damned right it's Joan's business—and mine too! Do you want me to tell you why?"

"Buck!" said Joan, for once desperately imploring. Buck dropped back at once into silence. Joan turned on her stepmother: "I suppose you have friends—in other places, even if not on the River—haven't you?"

Mrs. Johnston said she hadn't a notion what Joan was talking about, watching her with a hawk's eye.

Joan said: "Signor Tocatelli—"

Mrs. Johnston made a curious gulping sound, swallowing amazement.

Joan said: "You must have been—"

"Must have been what?" said Mrs. Johnston, husky and grim. She snapped out: "Where did you hear?"

"Not many women," said Joan blandly, "would have taken such chances."

"As what?"

"As you did for him—of course."

"You little cat!" said Mrs. Johnston.

"I wish you'd tell us about it," said Joan. "I do like women who aren't afraid to be—unconventional! Listen, Buck—so you can tell your mother." At an incoherent syllable from Mrs. Johnston, she explained gently: "Ella was cleaning out your closet today and she found an old program. She brought it to me, to see if she should burn it with a lot of other trash; I saw at once it was something you must have treasured."

"You see a good deal—for seventeen," said Mrs. Johnston.

"I've been so much with grown-people," said Joan. "Anyhow, I'm really awfully interested in hearing about Signor Tocatelli. That was in San Francisco, wasn't it? Before you'd ever met Daddy. About six years ago, I think the program was dated."

Buck said, "Joan—what are you talking about?" with masculine impatience of feminine verbosity.

The red silk frock hissed against Joan's white organdy shoulder as Mrs. Johnston passed. She said stiffly: "I'm going in to talk to your mother, Buck. She may have exaggerated."

Joan said amazingly: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnston."

Presently from the sitting-room came the thin tinkle of the telephone calling—three long rings, one short.

"That's for your house," murmured Joan. "Am I a blackmailer, darling?"

"Come on out on the boat," said Buck—adding deeply if vaguely: "For the love of Heaven!"

NIGHT on the River is deeper than a well. A white sail makes a nebulous blur. Seen close, the red buoy is a lantern, hung on a square tower of logs, blackly latticed. A sailboat rounding the buoy, heading out to the Bay, has a voice of its own. A groaning, chuckling, sighing voice—going singing down to the sea. No other voice in the world like it. No other voice—in the dark of an August night, between water and sky, has half that passionate, windy strain, of rest and unrest, together.

Buck lay on his back in the stern; Joan lay on her back beside him. With one arm he cherished her; with the other, flung backwards up over his head, he manipulated the tiller. Talking, talking—

"You mean to say," he marveled, "that she was one of those women that gets locked into a box, on the stage, and lets herself be—"

"Sawed in two," murmured Joan. "By Signor Tocatelli! There was her picture—and his. A slimy-looking person, Buck, with eyebrows like young mustaches."

Buck said: "Gosh, from the way you talked, I thought—"

"Oh, this is much worse than that," said Joan, "—so far as the county's concerned. Lucky for me she lost her nerve when she did."

"Why? All you had to do—"

Joan moved the silken red head impatiently against his shoulder. "Men are so stupid," she said. "Don't you see it's one of those things that couldn't be told?"

"And she didn't know that?" said Buck—marveling at the acuteness of women—his woman.

"What a break for us!" said Joan. She laughed a small wicked laugh. She sighed a long shaken sigh—remembering. "Poor France, poor darling France! Still, the River—all this—*you* know. . . . But no more Louis!"

Buck said: "I can't see—with Louis gone—why it makes so much difference what people say."

Joan said: "France ought not to have to pay for something she never had."

"You're pretty wise, aren't you?" said Buck. "For such a little girl!"

"I'm the oldest thing on the River," said Joan. "I'm years and years and years older than poor France."

Buck said: "Forget France and Louis. . . . I'm here!"

Joan said, "Love you!" suddenly crushing her cheek down on his heart.

Staring up over her head into the sky, Buck said slowly, inevitably suspecting a godly source from whence such blessing must flow: "Ever stop to think—what's above the stars?"

Stars, sown from rim to rim of the bottomless dark—myriads of small wavering flames.

"What's the difference," said Joan, "so long as we know what's under them?"

"What's under them?" said Buck. He could feel her heart beating against his side—through his thin shirt, through her thin frock. Through flesh and bone and skin. . . . Life and fight and love—beating, in her and him. "What's under the stars?" he insisted—to hear her say it.

"Fireflies," said Joan—wise Joan!

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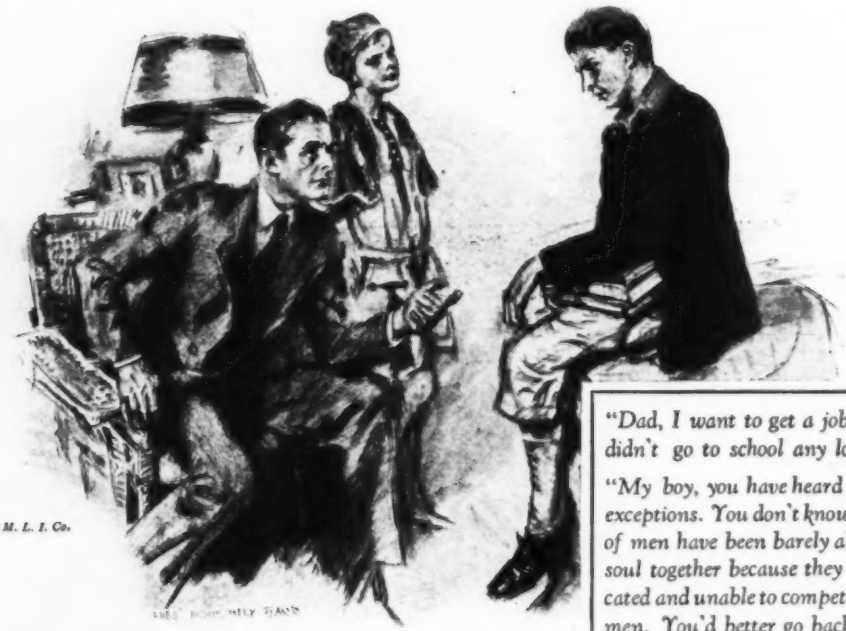

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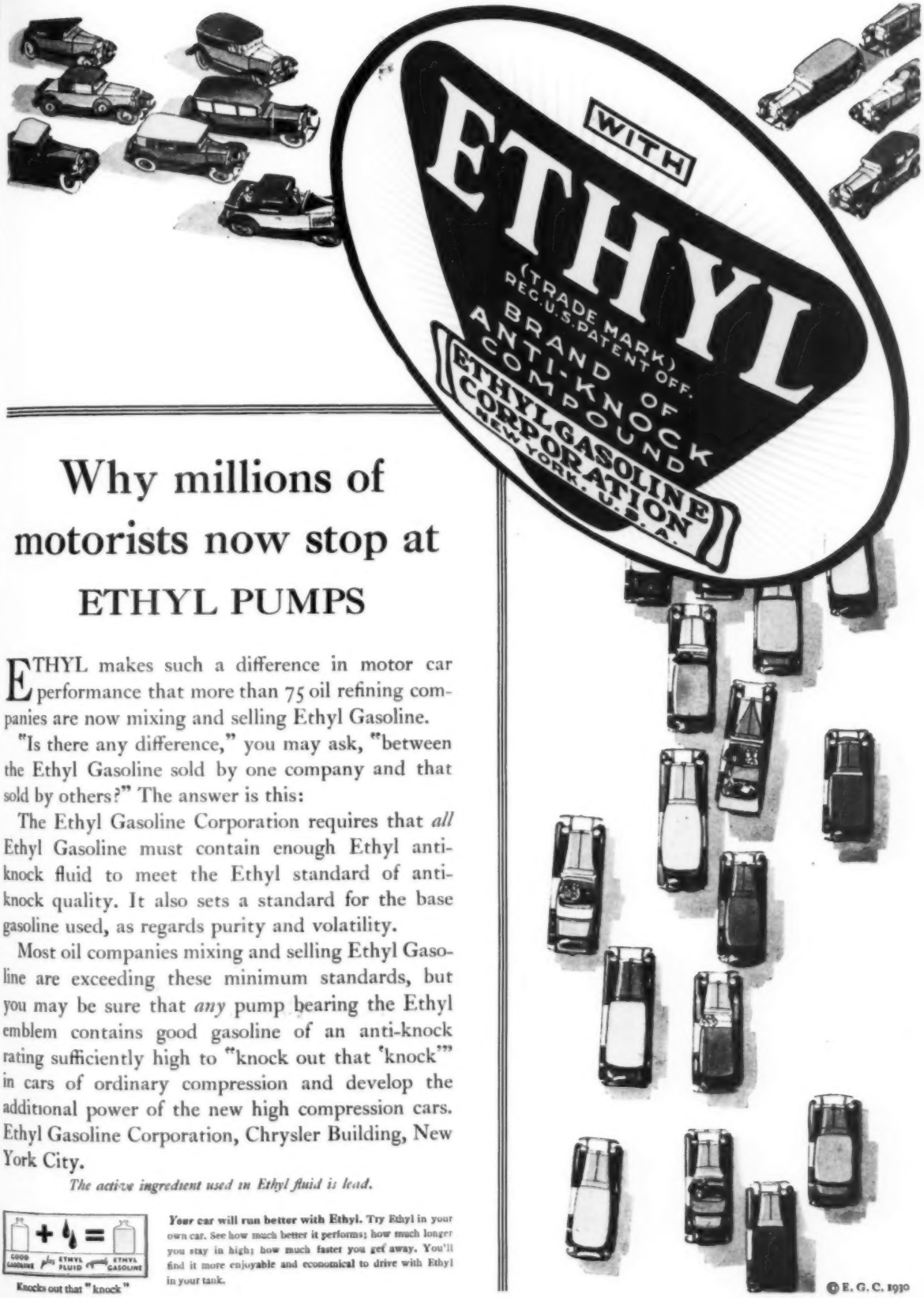

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